

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF
THE AUTHOR



SENT BY
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS

*From a portrait by an unknown artist in the possession of
Lord Sackville at Knole*

THE MATCHLESS ORINDA

BY

PHILIP WEBSTER SOUERS



CAMBRIDGE
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

1931

REJECTED
DUNSTER HOUSE LIBRARY
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

LONDON : HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

COPYRIGHT, 1931

BY THE PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF HARVARD COLLEGE

PR 1478

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY

DONALD R. HOUSTON

PRINTED AT THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U. S. A.

HARVARD STUDIES IN ENGLISH

VOLUME V

THE MATCHLESS ORINDA

BY

PHILIP WEBSTER SOUERS

PREFACE

THE aim of this book is twofold. It is primarily to give an accurate and complete account of the life of Mrs. Katherine Philips and secondarily to make available by means of full quotation all the important passages in the *Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus*, a rare book that has deserved reprinting for many years. If in either its primary or its secondary aspect this book prove of interest to students and readers of seventeenth-century literature, I am content.

In the course of my studies, I have received much help both at home and abroad; indeed, I have been obliged to so many people for so many things that I should like to exclaim as Orinda once did, "But where begin and where make an end of acknowledgments!" I can, I fear, name only my chief benefactors, and trust that the others will forgive my silence and believe me, in spite of it, not unmindful of their many kindnesses. I wish to express my gratitude to Professor G. L. Kittredge, whose interest and care have been ever present in furthering and perfecting this publication; to Professor C. H. C. Wright, whose encouragement and learning have been of help from the very first; to Professor E. N. S. Thompson, whose immense knowledge of the seventeenth century has been always at my command; and to Professor K. B. Murdock, whose criticisms of the manuscript have led to many a desirable improvement.

I wish also to thank the Rev. John Charles Longe of Spixworth, Norfolk, for the photograph of the letter from Mrs. Philips to Mrs. Temple, the original of which is in his

possession, and to acknowledge the kindness of Lord Sackville, whose permission to use the portrait of Mrs. Philips in the Knole Collection has given me an admirable frontispiece.

The continuation of the series of Harvard Studies in English, after a long interval, has been made possible by the use of a portion of the gift of the General Education Board to the University for the promotion of research in the Humanities.

P. W. S.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
December, 1930

CONTENTS

I. BIRTH AND PARENTAGE	3
II. CHILDHOOD AND MARRIAGE	19
III. FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP	39
IV. POLITICS AND FAMILY AFFAIRS	79
V. POLIARCHUS AND LUCASIA	93
VI. POMPEY AND IRELAND	149
VII. THE LAST YEAR	212
VIII. THE POETESS ORINDA	252
APPENDICES	279
APPENDIX A	281
APPENDIX B	284
APPENDIX C	287
BIBLIOGRAPHY	291
INDEX	315

ILLUSTRATIONS

MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From a portrait by an unknown artist in the possession of Lord Sackville at Knole.</i>	
SIR CHARLES COTTERELL	112
<i>From a portrait by William Dobson in the possession of Charles Walter Cottrell-Dormer, Esq., at Rousham.</i>	
LETTER FROM KATHERINE PHILIPS TO DOROTHY TEMPLE . . .	220
<i>From the original in the possession of the Rev. John Charles Longe of Spixworth, Norfolk.</i>	
MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS	250
<i>From a mezzotinto by Isaac Becket in a volume of the 1678 edition of Katherine Philips's poems (11626.9.10) in the British Museum.</i>	

TO
MY MOTHER

THE MATCHLESS ORINDA

CHAPTER I

Birth and Parentage

MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS, under the magical pseudonym of the Matchless Orinda, was known among her friends and her contemporaries as the pattern of female excellence. In her short lifetime she gained a reputation as the first of poetesses, and in her early death strengthened her claim to immortality as an example of genius cut off by gloomy fate. For us, now, it is difficult to accept Orinda in this unusual light; for us, she is merely a minor poet of the seventeenth century, whose glory has departed, though her couplets have remained. Yet Dryden could pay no higher compliment to Anne Killigrew than to compare her to Orinda. In his eyes, and in the eyes of the generation after him, it would seem that Orinda was still the incomparable Orinda, still the paragon of women writers. If we can no longer accept the great poet's judgment, we can at least render Katherine Philips the justice of asserting her right to be historically the first of English poetesses. There had been, of course, women before her who had been followers of the Muses, such as Donne's good friend, the Countess of Bedford, or Waller's goddess, the Countess of Carlisle; but these women, who were generally of the nobility, were satisfied in deeming themselves the patrons of poets rather than in seeking for themselves, though some of them would sometimes write, a reputation for poetry. Katherine Philips differed from them in almost

every respect. She belonged to the class that we now call the middle class, and she was less a patron and more a writer. She was a young lady with a knack for poetry, who used her talents for the amusement of herself and of her friends. It was her fortune, therefore, and not her design, which made her the most famous poetess of her day. We can no longer boast the merits which the enthusiasm of her contemporaries was pleased to discover, but we must recognize that in her, for the first time in the history of English letters, a woman was received into the select company of poets.

Our wonder at Orinda's reputation does not become less when we consider the meagre production of her muse. There remains to uphold her fame merely a small volume of poems, a smaller volume of letters, and two translations from Corneille. If these, or any part of them, were of a higher merit than they are, our wonder could give way to appreciation; but, since they are at best no better than the best of any minor poet of any time, it is necessary to seek a satisfactory explanation for the continued interest which Orinda has excited among students of literature. The explanation is probably to be found in the vivid and agreeable picture which she has drawn of herself, a picture of an interesting personality who lived in an interesting and romantic age. Indeed Orinda seems more real than almost any other poet of the seventeenth century. Her poems, which were seldom written with an eye to publication, are nearly all of them personal; they are addressed to her dearest friends — her Valeria, her Rosania, her Lucasia — and were usually written for occasions which mark events of biographical importance. Her letters are even more intimate. Those to Poliarchus, who was Sir

Charles Cotterell, the Master of Ceremonies at the court of Charles II, give a detailed account of the most critical years of her existence, at times almost with the graphic pen of the novelist. And so it is that Orinda herself is the best authority for her own life, and her slender literary remains take on an interest quite apart from their literary worth.

The mass of vivid detail which Orinda thus furnishes for the record of the later years of her life throws a disagreeable emphasis upon the barren facts of her earlier years. But even so the sources are comparatively good. Aubrey and scattered references in old documents supply probably as much information as we have about the early years of most of the greater persons of the time. And, fortunately, Aubrey is more trustworthy than usual, for he was a cousin of Orinda's own Rosania, *née* Mary Aubrey, who could tell him much about her old friend and could direct him to others who could tell him more. His life of Katherine Philips is at least one monument to his accuracy. With such good authority before them, it is surprising that biographers have multiplied rather than eliminated the misstatements which, soon after her death, began to disfigure the accounts of Orinda's life. In the following pages I have corrected many of the most obvious errors, but many more, I suppose, will remain to be rectified by future students of the seventeenth century before the grim deity of Exactness will be satisfied.

Katherine Philips, whose name was Fowler before her marriage to James Philips of the Priory, Cardigan, was born in London in the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, January 1, 1631/2. The only record of her birth is her own statement given in a poem, "On the 1. of January 1657," which celebrates her twenty-sixth birthday:

Th' Eternal Centre of my life and me,
 Who when I was not, gave me room to be,
 Hath since (my time preserving in his hands)
 By moments numbred out the precious sands,
 Till it is swell'd to six and twenty years,
 Checquer'd by Providence with smiles and tears.¹

Ten days later, on January 11, she was baptized at St. Mary Woolchurch² by the name of her mother and her grandmother. Her parents were both of the well-to-do middle class. John Fowler was "an eminent merchant" of Bucklersbury, by trade a clothworker, and his wife Katherine was the daughter of Daniel Oxenbridge, Doctor of Physic and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians at London.

On her father's side Katherine could not boast of a long ancestry. John Fowler, so far as I know, was the first of his name to raise any pretensions to be the founder of a line; and, if he had lived, it is possible that the name of Fowler might have left more record in the annals of the seventeenth century. As it is, the facts concerning him are very meagre; yet, few as they are, they allow us to form some conception of the man himself and of the home he made in which Katherine's childhood was spent. Kath-

1. *Poems, by the most deservedly Admired Mrs. Katherine Philips, the Matchless Orinda*, etc. (London, 1678), p. 141.

2. J. M. S. Brooke and A. W. C. Hallen, eds., *Transcript of the Registers of S. Mary Woolnoth and S. Mary Woolchurch Haw*, London, 1886. This entry proves that she was born in London. There was a story about, which goes through most of the early accounts of her life, that she was born in Brecknockshire, Wales. It seems to have originated with Gildon (*Langbaine's Lives of the English Dramatic Poets* [London, 1699], p. 110). Gildon was followed by Giles Jacob (*The Poetical Register* [London, 1723], I, 201), and W. R. Chetwood (*The British Theatre* [Dublin, 1750], p. 71). The mistake was pointed out by George Ballard (*Memoirs of British Ladies* [London, 1775], p. 201), who followed Anthony Wood (*Athenae Oxonienses*, ed. Philip Bliss [London, 1813-20], vol. III, col. 787), who in turn probably got his information from Aubrey. At any rate Katherine Philips was born in London.

erine, it seems, was the child of a second marriage. The register of St. Mary Woolchurch among the burials for 1629 gives on November 5 the burial of a "Mrs. Fowler, wife of John Fowler";¹ and, as no other family of Fowler is mentioned in this register, we can accept this entry without hesitation as showing the death of a first, or at least a former, Mrs. Fowler. By this marriage there was a son Joshua, who at the time of his father's death in 1642 was old enough to act as executor of the will. Joshua, though never mentioned by Katherine, turns up several times in the parish register, beginning with 1644, when the birth of his son John, doomed to live only a year, is recorded.² It must have been somewhere about a year after the death of this wife that Mr. Fowler married Katherine Oxenbridge, for Katherine, our poetess, it will be remembered, was born in January, 1631/2. The record of events hidden within the parish register is perfectly clear; we scarcely need to find the lost record of the marriage of John Fowler and Katherine Oxenbridge.

John Fowler, according to Aubrey,³ was "an eminent merchant in Bucklersbury." He was as a matter of fact a prosperous cloth merchant, who by the time of his death in 1642 had amassed a considerable fortune. For thirty years he was a member of the powerful Clothworkers' Company, having joined, or, technically, "taken up his freedom of the Company," in 1612, "by redemption," i.e., by purchase, the only available method since his father had not been a member.⁴ Then, as now, it cost a

1. *Ibid.*

2. See under baptisms, 1644, 1646, 1648, 1650, and burials, 1645, 1648.

3. John Aubrey, *Brief Lives*, ed. Andrew Clark (Oxford, 1898), II, 152.

4. "The Record Book of the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers," 41 Mincing Lane, London. Joshua Fowler, John Fowler's son, took up his freedom of the company "by patrimony" in 1645, three years after his father's death.

good sum of money and required a good deal of influence to buy into the Company, so that we can come to the conclusion that, as early as 1612, John Fowler was one of the flourishing tradesmen of the time. His good fortune must have continued, for in 1640 his name was returned as one of those considered affluent enough to be called upon in the loan of £200,000 desired by Charles I. Among "the names of the Inhabitants of abilitie in the Ward of Walbrooke [Bucklersbury was in that ward], whereof S^r Edward Bromfield, K^t is Ald'rman. Calculated the 13 day of May 1640," appears the name of "John fowler, m^rchant." He is classed in the second group, "the names of the second sorte of p^rsons of ability," and stands fifth in the list.¹

Although John Fowler seems to have made a comfortable fortune, his business ventures were not always profitable. It is probably the perverseness of fate that the only records left are of two which did not turn out well. The first of these took place in connection with a scheme of James I, who was always desirous of fostering trade, for the exportation of dyed cloths to the Continent. Unable to obtain the coöperation of the Company of Merchant Adventurers, which carried on the exportation of the "white" or undyed cloths, James formed a new company, called the "King's Merchant Adventurers of the New Trade of London," which under his patronage was to establish the new trade. The old company, however, was too strong, and soon forced the new company out of existence. Among the members of the new company (*Patent Rolls*, 13 Jac. I, pt. 2) was John Fowler.² Of

1. *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, 2d ser., II, 35, 116.

2. C. T. Carr, ed., *Select Charters of Trading Companies, A.D. 1530-1707* (London, 1913; Selden Society, vol. xxviii), p. 78.

course, it is impossible to say how much he was interested in the new trade, or to what extent his interest led him to active promotion; but it is a satisfaction to have even a slight indication of his business dealings. From this one fact the term "clothworker," which follows his name, takes on meaning, and John Fowler becomes a man of enough importance in the cloth trade to join in the "high finance" of his day.

His second recorded business venture, one as precarious as the exportation of dyed cloths, was his investment of £200 as an Adventurer in Ireland.¹ A word of explanation will show the chances he took. When the rebellion of 1641 broke out in Ireland, Charles I was in the midst of his rising troubles with the Scotch and English. The Irish and the English were slaughtering each other with the ferocity of fanaticism, but Charles was too busy at home to suppress trouble abroad. The Parliament, making the most of its opportunity, forced from the King on March 19, 1642, his signature to a bill which handed over Ireland to a Company of Adventurers. The effects of this bill were far reaching; by it Parliament took away from the King the right to pardon the Irish before the Adventurers were satisfied and obtained the right to raise arms and money, for the Adventurers were to have their own army, officered by their own men. At once all the good Puritans in London who could afford it gave money, as much in the hope of gaining a large return on their investment as of favoring Parliament. The loot in Ireland was to be 2,500,000 acres of land, allotted to the Adventurers as follows: 1000 acres in Ulster for £200, in Con-

1. See list of Adventurers in John P. Prendergast, *The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, 3d ed. (Dublin, 1922), Appendix V, p. 423.

naught for £300, in Munster for £450, and in Leinster for £600. The Civil War in England broke out before the Adventurers got into any determined action, and the final settlement of Ireland was delayed until Cromwell's visit there. John Fowler never lived to realize on his £200, which appears to be a bid for a thousand acres of Ulster land; but the claim remained in the family and passed on to Katherine, whom we later find in Ireland involved in lawsuits which were necessary to sustain her father's rights after the Restoration had given the ejected landholders fleeting hope of redress.

x On the eve of the Civil War, John Fowler died. He was buried, according to the register of St. Mary Woolchurch,¹ on December 20, 1642; and two days later his will was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.² This will, which is the most important document we have concerning the father of the poetess, gives an estimate of his success as an eminent merchant. It is worthy of a full description. A preamble, almost as long as the will itself, "acknowledges his infinite sinnes and wretchedness" and commends his "soul unto the almighty god" in such terms as to suggest that Mr. Fowler was more in sympathy with the Presbyterians than with the Church of England. Then, allowance having been made for debts and funeral expenses, the bequests begin. "According to the laudable custom of the Citty of London," the estate is divided into three parts, one part being left to his wife, and one part to his children, Joshua and Katherine. The third part is

1. Brooke and Hallen, *Registers of S. Mary Woolnoth and S. Mary Woolchurch Haw*.

2. John and George F. Matthews, eds., *Abstracts of Probate Acts in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury* (London, 1902-27; Year Books of Probates from 1630), III, 174.

reserved for several small legacies: £100 to John Collyer, his "servant and cozen"; £120, to be paid at the rate of £12 a year, to his brother Richard, who is also forgiven all debts; £20 to Mary Scott; £25, to be paid in four yearly installments, to his sister Anne Pratt; £20 to his sister Dorothy Cowper; £10 to his servant Henry Reynier; £10 to his servant Elizabeth Hunter; and, of greater interest to us, £400 to his daughter Katherine, "over and above her orphanage portion." The "rest and residue" is left to Joshua, who, with John Collyer, is appointed executor. Edmond Cason and Job Throckmorton are made overseers and receive £10 apiece. Such are the contents of John Fowler's last will and testament, written on five sheets of paper, and signed, sealed, and published on September 13, 1641.¹

It shows that, though not a rich man, Katherine's father died a man of comfortable means. If we add up the third of his fortune, which he so carefully divides, considering "the rest and residue" left to his son Joshua to equal at least the £400 left to his daughter Katherine (for we may assume that he was not partial), we get somewhere about £1100. This multiplied by three gives £3300, a sum which looks small enough now, but which then was equal at least to ten times its present value. Katherine, we see, received about £1000, a very respectable marriage portion for the daughter of a tradesman. But the will, nevertheless, adds little to Aubrey's characterization of John Fowler as "an eminent merchant in Bucklersbury." It only shows that he was no doubt typical of his class, that he was probably a man honest in his dealings and upright in his life, good to his family and

1. Appendix A.

thoughtful of his friends; a man, in short, whose commonplace life has left small record to be retold by posterity.

The meagreness of our knowledge of the Fowlers is in good part compensated by our knowledge of the Oxenbridges, the family to which Katherine's mother belonged, and to which Katherine herself owed many of the developments of her later life. The Oxenbridge family went back at least to the fourteenth century and, coming down through many vicissitudes, flourished and at last faded away in the seventeenth.¹ At first it had belonged to the lesser gentry and had little on its record but births and deaths and transfers of property. Only once, in the sixteenth century, did it rise so high that it could boast a knight, Sir Goddard Oxenbridge, who can now be remembered as the father of Lady Tyrwhitt, a lady-in-waiting to Queen Katherine Parr and a governess of the young Princess Elizabeth.² But it was not to Sir Goddard's line that Katherine belonged; she was of a younger branch, which traced its origin back to Adam, Sir Goddard's younger brother.³

This branch seems to have distinguished itself for its radical principles. Katherine's great-grandfather, John Oxenbridge, B.D., an early Separatist, and her uncle of the same name, an uncompromising Non-conformist, were

1. William D. Cooper, "Notices of Winchelsea in and after the Fifteenth Century," *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, VIII, 213 ff.

2. This interesting woman was the first poetess of the Oxenbridge family. There is still in existence a volume of her prayers which she presented to the Princess Elizabeth. See Agnes Strickland, *Lives of the Queens of England* (London, 1852), IV, 49; *The Gentleman's Magazine*, LXI, pt. 1, pp. 28, 321; T. F. Dibdin, *Bibliomania* (London, 1811), p. 330; *Illustrated London News* (April 6, 1850), XVI, 231; Cooper, *Sussex Archaeol. Coll.*, VIII, 224 ff.

3. William D. Cooper, "The Oxenbridges of Brede Place, Sussex, and Boston, Massachusetts," *Sussex Archaeol. Coll.*, XII, 203. This article was reprinted at London, 1860.

both celebrated enemies of prelacy. Whatever were his beliefs, her grandfather Daniel, the son of the first John and father of the second, chose the quieter profession of medicine and kept out of trouble. He received his education at Christ Church, Oxford (B.A. 1593, M.A. 1596, M.D. 1620), and after practising at Daventry for some years, removed to London, being at the time about fifty years old. He had married at Daventry, Katherine, the daughter of Thomas Harby of Adston, Northants, who, according to Aubrey, was "an acquaintance of Mr. Francis Quarles, being much inclined to poetrie herself."¹ In 1627 he was admitted a Fellow in the Royal College of Physicians, and fifteen years later he died, preceding by only a few months his son-in-law, John Fowler. His wife lived on until 1651 and then followed him.²

They had seven children: three sons, John, Daniel, and Clement; and four daughters, Mary, Dorcas, Elizabeth, and Katherine.

Of the three sons John is the most interesting. Much like his grandfather, whose name he bore, he started early on his turbulent career. After having received his degrees from Magdalen Hall, Oxford³ (B.A. 1628, M.A. 1631), and after having become a tutor there, he was expelled by Laud for the zeal he displayed in trying to reform the government of the College. He then took to preaching as a

1. *Lives*, ed. Clark, II, 153.

2. His will was proved by his widow September 12, 1642. See Appendix B. Her will was proved November 5, 1651. See Matthews and Matthews, *Abstracts of Probate Acts*, v, 271.

3. He probably transferred from Emmanuel College, Cambridge. There is great confusion about this point because another John Oxenbridge turns up in the Oxford records. Cf. Joseph Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*; Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*, vol. III, col. 1026, and *Fasti*, pt. I, cols. 438, 460; C. Mather, *Magnalia Christi Americana* (Hartford, 1855), I, 597; Cooper, *Sussex Archaeol. Coll.*, XII, 206; *Dictionary of National Biography*.

"schismatical," making two trips to the Bermudas before 1641,¹ and gaining for himself at Yarmouth, Beverley, Berwick, and Bristol a great reputation for eloquence and godliness. At last, the advent of the Commonwealth opened up the prospect of preferment, and he was made in 1652 a fellow of Eton, where he was on good terms with Andrew Marvell and enough of a friend of Milton to receive a presentation copy of *The Second Defense*.² At the Restoration he was, of course, ejected; and two years later, by the Act of Uniformity, he was sent once more upon his travels. He went first to Surinam, then from Surinam to Barbadoes, and finally, in 1669, from Barbadoes to Boston, where he was kindly received and, a year after his arrival, elected to succeed John Davenport as minister of the First Church of Boston. He died in his pulpit December 28, 1674, the most celebrated of all the Oxenbridges.³ As his troubled life and the language of his sermons bear witness, he was even more than his grandfather a stern and inflexible Puritan who knew no compromise.

The other sons were of a more peaceful and less extraordinary disposition; in fact, they were so lacking in the characteristics of a prophet that those religious times have little to record of them. Daniel, the second son, seems to have become a prosperous merchant of Leghorn.⁴ Though

1. He probably had reasons besides the preaching of the Gospel for going there, for his father owned property (in the "Sommer Islands") which he later inherited. See Appendix B.

2. *Notes and Queries*, 2d ser., VIII, 47.

3. He was married three times: to Jane, daughter of Thomas Butler of Newcastle; to Frances, daughter of Hezekiah Woodward, "the schismatical vicar of Bray"; to Susanna, widow of Mr. Abbit, probably of Surinam. A daughter, Theodora, by his second wife, married Peter Thacher of Milton, Massachusetts.

4. Cooper, *Sussex Archaeol. Coll.*, XII, 205.

less active in the Puritan cause than his brother John, he was no less sympathetic; and, upon his death in 1643, he left a legacy to Parliament of £1000, which Parliament used in the support of a garrison at Wembe, Shropshire, and gratefully acknowledged by an order for a monument to be erected to his memory. Clement, the third son, settled in Wimbledon, Surrey, where he led a peaceful and uneventful life. His sympathies were also Parliamentary, or at least Cromwellian, for from 1651 to 1661 he held offices in the Commonwealth naval and postal departments.¹ When his sister Mary died in 1686, he was still alive. If anything in the lives of the three sons of Daniel Oxenbridge helps in explaining the youth of Katherine Philips, it is that they were all Puritans opposed to the King, one of them being an ardent, truculent Non-conformist, another an active supporter of Cromwell.

The four daughters married. The two elder, Dorcas and Mary, are inconspicuous beside the two younger, Elizabeth and Katherine, who each displayed in three successive nuptials the progressive spirit which distinguished the Oxenbridge sons. After Dorcas had married Edmund Hunt² and Mary, William Laugharne,³ they suffer the common fate of wives and are heard of no more. Elizabeth and Katherine, however, continued to take husbands, and by each marriage they advanced in wealth

1. See *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series*, between those dates. He is no doubt the Oxenbridge of the postal service spoken of after the Restoration (1661-62, p. 55) as "a confidant of Cromwell and a betrayer of many of the King's party," and (1660-61, p. 409) as an "Anabaptist."

2. He is mentioned in Daniel Oxenbridge's will. See Appendix B.

3. He may be her second husband. The record of marriages at St. Mary le Strand, London, shows that a Mary Oxenbridge married a Steven Theobald, February 26, 1621/2. See J. V. L. Pruyn, "Weddings at St. Mary le Strand, London, from A.D. 1606 to 1625," *The Genealogist*, N. S., v, 113.

and influence. Elizabeth's first husband was a London merchant, Caleb Cockcroft by name, who died in 1645; her second husband was a Cromwellian, the well-known Oliver St. John,¹ who had been a thorn in the side of Charles I as an unwelcome Solicitor-General and was Cromwell's "dark-lanthorn man"; and her third husband was a knight, Sir Humphrey Sydenham of Chilworthy near Ilminster, Somerset.

The two sisters followed much the same path. Katherine, the mother of Orinda, was as fortunate as her sister Elizabeth. She, too, found a first husband among the London merchants, and a second among the gentry. About four years after the death of John Fowler, which left her a young widow with one daughter and something over a thousand pounds, she became the wife of Sir Richard Phillipps, of Picton Castle, Bart., one of the richest landholders in the county of Pembroke. The statement often made that this second marriage was with Hector Philips of Porth Eynon, the father of James Philips, her own daughter's husband, is not true.² This false account began with a certain M. R., the unknown writer of the *Memoirs of Ambrose Barnes*. Ambrose Barnes himself, as the husband of Mary Butler, the younger sister of Jane Butler, John Oxenbridge's first wife, probably knew better; but his well-intentioned biographer was misinformed. He says:

He [John Oxenbridge] had three sisters, who all came to be ladies by their second marriages, that is to say, the Lady St.

1. She was probably married to St. John by 1647/8, when he was made an overseer to the will of Sir Richard Phillipps. See Appendix C. William Laugharne, Dame Katherine's other brother-in-law, is also named. Elizabeth Oxenbridge was the third wife of St. John.

2. Cf. *Dictionary of National Biography*; Cooper, *Sussex Archaeol. Coll.*, xii, 206.

John, Sir Matthew Boynting's Lady, and Lady Katherine Philips. This last gentlewoman's first husband was Mr. Fowler, a merchant of London, by whome she had one daughter, named Katherine after her mother, who married her stepfather's eldest son, the match thereby being made double.¹

That M. R. is wrong is shown by Katherine Philips herself, who wrote "An Epitaph on my Honoured Mother-in-Law Mrs. Phillips of Portheynon in Cardigan-shire, who dyed Jan. 1. Anno 1662/3." It is impossible that this should have been her own mother, who did not die until 1678. Besides, this Mrs. Philips was more prolific:

And to her spouse her faith did prove
By fifteen pledges of their Love;

and she outlived her husband twenty-four years:

But when by Death of him depriv'd,
An honourable Widow liv'd
Full four and twenty years. . . .²

Furthermore, the intention of marriage filed by James Philips when he married Katherine shows the "consent of her mother, Dame Catherine Phillipps of Picton Castle, co. Pembroke, widow,"³ and the truth of this statement is absolutely proved by Sir Richard Phillipps's will, which mentions an agreement between Clement Oxenbridge and John Collyer on the one hand and his son Erasmus and himself on the other.⁴ Clement Oxenbridge,

1. *Memoirs of the Life of Mr. Ambrose Barnes*, ed. W. H. D. Longstaffe (Durham, 1867; Publications of the Surtees Society, vol. 1), p. 63. I have been unable to place "Sir Matthew Boynting's Lady." She is not in the Boynting genealogy.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 128.

3. J. L. Chester and G. J. Armytage, eds., *Allegations for Marriage Licences issued by the Bishop of London 1611 to 1828* (London, 1887; Publications of the Harleian Society, vol. xxvi), II, 281.

4. Appendix C.

it will be remembered, was Dame Katherine's brother, and John Collyer was the "servant and cozen" mentioned by John Fowler in his will. This agreement, which was entered upon December 31, 1646, refers probably to the marriage articles and gives therefore an approximate date for Katherine Oxenbridge's second marriage. Sir Richard Phillipps died before two years had passed¹ and left his wife the mistress of Picton Castle and numerous properties in Pembrokeshire. From this marriage came one child, Elizabeth, who was brought up by her mother and married in 1668 to Philip Gregory, "citizen and founder" of London.² Dame Katherine Phillipps of Picton Castle, now a wealthy widow, had no trouble in finding a third husband, and before long she was the second wife of Philip Skippon, the Parliamentary Major-General. But she was doomed to widowhood, for Fortune, perhaps unkind to her, was kind to the famous soldier and brought him his death in 1660 before he could suffer the consequences of his actions against the Royal cause. With a fortune increased by new legacies, Katherine's mother passed quietly the remainder of her days and died in 1678.

1. An admonition of his dying intestate was filed August 7, 1648, by his son Erasmus, but was withdrawn when, on January 22, 1648/9, his wife filed the will. See Matthews and Matthews, *Abstracts of Probate Acts*, IV, 475.

2. J. L. Chester and G. J. Armytage, eds., *Allegations for Marriage Licences issued by the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1660-1679* (London, 1886; Publications of the Harleian Society, vol. XXIII), p. 151. Katherine has a poem, "To my dear Sister Mrs. C. P., on her marriage," which would indicate perhaps another child. I can find no trace of C. P.

CHAPTER II

Childhood and Marriage

IN 1631 the Fowler household in the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, which was by the Stock Market in the very centre of busy London, was still intact. It probably contained, besides Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and the children Joshua and Katherine, Elizabeth Hunter and Henry Reynier, the servants, and Mrs. Blackett, a kinswoman who spent much of her time in teaching Katherine. There Katherine spent her childhood and was taught to read and write and fear God. All that is known about her early life comes from Aubrey,¹ who had interviewed Mrs. Blackett, "her cosen, who had lived with her from her swaddling cloutes to eight," and who recorded, I fear, all the information he got without recognizing that perhaps Mrs. Blackett's fond memory of her pupil, then so famous, might have been inclined to exaggeration. As a child, Katherine, it seems, was very precocious. Mrs. Blackett taught her to read and perhaps may be speaking the truth when she says that the youthful Orinda had read the Bible through before she was four years old and "could have sayd I know not how many places of Scripture and chapters." Indeed, the early bent of her mind was entirely religious. Her governess informs Aubrey with great seriousness that, at the age of ten, she liked to hear sermons

1. *Lives*, ed. Clark, II, 154.

and had such a good intellect that she "could have brought a sermon away in her memory." As might be expected, too many sermons and too much incitement from her teachers inflamed her ardent religious imagination. Even at this early age, she took a fanatical antipathy to the bishops and used to pray God to take them to Him. It is a commentary on the religious atmosphere of the time that the ten-year-old Katherine Fowler would pray aloud, "as the hypocritical fashion then was" (so Aubrey puts it), for God to take the bishops from the kingdom of England.

When she was eight years old, Katherine was entered in Mrs. Salmon's school for girls at Hackney. There, it can be imagined, she studied no Latin or Greek, learned perhaps a little French and Italian, and had her religious animosities excited by a continual drill in the catechism of John Ball, the Puritan schoolmaster. And there she made two friends who were to be intimate with her the rest of her life: Mary Aubrey, the cousin of John Aubrey and the Rosania of the poems, and Mary Harvey, the daughter of Daniel Harvey of Combe, Surrey. Perhaps these friendships were the subject of juvenile verse, for Mrs. Blackett is certain that, even at this early age, Katherine loved poetry and used to try her hand at it.

The death of her father when she was eleven, although it must have broken up her home, probably did not change to a great extent the ordinary course of her life. She would naturally have continued at Mrs. Salmon's school for a few more years until she had reached a marriageable age, and she probably did not leave until she was about fifteen, when she was taken out to follow her mother, who had married Sir Richard Phillipps of Picton Castle, into Wales. This event, which occurred somewhere about

the end of 1646, was the turning point in her life. From that year until her death she was associated with Wales.

Her mother's new husband, Sir Richard Phillipps of Picton Castle, was the second baronet, his father Sir John having been created in 1621. Sir Richard succeeded to the title in 1629 and married as his first wife Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Erasmus Dryden, an aunt of the poet John Dryden.¹ When the Civil War broke out, he declared for Parliament,² and underwent the misfortune, on April 28, 1645, of having Picton Castle stormed by Gerard, who was in Wales subduing in his thorough way the unfaithful gentry. Sir Richard was absent at the time, but his son and daughters were taken prisoners and a good deal of booty was carried away.³ For the next four months the castle was in the hands of the Cavaliers; and it was not taken back until Laugharne, after the Royalist defeat at Colby Moor, recovered it by a difficult siege of three weeks. It was the last fortress in Pembrokeshire to be in the hands of the King.⁴

About a year after the recapture of the castle, Katherine's mother became its mistress; and when she returned there with Sir Richard, her daughter no doubt accompanied her. Katherine, now among the gentry of South

1. By this marriage there were three children: Anne, Frances (James Phillips's first wife), and Erasmus.

2. He is named on the order issued by Parliament to call out the militia in 1642, and in the ordinance for associating the counties of South Wales in 1644. See J. R. Phillips, *Memoirs of the Civil War in Wales and the Marches, 1642-49* (London, 1874), II, 4, 164. His signatures in the documents given in vol. II (pp. 84, 119), are probably fabrications of the *Mercurius Aulicus*, the Royalist newspaper in which the documents appeared.

3. J. R. Phillips, I, 293.

4. James Phillips, *The History of Pembrokeshire* (London, 1909), p. 497; Richard Fenton, *A Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire* (Brecknock, 1903), p. 153.

Wales, must have found her present life a strange contrast to that she had left behind as the daughter of a London tradesman, in spite of the fact that she was still in the midst of Parliamentarians and enemies of prelacy. With these new conditions and her old sympathies, the circumstances began to form which were to shape her entire future. A relative of Sir Richard and one of the most influential Parliamentarians in South Wales was chosen to be her husband.

James Philips of Tregibby and the Priory, Cardigan, was the fortunate man. He was related to Sir Richard both by blood and by law, for he belonged to the same family and he had married as his first wife Sir Richard's daughter, Frances. Both were descended from Sir Thomas Philipps, James coming from Owen Philipps of Cylsant,¹ a younger son. In the next three generations the Philippses twice married with the Wogans of Wiston, a family of great importance in South Wales. Einon Philipps, the fourth son of Owen, was the exception, for he married Anne, the daughter of James Lewis of Abernantbychan. His son, George Philipps, however, married Anne, the daughter of John Wogan by Cecil, the daughter of Sir Edward Carne; and their son Hector² married Anne, the daughter of Sir William Wogan of Wiston. Hector had

1. I have been compelled to reconstruct this pedigree as best I can, for most of those in the Welsh MSS. differ. Cf. J. R. Phillips, *Memoirs of the Ancient Family of Owen of Oriellon* (London, 1886), p. 42; W. R. Williams, *The Parliamentary History of Wales* (Brecknock, 1895), p. 30; S. R. Meyrick, *The History and Antiquities of the County of Cardigan* (Brecon, 1907), p. 172; "Pedigrees of the Gentry in Cardiganshire," *West Wales Historical Records*, I, 14; Francis Green, "The Wogans of Pembrokeshire," *ibid.*, VI, 205; *Notes and Queries*, 2d ser., V, 202.

2. I am not sure that Hector's mother was Anne, the daughter of John Wogan. George Philipps was her third husband; it might well be that he had had a wife or two before he married her.

altogether fifteen children, only two of whom appear to have lived to maturity, namely, James and Hector.¹ On the basis of the poem which Katherine wrote on the death of his widow, he must have died in 1638/9. He was succeeded by his son James, at that time over forty years old.

James Philips was born in 1594. He matriculated in Jesus College, Oxford, June 16, 1610,² but apparently left without taking a degree. Almost nothing is known of his early life, for he did not come into prominence until the Civil War. At some time or other he married Frances, the younger daughter of Sir Richard Phillips of Picton Castle, by whom he had one daughter, Frances, whose death in 1660 is recorded in a poem by Katherine, then her step-mother. His wife must have died before March, 1647/8, because Sir Richard, although he remembers his grandchild, does not mention his daughter Frances in his will.

In 1646, when Katherine first met him, James Philips, although still without the dignities he enjoyed under the Commonwealth, was a man of great distinction in Cardiganshire and Pembrokeshire. As his property was considerable and his future in public affairs hopeful, he was probably looked upon in spite of his age as a good match for Katherine. And so, not long after the unexpected death of Sir Richard, the marriage between them, which had doubtless been arranged before, was carried out. The marriage intention was filed in London on August 23, 1648, and the marriage took place probably a day or so later

1. See quotation on p. 17 from Katherine Philips's "An Epitaph on my Honoured Mother-in-Law Mrs. Phillips of Portheynon in Cardigan-shire, who dyed Jan. 1. Anno 1662/3." In this poem the number fifteen is mentioned; many of the children, it is said, had "fallen."

2. Foster, *Alum. Oxon.*

47
- 24
1623

in the little church of St. Gabriel Fenchurch.¹ James Philips was fifty-four and Katherine not yet seventeen.

Henceforth, Katherine lived in the little Welsh town of Cardigan. For one who had been born and bred in London and who, from her very youth, had been a lover of polite conversation, such a life must have had few attractions. Cardigan itself could have offered little. A very small town with only 125 houses in 1728, it must have been even smaller in 1648;² and no doubt it was somewhat like other towns of the time, perhaps like Aberystwyth, which was then a little smaller (it had 95 houses in 1728), where pigs and geese ran loose in the narrow streets over the accumulations of rubbish and dunghills.³ Yet Katherine, in spite of her predilection for city life, threw herself with such enthusiasm into her new duties that she was soon, poetically at least, the apologist of the innocent country life. Indeed, her lot was in some respects a happy one. She lived in the Priory, then probably the finest house of the town, which stood on the banks of the river Teivy not many yards distant from the abbey of St. Mary's, which was built in the reign of Henry VI — a pleasant situation which still bears witness to the good judgment of the monks who in the twelfth century established a priory there. The old house itself is now gone, and the new building, which took its place about a hundred years ago, gives scarcely a hint of what it might have been. Even its age cannot be determined.⁴ Such is the

1. Chester and Armytage, *Allegations for Marriage Licences issued by the Bishop of London*, II, 281. In this allegation James Philips is said to be twenty-four. Marriage allegations, it is needless to add, do not always give the correct age.

2. Browne Willis, *Notitia Parliamentaria* (London, 1730), III, 75.

3. G. E. Evans, *Aberystwyth and its Court Leet* (Aberystwyth, 1902), *passim*.

4. Emily M. Pritchard, *Cardigan Priory in the Olden Days* (London, 1904),

setting for Katherine's life in Wales. It is well to remember it when Katherine is held up as the head of a salon, for in truth there was hardly a town in the entire kingdom which could have offered less encouragement to salon life than Cardigan.

Here the twelve years between her marriage and the Restoration passed quietly and obscurely — twelve years so unfortunately blank that they must be set apart and analyzed, not from actual facts concerning Katherine herself, but from a meagre knowledge of the circumstances and people about her. Beyond such information, which is scarcely more than a suggestion of prosperity and peace, only two things remain clear: that at some time she changed her religious convictions, and that her husband continually rose in influence.

It would be impossible to say exactly when Katherine threw off her Presbyterian sympathies, but it is certain that by the time of the Restoration she was, much to the horror of her former connections, a full-blown Episcopalian. Mrs. Blackett had to admit to Aubrey with reluctance that her former pupil had become reconciled to those very bishops against whom she had prayed as a child; and the pious writer of the *Memoirs of Ambrose Barnes* chronicled the apostacy with bitterness, saying that "if it be any advantage to her character, as the author of *Fasti* and *Athenae Oxonienses* will have it, it must be owned she was a woman of the times, and loved *poetry* better than *presbytry*." ¹ Probably this change was not a

and its review by Edward Owen, *Archaeol. Cambrensis*, 6th ser., v, 322-328. This is a poor book and must be used with caution. The final degradation of the Priory came when the late Mr. Pritchard, an American with an enthusiasm for concrete building blocks, made his execrable additions of Victorian crenelations and towers.

1. Page 64.

sudden conversion, but the slow growth of the twelve years preceding the Restoration. Even her position in the very centre of Puritan activities may have helped to bring it about. Her uncle was a bold and intolerant Independent, her mother had twice married supporters of Parliament, her aunt had taken as a second husband Oliver St. John, one of Cromwell's most trusted followers, and her husband was one of the few Parliamentarians in South Wales. The atmosphere around her was heavy with Puritanism, and she would have needed a nature fundamentally Puritan not to have reacted against it. But she was not fundamentally Puritan. She had a graceful spirit, which, despite its early training, could not use up its energies in religious seriousness. Life was pleasant to her and there were some things, such as verse and friendship, which had nothing to do with bishops and dogma and presbyters, to make it pleasant; in short, her ideal of life was more easily found in the gaiety of a court than in the gloom of a congregation. Therefore, it was only natural that, as soon as she began to mature, she should shake off the prejudices of her youth, and, with a graceful and not too serious mind herself, come to wish that life should be once more what it had been, graceful and not too serious.

X It was during these years too that her husband began to reap the rewards of his adherence to the Parliamentary cause, and the extraordinary rise which took place in his fortunes must have exerted a strong influence on Katherine's life. Both in Wales and in London, James Philips prospered. At home, he became more and more prominent, and he was soon recognized as one of the most important men in South Wales. He was made High Sheriff for Cardi-

ganshire in 1649, and from the time that he was called to Barebone's Parliament¹ in 1653 to the Restoration, he was continually in parliament, representing sometimes Cardigan and sometimes Pembroke.² He was on the committee which disbanded the Welsh troops at Lampeter at the close of the first Civil War;³ and when, in the summer of 1651, a Royalist rising broke out in Cardiganshire, he was one of those who distinguished themselves in putting it down. At all times he was a zealous supporter of the government and with his brother Hector he gained a reputation as a commissioner of sequestration in hunting out the Royalists who tried to evade the importunities of Parliament. In local politics, also, he was a power. In 1656 he was the mayor of Haverfordwest⁴ and from 1653 to 1674, the year of his death, he was active in the affairs of the town of Cardigan.⁵ His influence, however, was not

1. He was a Moderate, the only member from Wales of that party. See S. R. Gardiner, *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate* (London, 1897), II, 259 n.

2. W. R. Williams, *Parliamentary History of Wales*, p. 30. James sat for the county of Cardigan, 1654-55, for Pembroke, 1656-58, and for the borough of Cardigan, 1661, until he was thrown out on a technicality. There are no official returns for 1658-59, but since he remained on the Army Committee, it is probable that he continued in Parliament. Only Sir Richard Brice is named in the returns for 1660. It is possible that James may have been the other representative.

3. J. R. Phillips, *Memoirs of the Civil War in Wales*, I, 395; James Phillips, *History of Pembrokeshire*, p. 513.

4. Page 542.

5. The Record Book of the Town of Cardigan shows James Phillips's name on almost every council, but the records are very meagre and impart little information. He is still remembered in Cardigan as the promoter of the school there, which was founded during these years, and as the donor of two silver maces, which, according to tradition, he received from Cromwell. His activities in connection with the school were recounted in a paper read by J. R. Phillips before the Cymmrodorion Society in 1884. See *Bye Gones*, April, 1884, p. 55, and *Hist. MSS. Com., Sixth Report*, Appendix, p. 154. The maces are reproduced and described in Pritchard, *Cardigan Priory*, p. 104.

restricted to Wales, for, from the confidence placed in him by the Cromwellian government, he enjoyed several advantageous appointments under the central organization in London. For example, in 1651 he was added to the High Court of Justice — evidently the third High Court, instituted March 25, 1650 — to help in the inquiry into the uprising which, partly through his own efforts, had come to naught; and he was given a place on the Army Committee,¹ which perhaps brought him his title of colonel as well as a salary of £300 a year. His official lodgings in London, which were assigned him June 28, 1653, were those which had lately been occupied by Sir Henry Vane.² Such were the activities and honors of Orinda's husband during the years of the Commonwealth. It is profitable to dwell upon them with insistence, for from them alone can some idea of James Philips be acquired. He was not, certainly, as Gosse implies,³ a rather stupid, immobile creature, who had to be goaded into action by the remonstrances of his bustling wife; on the contrary, he was a man of energetic character, who, throughout the period of the Commonwealth, enjoyed a degree of influence which was the portion of few men in all Wales.

On account of his political interests, James Philips must have spent a part of each year in London; and no doubt Katherine enjoyed the duty of accompanying him. Of her life there nothing is known; not even her poems written during these years give any indication of it. Yet it is not impossible to imagine to a certain extent the circle into which she was drawn. It was probably com-

1. *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1655-56*, p. 320; *1656-57*, p. 25; *1657-58*, pp. 76, 282, 334; *1658-59*, pp. 48, 361-362.

2. *1652-53*, pp. 412, 442.

3. *Seventeenth Century Studies* (London, 1883), p. 208.

ows and accepted another husband. Her choice was not unworthy of a sister-in-law of Oliver St. John, for Philip Skippon was a strong Cromwellian and a man of great importance both in military and state affairs. He had been a soldier of fortune, but had reversed the miserable end of that proverbial adventurer by becoming a wealthy man.¹ His military career began under the Prince of Orange in the Netherlands. After returning to England, he is first heard of as the Captain of the Artillery Garden, when in 1642 the five accused members were brought in triumph to Westminster; and, from that time on, he was one of the most active of the Parliamentary officers. He was in numerous engagements and held many positions of trust. In 1648 he was made a Major-General, and in 1649 he was chosen one of the thirty-eight members of the Council of State. The high favor in which he was held by Cromwell is shown by his being one of the sixty who formed the new house of peers. Fortunately for him he died a few months after the Restoration.²

Katherine wrote his epitaph. Her "Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio"³ can be identified by the epitome of Skippon's life which it contains. That she held him in high esteem appears certain; for at the time of his death she had become one of the most enthusiastic heralds of the Restoration, and nothing but esteem could have made her draw such a sympathetic character of him, the character which he held among his admiring friends, not among his enemies. He was a man of remarkable quali-

1. Clement Walker, the enemy of all Independents, in his *Compleat History of Independency* (London, 1661), p. 118, gives an unsympathetic but probably popular view of Skippon's wealth. He says: "He [Skippon] hath got about 30000 *l.* in his purse, besides 1000 *l.* a year land of Inheritance given him by the Parliament." As a matter of fact, Parliament settled £2,000 on him.

2. His will was proved October 25, 1660.

3. *Poems* (1678), p. 156.

posed of Puritans of the best kind, most of them followers of Cromwell and members of her own family. For one, there was Colonel Thomas Wogan, the regicide, who was a Wogan of Wiston and a first cousin of James Philips.¹ For another, there was her uncle Oliver St. John, one of the most powerful men in the government of the Commonwealth. From the very beginning of trouble, he had had his hand in almost every action against the King. He had been Hampden's adviser in the ship-money business, he had been a magnificently brutal speaker against Strafford, he had been one of the committee which offered Cromwell the crown, and later he had taken as his reward his place on Cromwell's councils and in Cromwell's house of peers. With such connections, Katherine might easily have met the Cromwells, or even Milton, who knew of (if he did not know) her uncle John Oxenbridge, at that time a fellow at Eton. With such connections, James Philips could not but prosper in his parliamentary affairs.

Whether she liked it or not, Katherine found her position among the Puritans definitely established by her mother's marriage with Philip Skippon, the Parliamentary Major-General.² For a long time after 1648, the year Sir Richard died,³ Dame Katherine had been content to remain the bereaved mistress of Picton Castle, but at last, in 1657, she bowed before the fate of all seventeenth-century wid-

1. Francis Green, *West Wales Historical Records*, vi, 208. Thomas Wogan's father was a brother of James Philips's mother.

2. They were married August 25, 1657. See *The Clarke Papers*, ed. C. H. Firth (Camden Society, N. S. 61), III, 115, 118. It is of interest that Hector Philips, James's younger brother, married one of Skippon's daughters. Skippon's first wife, Maria Comes, died in 1656.

3. Sir Richard died some time between March 17, 1647/8, the date of his will, and August 23, 1648, the date of James Philips's marriage allegation. See Appendix C.

There were two families among the gentry of South Wales which supplied Katherine with friends — the Wogans of Wiston and the Owens of Oriulton. The Philippses of Picton Castle, who had been the cause of her first coming to Wales, seem to drop out of her life with the death of Sir Richard. She never mentions anywhere Sir Erasmus Phillipps, her step-brother of a year or so. But with the Wogans of Wiston, another family to which she was allied by marriage, she was on the closest terms. Her mother-in-law, who was a Wogan, called forth her greatest respect. There is "An Epitaph on my Honoured Mother-in-Law, Mrs. Phillips of Portheynon in Cardigan-shire, who dyed Jan. 1. Anno 1662/3" written in the highest panegyric, yet with such restraint that it is possible to believe the admiration expressed to be sincere. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Philips was a Royalist:

She to the Crown, and Church adher'd,
And in their Sorrows them rever'd.

So were families divided at that time. Both of her sons were on the side of Parliament, and one of her nephews was a "king-killer." Mrs. Philips seems to have been of a noble character. She was pious

With Piety which knew no strife;

and she was benevolent in her charities, for she

Did food to many Orphans give,
Who in her Life no want did know.¹

If in the epitaph she is a little too much the conventional good woman, it is probably because she really was.

Another of the Wogans whom Katherine acknowledges as a friend is the Mrs. Wogan of the poem "To Mrs.

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 128.

ties, a good soldier and a competent statesman, who, like most of the Puritans of his time, felt a religious conviction of the righteousness of his cause. He was such a man

That th' English Annals shall this Record bear,
None better could direct or further dare.
Form'd both for War and Peace, was brave in fight,
And in Debate judicious and upright:
Religion was his first and highest care,
Which rul'd his Heart in Peace, his hand in War:
Which at the least Sin made him tremble still,
And rather stand a Breach, than act an Ill;
For his great Heart did such a temper show,
Stout as a Rock, yet soft as melting Snow.
In him so prudent, and yet so sincere,
The Serpent much, the Dove did more appear:
He was above the little Arts of State,
And scorn'd to sell his Peace to mend his Fate;
Anxious of nothing, but an inward spot,
His Hand was open, but his Conscience not;
Just to his Word, to all Religions kind,
In Duty strict, in Bounty unconfin'd;
And yet so modest, 'twas to him less pain
To do great things, than hear them told again.

Such intimate family connections among the Puritans must have governed to a great extent Katherine's life in London. But they could not have absorbed it completely; she had too many friends in the opposite party and too little interest in politics or religious squabbling. It is even possible, therefore, that she may have found it pleasant, after the activity of the parliamentary season, to return to a quiet life in her beloved hills of Cardiganshire and resume there her relations with those intimate friends who have left so deep an impression on her poetry. Like her life in London, Katherine's life at the Priory is merely a chronicle of friendships.

Wogan, my Honoured Friend on the Death of her Husband." She is without doubt Elizabeth, the daughter of Lewis Powell of Greenhill in Pembrokeshire, and the wife of Rowland Wogan. What relations there were between the two women can only be guessed from the title of the poem, the poem itself being concerned wholly with an encomium of the departed Rowland, who died July 31, 1663.¹ Katherine mentions no other Wogans, but she must have known the rest of them, the brothers and sisters of Rowland. There was Col. Thomas Wogan and Compton Wogan, besides the women of the family, Mary, Martha, Frances, Elizabeth, and Anne — all of whom were settled in or around Pembrokeshire.

Katherine's introduction to this family was of a startling nature. She had scarcely been in Cardigan a year when the adventurous Compton Wogan drew her as an actor into an affair equal to any she had been reading in the French romances, by carrying off in the old Welsh fashion the fair Dorothy Barlow of Haverfordwest, whom he brought, or at least allowed to be brought, to the Priory of Cardigan. Compton was charged with violent abduction and brought to trial July 15, 1649, but whether or not he suffered for his deed, even whether he married Dorothy in the end, is not recorded.² At any rate, he was dead before 1668, and she was the happy wife of her cousin, John Barlow of Cheswell.

The Wogans of Wiston, however, take a secondary place beside the other family, the Owens of Orielson, which gave Orinda her Lucasia. Lucasia was Mrs. Anne Owen.³

1. Francis Green, *West Wales Historical Records*, vi, 216.

2. See *ibid.*, p. 213, for a brief of this case. Katherine was not called upon to depose, so that her part in the affair remains unknown.

3. Gosse is very misleading concerning Lucasia's relationship to the Owens.

She was the daughter and heiress of John Lewis of Pre-saddfed (an ancient seat in Anglesey)¹ and Katherine, the daughter of Evan Lloyd of Yale, in the county of Denbigh. She was connected by a twofold tie with the Owens, for she had married at an early age John Owen, the eldest son of Sir Hugh Owen by his first wife Frances, the daughter of Sir John Phillipps of Picton Castle and sister to Sir Richard, and her mother had become the second wife of Sir Hugh Owen, thereby adding to the relationship of mother that of mother-in-law.² It must have been some time in 1651 that Katherine first came to know Lucasia, for there is a poem, "To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen, on my first Approaches," whose date is placed at about that time by another poem which bears a date, "To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her receiving the Name of Lucasia, and Adoption into our Society, December 28. 1651." Clearly the first poem precedes the second, and probably not by very many months.

From this time on, Lucasia's name is inseparable from Orinda's. Anne Owen is more than Katherine's friend; she is her inspiration.

No Pen *Lucasia's* Glories can relate,

Katherine writes; yet nearly half of her verse exalts Lucasia's perfection. Such words as these, which only youth and enthusiasm can excuse, are typical:

That Souls were made of Number could not be
An Observation, but a Prophecy.
It meant *Lucasia*, whose harmonious state
The Spheres and Muses only imitate.³

He speaks of her (*Seventeenth Century Studies*, pp. 208, 218) as "Miss Anne Owen."

1. Thomas Nicholas, *Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales* (London, 1872), 1, 44.

2. J. R. Phillips, *Owens of Oriellton*, p. 42.

3. *Poems* (1678), p. 34.

Lucasia, in truth, becomes almost entirely the subject of her thoughts. The poem "Wiston Vault" records a visit to the burial place of the Wogan ancestors of her husband, in which in a kind of romantic reverie in conceits, she finds her immortality in Lucasia:

But after death too I would be alive,
And shall, if my *Lucasia* do, survive.
I quit these pomps of Death, and am content,
Having her heart to be my Monument:
Though ne'er Stone to me, 'twill Stone for me prove,
By the peculiar miracles of Love.
There I'll Inscription have which no Tomb gives,
Not, *Here Orinda lies*, but, *Here she lives*.¹

But there was more solid stuff than this behind the friendship of the two young women. Friendship for Katherine, it is true, was platonized for poetic purposes according to the conception of Platonic Love popular at that time; but, in spite of her effusions over mingling of souls and transferred immortality, the friendship with Lucasia was one of true companionship.

Lucasia lived at Landshipping, one of the country houses of Sir Hugh Owen,² which was situated between Haverfordwest and Pembroke on the river Cleddau, not more than half a mile from Picton Castle and about twenty-five miles from Cardigan, a distance great enough in those days but not so great that it could keep two panting souls apart. The two friends used to visit one another, probably for considerable lengths of time, for visits then, though shorter than in the heroic days, were much longer

1. Page 36.

2. Gosse speaks of Landshipping as if it were a town. Probably at that time there was nothing there but the seat of Sir Hugh Owen. See *Great Britain's Coasting Pilot* (London, 1781), pl. 24, for the location of Landshipping.

than at present. It must have been on one of Lucasia's visits to the Priory that John Owen died. The inscription on his monument at Monkton Church shows that he died there December 21, 1655, at the age of twenty-one years and eleven months.¹ His death was a great sorrow for Lucasia, and, through the friendship she felt for her, for Katherine also. Katherine's poem "To my dearest Friend Mrs. A. Owen, upon her greatest loss"² celebrates this sad occasion; it draws the gentle character of the pious Charistus (for so John Owen was called) and bears record to the warm friendship which existed between Lucasia and Orinda.

On Lucasia's account, Katherine appears to have adopted the entire Owen family; she felt at least for it, as for her own, the same duty of commemorating the deaths of its members. For instance, there is a poem "In Memory of the most justly Honoured, Mrs. Owen of Orielton."³ This Mrs. Owen is no doubt the wife of John Owen and the mother of Sir Hugh Owen, Lucasia's father-in-law and step-father. She was a daughter, Dorothy by name, of Rowland Laugharne of St. Bride's in Pembroke by Lettice, the daughter of Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy of Ireland. The poem was written on the occasion of her death, which occurred in February, 1653, when she was seventy years old.⁴ Again, there is a poem "In Memory of that excellent Person Mrs. Mary Lloyd of Bodidrist in Denbigh-shire, who died Nov. 13, 1656, after she came thither from Pembroke-shire."⁵ Mrs. Mary Lloyd was

1. J. R. Phillips, *Owens of Orielton*, p. 45, gives the inscription.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 137.

3. Page 92.

4. She was buried February 27, 1653. See J. R. Phillips, *Owens of Orielton*, p. 34, for the inscription on her tomb.

5. *Poems* (1678), p. 42.

the grandmother of Lucasia on her mother's side. She was the daughter of Sir Richard Trevor by Catherine, the daughter of Roger Puleston of Emrall in Flint.¹ Whatever interest these poems may have must come, not from the persons who are addressed in them, but from the associations that make them in a sense tributes to Lucasia. They are a part of the record of Katherine's friendships and a proof of Katherine's intimate connection with the Owens of Orielson.

Thus, the *milieu* in which Katherine lived during the twelve years between her marriage and the Restoration can be suggested by the names of her friends and family acquaintances. It is, however, a setting that can never be filled in, for Katherine, who might have said so much, has said little, has remained irremediably silent over almost all the facts of her life that would point to incident or activity. Indeed, she mentions only one unimportant event. In the autumn of 1652, she took a sea-voyage from Tenby to Bristol, and sent back to Lucasia a description of it written in vigorous couplets. Although the wind was so bad that the ship was forced to anchor for the night, she found the voyage tedious. The most pleasant part of it, she says, was a picture that touched her ingenious fancy. She describes it thus:

But what most pleas'd my mind upon the way,
Was the Ships posture that in Harbour lay:
Which to a rocky Grove so close were fix'd,
That the Trees branches with the Tackling mix'd.
One would have thought it was, as then it stood,
A growing Navy, or a floating Wood.²

1. John and J. B. Burke, *Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland* (London, 1847), I, 507, 744.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 21.

The interest of the poem does not lie in the incident, which is forgotten from the very first, but in the expression of Orinda's mind. And so it is through all these years. As Katherine speaks of other persons and other things, she betrays unconsciously a personality that grows by its own power always more definite and more real.

CHAPTER III

Friends and Friendship

THE friends of Orinda cannot be considered except in connection with a subject on which a great part of Orinda's fame now rests, namely, the Society of Friendship. This Society, it is customary to think, was a kind of salon, where men and women, disguised under classical names and inspired by Orinda's example, met "to discuss poetry, religion, and the human heart,"¹ an idea so pleasing in itself and so proper to those polite times that it has quickly taken its place as a literary tradition. But, unfortunately, it does not enjoy the authority of age. It was not known to Katherine's contemporaries, and it was not put forward by the literary gossips of the eighteenth century. It is entirely the product of modern criticism. First suggested by Bethune² in his edition of the female poets (1848), it was elaborated by Gosse³ in his essay on Orinda (1881), from which most of our knowledge of the poetess is now obtained, and has met in all parts with general acceptance. Since, therefore, this Society of Friendship, with Katherine Philips as its ruling spirit, is an accepted literary tradition, it will be necessary to examine in detail the evidence there is that such a society existed and that it was of the character assigned to it.

1. Edmund Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 208.

2. George W. Bethune, *The British Female Poets* (Philadelphia, 1848), p. 28.

3. The essay was first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, XLIV, 407-420 (1881), and later reprinted in the *Seventeenth Century Studies* (1883).

Katherine herself is the sole authority on both points. On the first, the actual existence of the Society, she leaves no doubt, for she speaks of a society by name, giving it a date, in the title to one of her poems, "To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her receiving the Name of *Lucasia*, and Adoption into our Society, December 28. 1651." But she says no more, and the poem, which she introduces with great promise, she envelopes in such a mysterious cloud of compliment that the Society is hurried away invisible and unseen:

We are compleat, and Fate hath now
No greater blessing to bestow:
Nay, the dull World must now confess,
We have all worth, all happiness.
Annals of State are trifles to our fame,
Now 'tis made sacred by *Lucasia's* Name.

But as though through a Burning-Glass
The Sun more vigorous doth pass,
Yet still with general freedom shines;
For that contracts, but not confines:
So though by this her beams are fixed here,
Yet she diffuses Glory every where.

Her Mind is so entirely bright,
The splendor would but wound our sight,
And must to some disguise submit,
Or we could never worship it.
And we by this relation are allow'd
Lustre enough to be *Lucasia's* Cloud.

Nations will own us now to be
A Temple of Divinity;
And Pilgrims shall ten Ages hence
Approach our Tombs with reverence.
May then that time which did such bliss convey,
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day.¹

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 32.

This poem is merely a compliment to Lucasia; it gives nothing about the Society, not a word of friendship, not a suggestion of a salon. The title alone is of value, for it proves the existence of the Society and the use of pseudonyms among its members.

On the second point, the nature of the Society, Katherine is nowhere more exact. Yet she treats the subject of friendship so persistently in all of her poems to Lucasia, the only known member of the Society, that there seems to be little doubt that the Society must have been one of friendship. For Orinda friendship had a peculiar meaning. It was the Platonic mingling of souls; it had about it a certain mysticism, which made it a kind of religion to be realized only by initiation into its esoteric knowledge. Such a friendship, limited as it was in Orinda's eyes to persons of the same sex, was an ideal which lent itself easily to the inspiration of a society. What it implied is probably best seen in the poem "Friendship in Embleme, or the Seal. To my Dearest Lucasia," which apparently (although there is no way of proving it) describes the seal of the Society:

The Hearts thus intermixed speak
A Love that no bold shock can break;
For joy'n'd and growing both in one,
None can be disturb'd alone.

That means a mutual Knowledge too;
For what is't either heart can do,
Which by its panting Centinel
It does not to the other tell?

That Friendship Hearts so much refines,
It nothing but itself designs:
The hearts are free from lower ends,
For each point to the other tends.

THE MATCHLESS ORINDA

They flame, 'tis true, and several ways,
But still those Flames do so much raise,
That while to either they incline,
They yet are noble and divine.

From smoke or hurt those Flames are free,
From grossness or mortality:
The Heart (like *Moses* Bush presumed)
Warm'd and enlightned, not consumed.

The Compasses that stand above,
Express this great immortal Love;
For Friends, like them, can prove this true,
They are, and yet they are not, two.

And in their posture is exprest
Friendship's exalted Interest:
Each follows where the other leans,
And what each does, this other means.

And as when one foot does stand fast,
And t'other circles seeks to cast,
The steady part does regulate
And make the wand'rer's motion straight:

So Friends are only two in this,
T' reclaim each other when they miss:
For whosoe'er will grosly fall,
Can never be a Friend at all.

And as that useful Instrument
For Even lines was ever meant;
So Friendship from good Angels springs,
To teach the world Heroick things.

As these are found out in design
To rule and measure every Line;
So Friendship governs actions best,
Prescribing unto all the rest.

And as in Nature nothing's set
So just as Lines in number met;
So Compasses for these b'ing made,
Do Friendship's harmony perswade.

And like to them, so Friends may own
Extension, not Division:
Their Points, like Bodies, separate;
But Head, like Souls, knows no such fate.

And as each part so well is knit,
That their Embraces ever fit:
So Friends are such by destiny,
And no third can the place supply.

There needs no Motto to the Seal:
But that we may the Mind reveal
To the dull Eye, it was thought fit
That *Friendship* only should be writ.

But as there are Degrees of Bliss,
So there's no Friendship meant by this,
But such as will transmit to Fame
Lucasia and *Orinda's* Name.¹

Such was the friendship of the Society; it was only

... such as will transmit to Fame
Lucasia and *Orinda's* Name.

If the Society was governed by this system of friendship, which precluded the acceptance of male members, it certainly had nothing in common with a salon. With only female members, all of them no doubt about the age of twenty, which was Orinda's age at the time, the very idea of a salon as a place where the two sexes met in intellectual equality for the purpose of carrying on the art of polite conversation would have been defeated. And, even if it had been conceived, it could not but have experienced an almost fatal discouragement from the conditions under

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 36. The seal is an elaboration of Donne's well-known conceit in *A Valediction: forbidding Mourning*. It might suitably be taken as a symbol of the great influence of Donne's Platonism upon the idea of friendship embodied in the Society.

which most of the members lived, separated, as they were, by the difficult distances of Wales. Orinda's Society was not a salon; it was the official order of Friendship in the kingdom of feminine sensibility.

Who, then, belonged to the Society? All those persons bearing pseudonyms in Katherine's poems offer themselves as possible members, but many of them cannot otherwise show marks of fitness. Sex alone would exclude many: for example, Antenor (James Philips), Silvander (Sir Edward Dering), Palaemon (Francis Finch), Cratander (John Berkenhead?), and Poliarchus (Sir Charles Cotterell). And time no doubt would exclude others. That the Society was in existence in 1651 does not prove that it was in existence in 1661. The probability is that such a society, formed more or less on the fad of the moment, would not be very permanent and that the members, as they grew older and moved about in the world and married and remarried, would not be much inclined to continue an extravagance which was excusable only on the score of youth. Valeria (Anne Boyle), Celimena (Elizabeth Boyle), and Polycrite (Lady Mary Cavendish), all acquaintances made after 1660, are extremely doubtful members. Besides, friendship with them was not equal; Katherine was below them in rank, and never addressed them but with deference. A few persons, however, make a fair bid for inclusion in the Society. They offer, in addition to the pseudonym, soul-mixing as a qualification, and deserve attention, if not as members of the Society, at all events as choice spirits who were selected by Katherine to be her most intimate friends.

Ardelia, Philoclea, Regina, and Rosania — all four early friends of Commonwealth days — can easily be distin-

guished among those addressed by Katherine in her poems. With each of them she was on such terms that the rules of Platonic Friendship governed their intercourse. There is very little known about them, but fortunately that little is in proportion to their importance. The first two are of such small consequence that, although they each received the tribute of a poem, their identity has been lost in their pseudonyms.¹ The third, however, is a more real personality. Her name, Regina, was probably considered classical enough to remain unchanged, for the Regina of the poems was known to the world as Regina Collier, the wife of John Collier, "servant and friend" of John Fowler.² The most simple explanation which allows the wife of her father's friend to be of an age for intimacy with Katherine is that Regina, like Katherine herself, was the young wife of an older man. At the time of the poems, however, Regina was a young widow, and two³ of the three poems which Katherine addressed to her (one of which is among her best) take the part of Philaster against his "Triumphant Queen of Scorn." A third poem⁴ alone remains to bear witness to the close friendship there was between Regina and Orinda, and to give worth to the suggestion that Regina may have been a member of the Society. But the poem at best is disappointing. Addressed "To the Queen

1. The poem to Ardelia, "A retir'd Friendship. To Ardelia," which is among Katherine's best known poems, can be dated close to the Civil War by references to the "scorching age" and the sad lot of princes. The poem to Philoclea, "Philoclea's Parting," is given the date February 25, 1650, in the 1664 edition of Orinda's poems. Both poems, therefore, were written in the days of the Society.

2. John and George F. Matthews, *Abstracts of Probate Acts*, v, 35, give the date of John Collier's death as December 18, 1649 and name his widow Regina. Katherine wrote John Collier's epitaph (*Poems* [1678], p. 77); also an epitaph for his daughter, the little Regina Collier (p. 78).

3. *Poems* (1678), p. 55.

4. Page 50.

of Inconstancy, Regina Collier, in Antwerp," it merely shows that Katherine felt free to write to her in the language of the cult of friendship. The fair traitor is charged with breaking her faith in terms very much like those which Katherine later used against Rosania and Lucasia.

Although Ardelia and Philoclea and Regina received tributes of warm friendship, their names are not inseparably connected with that of Orinda as are the names of those two friends, one of whom was undoubtedly a member of the Society, the other undoubtedly worthy of being a member — Lucasia and Rosania. For these two friends Katherine had that friendship which, by its very intensity, called forth the best of her poetical powers, and which, in her opinion, offered the fairest prospects of immortality. To them she wrote as to disciples, so that her poems contain the entire framework of her system of friendship and display the basic principles of the Society. Whatever persons belonged to the Society, it is certain that Lucasia and Rosania were among the elect.

Rosania, the Mary Aubrey of Katherine's schooldays, was probably Katherine's oldest friend. No force of circumstances, either political difference between the families or quarrels between the friends themselves, could break that friendship which ended only with Katherine's life. Rosania came from a Welsh family of Royalist sympathies, her father, Sir John Aubrey of Llantrithyd, county Glamorgan, being a man who at the Restoration was rewarded with a baronetcy, not so much for any of his actions as for his sufferings during the Civil Wars.¹ At the very time that he was being assessed by Parliament and that James

1. G. E. Cokayne, *Complete Baronetage*, III, 93; *Old Wales*, I, 277; J. Britton, *Memoir of John Aubrey* (London, 1845). John Aubrey, the antiquary, was descended from John, an uncle of the above Sir John.

Philips was being honored in the opposite way, the friendship between the two young women grew to its period of greatest intimacy.

The poems show that Katherine considered Rosania as the most perfect of women. If the portrait which she gives in "Rosania shadowed whilst Mrs. Mary Awbrey" be true,¹ Rosania was indeed without her peer. So beautiful that an anchorite would love her, with her eyes of magic and her smile of glory, so virtuous that she could only be compared to angels, so well-tempered that the world would cease hating under her influence, so wise that she lives above time and manners — such is Rosania, this perfect friend. In truth, all the intensity which later made famous the friendship of Orinda and Lucasia, is to be found in this friendship of Orinda and Rosania. Rosania held sway in Orinda's heart before Lucasia came into power. For instance, the following poem is almost the high point of ecstasy in Orinda's religion:

*To Mrs. Mary Awbrey*²

Soul of my Soul, my Joy, my Crown, my Friend,
A name which all the rest doth comprehend;
How happy are we now, whose Souls are grown,
By an incomparable mixture, one:
Whose well-acquainted Minds are now so near
As Love, or Vows, or Friendship can endear?
I have no thought but what's to thee reveal'd,
Nor thou desire that is from me conceal'd.
Thy Heart locks up my Secrets richly set,
And my Breast is thy private Cabinet.
Thou shed'st no tear but what my moisture lent,
And if I sigh, it is thy breath is spent.

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 48.

2. Page 70. The edition of 1664 gives the title as "L'Amitie. To Mrs. Mary Awbrey."

United thus, what Horror can appear
 Worthy our Sorrow, Anger, or our Fear?
 Let the dull World alone to talk and fight,
 And with their vast Ambitions Nature fright;
 Let them despise so Innocent a Flame,
 While Envy, Pride, and Faction play their game:
 But we by Love sublim'd so high shall rise,
 To pity Kings and Conquerours despise,
 Since we that Sacred Union have engrost,
 Which they and all the factious World have lost.

This poem, which can be dated by its ending somewhere in the period of the Civil War or the early years of the Commonwealth, shows the religion of friendship fully developed and expresses a feeling as intense as any Katherine ever experienced in after years when addressing Lucasia. It therefore offers firm ground for supposing that Rosania was among those who made up the Society.

There are other poems, also, which show Rosania the tender object of Orinda's mystical love. Two of them are on parting, always a favored subject with friendship's priestess. One of them "To Mrs. M. A. at parting," is the one that impressed Keats ¹ so much by the delicacy of its thought and the fine swing of its seventeenth-century rhythm that he took the trouble to copy it out for his friend Reynolds, and the other is a short poem of only six lines which just misses being worthy of attention.² It is tempting to imagine that the first poem celebrates a parting caused by one of Katherine's returns to Cardigan after one of her visits to London, and that it precedes another poem which invites Rosania to visit her in the country. This poem, "Invitation to the Country,"³ except for the

1. Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds, September 21, 1817. Sidney Colvin, ed., *Letters of John Keats* (London, 1921), p. 28.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 130.

3. Page 103.

beginning and the ending, which are on the joys of friendship, is an unconvincing discussion of the delights of country life. Katherine herself does not seem to have enjoyed the country a great deal. The loneliness, and especially the absence of her friends, weighed upon her. In another poem to Rosania, "To Mrs. M. A. upon Absence,"¹ she complains that she has been away from her beloved Rosania for four months, expelled from the paradise of that gracious presence. To herself she seems as sapless and dead as winter, as those things about her which she looks upon, mere remembrances of her exile. Yet this was the happy period of the friendship of Orinda and Rosania. These two friends were content in each other's company and longed for each other in absence, without fears for the future, so firmly did they believe in the eternity of their friendship.

But trouble came between the two sworn friends in the form of marriage; and when, in 1652,² Rosania became the wife of William Montagu, the younger son of Edward, first baron Montagu, Orinda received her first lesson in the power of husbands over friendship. Yet for everybody, except Orinda, it was a happy marriage, for William Montagu,³ a widower perhaps ten years older than Rosania (he was born about 1619), was a young lawyer who later fulfilled his promise by becoming the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. And for us, particularly, it was fortunate, for it brought Rosania into the presence of Samuel Pepys, who has left his account of her to temper the encomiums

1. Page 69. The edition of 1664 adds to the title, "Set by Mr. Hen. Lawes."

2. The poem "To Rosania, now Mrs. Montague, being with her" is dated September 25, 1652, in the 1664 edition of Orinda's poems.

3. His first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Rolf Freeman of Aspeden. By Rosania he had a son William, who married in 1670 a niece of John Evelyn, the diarist.

of her enthusiastic friend. Pepys mentions Rosania twice. He records seeing her for the first time at a dinner given by "milord," the Earl of Sandwich (himself a Montagu), in terms of the greatest disappointment, saying that "she seemed so far from the beauty that I expected her from my Lady's talk to be, that it put me into an ill humour all day, to find my expectation so lost."¹ Six years later, however, Pepys had been won over completely by the excellent qualities of "Mr. Attorney Montagu's fine lady" and when he speaks of her he cannot help adding his word of praise, "a fine woman."² He does not mention that she was the heroine of a famous friendship; but he must have known it, for that very year he speaks twice of reading Mrs. Philips's poems at Herringman the bookseller's, at the sign of the Blue Anchor in the New Exchange.³

Rosania's marriage, which marks the fall of the old and the rise of a new favorite in the kingdom of friendship, was a crisis which has left its traces in the poems. Orinda was not the person to accept her fate without a word. She was no doubt displeased that the marriage was so private that not even she could be invited. It looked almost like an elopement. When she tries to celebrate it in her poem, "Rosania's Private Marriage,"⁴ she is too cold and ingenious to suit the warm adoration of the earlier poems, and lays herself open to the charge of an insincere felicitation. And that there had been trouble, the only poem addressed directly to Rosania as Mrs. Montagu⁵ leaves no doubt. Katherine complains that happiness, which is obtained with so much difficulty, is so easily lost. Yet, she

1. *Diary*, ed., H. B. Wheatley (London, 1893-99), II, 153, January 2, 1661/2.

2. VII, 239, December 30, 1667.

3. VII, 59, 108.

4. *Poems* (1678), p. 52.

5. Page 56, "To Rosania, now Mrs. Montague, being with her."

argues, there may be justice in such a fate, for by dwelling always in bliss we are apt to forget "from whence we came." Evidently she has done something, and she asks pardon very humbly:

If this so sad a doom can quit
Me for the follies I commit;
Let no estrangement on thy part
Add a new ruine to my heart.

When on my self I do reflect,
I can no smile from thee expect:
But if thy Kindness hath no plea
Some freedom grant for Charity.

Thy absence I could easier find,
Provided thou wert well and kind,
Than such a Presence as is this,
Made up of snatches of my bliss.

There, evidently, lies the trouble: Katherine could not be satisfied with mere "snatches of bliss," and was demanding more attention from Rosania than the latter, now a wife, could or would give her. This estrangement, which for some reason could not be completely patched up, must have caused Katherine many a pang. Although she remained a friend of Rosania to the end of her life, she henceforth gave preference in her affection to Lucasia. The change is recorded in the poem "On Rosania's Apostacy, and Lucasia's Friendship." Katherine finds consolation for her disillusion in her love for Lucasia. She recalls that soul which she had once given to Rosania:

Go, weary'd Soul, find out thy wonted rest,
In the safe Harbor of *Orinda's* Brest;
There all unknown Adventures thou hast found
In thy late Transmigrations expound;
That so *Rosania's* darkness may be known
To be her want of Lustre, not thy own.

Then to the Great *Lucasia* have recourse,
 There gather up new excellence and force,
 Till by a free unbyass'd clear Commerce,
 Endearments which no Tongue can e'er reherse,
Lucasia and *Orinda* shall thee give
 Eternity, and make even Friendship live.

Hail, Great *Lucasia*, thou shalt doubly shine,
 What was *Rosania*'s own is now twice thine;
 Thou saw'st *Rosania*'s Chariot and her flight,
 And so the double portion is thy right:
 Though 'twas *Rosania*'s spirit be content,
 Since 'twas at first from thy *Orinda* sent.¹

The Queen is dead, long live the Queen! "Hail, Great *Lucasia*!" So did *Orinda* usher in the reign of a new favorite. No more was she to pour forth her affection for *Rosania* in burning eloquence or sigh for her among the hills of Cardigan. All this was now reserved for *Lucasia*. *Rosania*, who had ruled for so many years, lost her throne, never to regain it, even if *Orinda* did vouchsafe to some extent her grace. From the time of *Rosania*'s marriage in 1652 to that of *Lucasia* in 1662, Katherine was entirely under the sovereignty of her new tyrant. As to the Society, there is no doubt that *Lucasia* was a member. Katherine's poems to *Lucasia* cover completely the ten years of their intimacy. Some of them celebrate occasions, most of them apotheosize friendship; and all of them form an almost romantic analysis of the poetess's emotional life. They are the best records for the history of that friendship which

... will transmit to Fame
Lucasia and *Orinda*'s name.

Orinda fell a willing victim to *Lucasia*'s charms. Within a year after that poem which celebrates the meeting of the

1. Page 106.

two young women,¹ she was exalting to the very skies her new friend. Just as she had drawn Rosania's character, so she attempts Lucasia's. She writes the poem "Lucasia,"² not to justify her own choice, but to rescue the declining age, and bursts into a paean of adoration. Lucasia's virtues are above the virtues of mortals. The spheres and the Muses imitate her, this elegant mistress of Landshipping, who, even in the Golden Age, would have given the example to perfect man. In short,

No Pen *Lucasia's* Glories can relate,
But they admire best who dare imitate.

To think that such a paragon should fall to her lot almost overcame Katherine. She forgot in her extreme joy those vows which she had once made Rosania. The poem "To my Excellent Lucasia, on our Friendship,"³ one of the best of her poems, certainly belongs to these early years, when the happiness of unspoiled friendship impelled to ecstasy. She sings in a cadence long since mute:

I did not live until this time
Crown'd my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but Thee.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
No Bridegrooms nor Crown-conquerors mirth
To mine compar'd can be:
They have but pieces of this Earth,
I've all the World in thee.
Then let our Flames still light and shine,
And no false fear control,
As innocent as our Design,
Immortal as our Soul.

1. Page 33, "To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen, on my first Approaches."

2. Page 34.

3. Page 51.

After these outbursts of joy, Katherine set herself to the instruction of her new friend in the mysteries of friendship, a knowledge of which was absolutely necessary to the followers of that Platonic cult, and she addressed to Lucasia several poems that were intended to lay bare the spiritual subtleties of her most secret doctrine. Among these poems the most important is "Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucasia,"¹ a poem which no doubt explained many points that might have been obscure to a novice. It takes up, for instance, the question of free will. Although two friends are designed for each other, they have election, the kind that angels have who are destined to their joys. And it displays the peculiar power of friendship by means of ingenious paradoxes: loss is doubling and mixture is addition; friends both diffuse and engross; and minds, though one, are never alone. The spirit of Donne was upon Orinda when she wrote "Friendship's Mystery." Another poem "To my Lucasia,"² affecting the compromise which most things of pagan origin were forced to undergo in the Renaissance, reconciles friendship with virtue. It appears that friendship, like love in the *dolce stil nuovo*, can only be at home in the gentle heart; it is so fine that ordinary mortals cannot even perceive it; for the spectacle of agreeing souls, the epitome of the whole harmony of nature, is

A wonder so sublime, it will admit
No rude Spectator to contemplate it.

Orinda must pray heaven to give her such virtue as to make her worthy to be Lucasia's friend.

1. Page 21.

2. Page 58.

Still other poems treat of the greatest problem in friendship, that of parting. What is the effect of the parting of the bodies on two inseparable souls? Such was the question that Orinda was called upon to resolve. In "A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucasia and Orinda. Set by Mr. Hen. Lawes,"¹ she struggles to her final enunciation: viz., that souls, which at first only looked out at the eyes, are by friendship so intermingled that, though the bodies part, they can still hold intelligence through contemplation and the science of friendship. Just as it is necessary to know evil in order to recognize good, so it is necessary to know the sorrow of parting in order to experience the bliss of meeting. In heaven alone there will be no parting. Here was comfortable doctrine indeed; yet, in spite of it, Katherine was never quite able to overcome reality. She does her best in "Parting with Lucasia, A Song,"² "to do that rigid thing" which makes others think that friends are parting, but she cannot avoid a boast that in so doing she is victorious even over necessity.³ These few poems, all to Lucasia, contain the true statement of that religion of friendship which was the inspiration of the Society and the occasion of Orinda's fame. Before these Katherine had expressed to Rosania many of her fundamental ideas, but never had she felt the need of thinking out her entire doctrine. Friendship with her grew to be more than a sentimental attachment; it became a sys-

1. Page 25.

2. Page 65. The edition of 1664 adds to this title the date January 13, 1657.

3. It is worthy of notice that Katherine does not part with all her friends in this way. The poem "Lucasia and Orinda parting with Pastora and Phillis at Ipswich" (p. 156) has not a word of souls and bodies and all the rest of the cant. It is merely Orinda's version of Francesca's lament.

tem demanding from its votaries all reason and all faith.
From it alone came the greatest of earthly pleasures, and

... could it all be here acquir'd,
Not Heaven itself would be desir'd.¹

It would be interesting to know what Lucasia really thought of these deepest mysteries of friendship, into which she was thus initiated. As can readily be seen, this type of friendship demanded a great deal from its followers. Could Lucasia live up to it? Did she get tired of it? One wonders. There is a poem "To my Lucasia, in defence of declared Friendship,"² which appears to have been written to overcome Lucasia's remonstrances against Orinda's importunate adoration.

O my *Lucasia*, let us speak our Love,

Katherine begins, and then consumes twenty-five elegiac quatrains to prove that the greatest joys of united souls come from a reiteration of mutual regard. Her argument is varied and ingenious, and if it did not tire Lucasia, may have convinced her. Probably it did; at least Katherine found no fault with Lucasia for some time. She even celebrated her happiness in a poem called "Content, To my dearest Lucasia,"³ the final statement of love in friendship satisfied:

Then, my *Lucasia*, we who have
Whatever Love can give or crave;
Who can with pitying scorn survey
The Trifles which the most betray;
With innocence and perfect friendship fir'd,
By Virtue join'd, and by our Choice retir'd,

1. Page 80, "The Enquiry."
2. Page 82.
3. Page 22.

Whose Mirrors are the Crystal Brooks,
Or else each others Hearts and Looks;
Who cannot wish for other things
Than Privacy or Friendship brings:
Whose thoughts and persons chang'd and mixt are one,
Enjoy Content, or else the World hath none.

This was the happiest period of Orinda's friendship with Lucasia.

And so, Katherine's relations with her early female friends are bound up inextricably with the Society. The fact that the poems addressed to Lucasia, the only known member of the Society, are mostly concerning friendship, may go to strengthen the supposition that the Society was one of friendship. If this be true, certain friends who are merely names, like Pastora and Phillis, cannot make a claim for consideration through lack of attention in the poems. Certain other friends, whom the poems point out as possible members, are the ones above mentioned — Ardelia, Philoclea, Regina, and Rosania; and of these, certainly, Rosania is the only one whose pretensions can be serious. The truth is, after all is said, that nothing definite can be asserted of the Society. The tradition which makes it a salon, "in which poetry, religion, and the human heart were to form the subjects of discussion," must rest upon pure guess-work. It appears that the Society was not much more than a triumvirate of friendship in which Rosania was the Lepidus. The friend of both Lucasia and Orinda,¹ Rosania appears to have been content with the secondary position, for the triumvirate continued until Orinda's death. The last poem in which the names of these

1. Page 159, "Parting with a Friend"; p. 126, "A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia and Rosania, imitating that of Gentle Thersis"; p. 144, "Rosania to Lucasia in her Letters." "Gentle Thersis," is probably Henry Lawes, who took that part in *Comus*.

three friends were joined is that one written when the three separated at a fountain, probably for the last time, in July, 1663.¹ The occasion was worthy of Katherine's best, and the poem, as Prof. Saintsbury says, "is not contemptible."² There may be a little too much misplaced ingenuity in allowing the fountain nymph to shed tears for them, but there is a note of true sorrow, calm and resigned, far different from the impassioned grief of former years. Katherine then had lived to find as much disappointment as joy in her friends; and to her this parting might very well have seemed almost symbolic of the dissolution of that Friendship which had been the very foundation of the Society.

The chronicle of Orinda's friendships, however, does not end with the women of the Society. It contains also the names of many men. But its records are extremely meagre, and beyond the names themselves give almost no information concerning Katherine's relations with her male friends. Probably one reason for this deficiency is that Katherine allowed men no place in her cult of friendship; with them she shared no confidences and exchanged no hearts, and even those whom she honored with a pseudonym she distinguished in no other way from those who were obviously but literary acquaintances. Nevertheless, these friends are of importance in the annals of Orinda's life; they represent the literary circle in which she moved and personify the forces which were at work on the formation of her character.

A number of them seem to have belonged to the same literary group, for their names appear together several times. Probably the first of Katherine's poems ever to be

1. Page 129, "Lucasia, Rosania, and Orinda parting at a Fountain, July, 1663."

2. *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period*, ed. George Saintsbury (Oxford, 1905), 1, 489.

published¹ was one which had the honor to introduce the numerous tributes to William Cartwright prefixed to the 1651 volume of his poems.² Among the writers of the prefatory poems are Francis Finch, John Birkenhead, and Sir Edward Dering, men who become under the disguise of Orinda's language "the excellent Palaemon," "the noble Cratander," and "the noble Silvander." There are also two authors, who in the lists of Katherine's friends are never masked in a pseudonym, Henry Lawes and Henry Vaughan. Although in 1643, the date of Cartwright's death, Orinda was still Katherine Fowler and little more than twelve years old, she seems to have been known to the poet (that is, if the title of her poem can be considered as evidence), for in the edition of Cartwright the title reads, "To the Memory of the most Ingenious and Vertuous Gentleman Mr: Will Cartwright, my much valued Friend."³ Her friendship with this ingenious gentleman no doubt made her deserving of a place among his eulogists, but in 1651, at the age of twenty, she probably would not have been so bold as to offer her commendatory verses if she had not been asked for them. Who would ask her but those men whose names occur both in her poems and in the list of writers preceding the book? The feeling that these friends formed some kind of literary group becomes stronger when almost all the names come together once again in Henry Lawes's *Second Book of Ayres*.⁴

1. Thorn-Drury, *D.N.B.*, and Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 207, both state that the poem to Vaughan was one of Orinda's earliest published poems. The poem to Vaughan, however, was not prefixed to any of his works before the *Thalia Rediviva* of 1678.

2. *Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, with other Poems, etc.*, London, 1651.

3. This title, in the editions of Katherine Philips from 1664 on, is abbreviated.

4. *The Second Book of Ayres and Dialogues, etc.*, London, printed by John Playford, 1655.

Most of the contributors to this book of songs were friends of the composer, and among them are all the names mentioned above except Vaughan, who had returned to Brecknock to practice medicine. An examination of the book, therefore, becomes almost a commentary on Katherine's poems. Published in 1655, the *Second Book of Ayres* was dedicated to Lady Dering, and recommended to the world in poems by our Matchless Orinda, Mary Knight, a famous singer of her time, John Wilson and John Coleman, two doctors of music, and John Birkenhead. In the dedication Lawes offers a very pretty compliment to Lady Dering, praising her gift of composition and apologizing for his printing of "those ayres which were of her composition after her noble husband was pleased to give the words." There are, in fact, three of Sir Edward's songs, all of "The Lady Dering's Composing." In her own dedicatory poem, Katherine hails Lawes as the prince of musicians, strangely enough anticipating the beginning of Dryden's great ode:

Nature, which is the vast Creation's Soul,
That steddly curious Agent in the whole,
The Art of Heaven, the Order of this Frame,
Is only Number in another name.¹

Besides Sir Edward Dering, other friends of Katherine are represented in the book. Francis Finch has one song, and John Birkenhead five in addition to his dedicatory poem. Katherine herself is honored by the inclusion of her poem "Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucasia."

Most of the writers of the songs in the *Second Book of Ayres* have long ago been forgotten. There are three or four poems by such well-known men as Waller and Herrick and Jonson, but the remainder are by minor poets whose

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 18.

very names have long since lost meaning. Among them, these "gentlemen who wrote with ease," belong the friends above named. They were, no doubt, men of accomplishment in their day, but their day was ungrateful to their memory and indifferent to the curiosity of posterity.

Francis Finch, "the excellent Palaemon,"¹ was a younger son of Sir Moyle Finch by Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Thomas Heneage, who became the Countess of Winchelsea, as it were, by purchase, and, to place him beside another of his family better known, a brother of Sir Heneage Finch, the Recorder of London and father of Heneage Finch, the first Earl of Nottingham. He went to Balliol College, Oxford, but left without taking a degree to study law in one of the Temples. The dates of his birth and his death are unknown; but, according to Wood, "before he had long practised he died. Yet he lives still in those pieces of ingenuity he left behind him, wherein he falls not short of the best of poets." So does Wood, who made out of political prejudices a system of literary criticism, judge the productions of "the excellent Palaemon."²

Those "pieces of ingenuity," however, have not brought immortality to their author, and only a few of them have escaped the just indignation of time. Wood named the ones that he had seen — the dedicatory poem in the edition of Cartwright (1651), and a dedicatory poem and a song, "Till I beheld fair Caelia's face," in Henry Lawes's *Ayres and Dialogues* (1653). There is also another song, one beginning "But that I knew before we met," in Lawes's *Second Book of Ayres*. These alone remain. They

1. Almost all that is known about him comes from Wood. See the *Fasti*, pt. ii, col. 102. See also George Baker, *The History and Antiquities of the County of Northampton* (London, 1822-41), 1, 307.

2. *Fasti*, pt. ii, col. 102.

are indeed, as Wood says, "pieces of ingenuity," but they do not justify in any way the respect which Palaemon enjoyed among his friends as a man of extraordinary parts. The songs, which are the best, are never so pleasing as Orinda's.

Yet Orinda was one of Finch's admirers. In her poem, "Mr. Francis Finch, the Excellent Palaemon,"¹ she addresses Finch as the *facile princeps* of her set in terms of ingenuity which approximate his own. In her introduction she pays tribute to this much-sought-for quality:

This is confest Presumption, for had I
All that rich stock of Ingenuity
Which I could wish for this, yet would it be
Palaemon's blot, a pious Injury.

Orinda's ingenuity does not rise above Palaemon's. But then, Palaemon's was unrivalled. For example, it was never better, never more unapproachable, than in these offerings to Cartwright:

In thee, all Wit, Art, Learning, meet and flow,
The poet's hand makes the best *Oglia*:
All learn from thee; Divines, Philosophers,
And (if the Air could brook them), Courtiers:
They that have lost fair Studies, buying Thee
Will hardly miss their Plunder'd Library.²

What Francis Finch does here Katherine tries to do throughout her poem. She hails Palaemon as a divinity, a university, and a gentleman all in the same breath — a man worthy to stand as a model to this "ill world." Towards the middle of the poem occur these interesting lines:

'Twas he that rescu'd gasping Friendship when
The Bell toll'd for her Funeral with Men:

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 72.

2. Cartwright, *Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, With other Poems*, 1651.

'Twas he that made Friends more than Lovers burn,
 And then made Love to sacred Friendship turn:
 'Twas he turn'd Honour inward, set her free
 From Titles and from Popularity.
 Now fix'd to Virtue, she begs Praise of none,
 But's Witness'd and Rewarded both at home.
 And in his Breast this Honour's so enshrin'd,
 As the old Law was in the Ark confin'd:
 To which Posterity shall all consent,
 And less dispute than Acts of Parliament.

In addition to the fact that these are bad verses, it is worth noticing that Orinda acknowledges Palaemon as the Saviour of Friendship. How are these lines to be interpreted? Is this the kind of friendship to be found between Orinda and Lucasia? It does seem to have a mystical twang. What is this talk of Honor? Is theirs a religion of honor too? Does this friendship refer to friendship between the same or different sexes? Finally, do these lines point to the Society? The meaning, so obvious to the few for whom the poem was written, has become for the present age enigmatical. Only one point seems certain, that Palaemon was a leader in the art of friendship, and perhaps Orinda's master:

He's our Original, by whom we see
 How much we fail, and what we ought to be.

The poem seems to be an early one. It has the ingenuity which was dear to Katherine in her youth and which she never entirely overcame, and it has references¹ which sug-

1. For example:

Had all Men been *Palaemons*, Pride had ne'er
 Taught one Man Tyranny, the other Fear;
 Ambition had been full as Monstrous then
 As this ill World doth render Worthy Men.
 Had Men his Spirit, they would soon forbear
 Groveling for Dirt, and quarrelling for Air.

gest the troubles of the Interregnum. It was probably written before 1657, if it be true that in that year, as is commonly believed, Katherine addressed Jeremy Taylor by the name of Palaemon in her poem, "To the Noble Palaemon, on his incomparable Discourse of Friendship."

A short digression here to consider the transfer of the name Palaemon from Francis Finch to Jeremy Taylor is not out of place. There is a single explanation for such a change, viz., that Francis Finch, as Wood says, died young, and that the poetess, unwilling to allow such a good name to be buried with its first possessor, transferred it to Jeremy Taylor, changing the epithet from "excellent" to "noble." Although such an explanation is satisfactory, it must be admitted that there is some basis for the opinion of Bishop Heber,¹ that there is only one Palaemon and that one is Francis Finch. The two poems to Palaemon give certainly the impression of having been addressed to the same man. The first acknowledges Palaemon as the master who "rescu'd gasping Friendship," and the second calls him Friendship's "great deliverer":

Hadst thou not been her great Deliverer
At first discover'd, and then rescu'd her.²

In truth, it is surprising that Jeremy Taylor should be addressed in exactly the same vein as Francis Finch. On the other hand, the reference to a discourse on friendship in the title of the second poem seems to point directly to the treatise which Jeremy Taylor wrote for Katherine Philips. To decide the question an essay on friendship by

1. J. Taylor, *The Whole Works of Jeremy Taylor*, with a life of the author and a critical examination of his writings by Reginald Heber (London, 1828), I, cccxxxii, lxxvi.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 14.

Francis Finch needs to be discovered. But to proceed with Orinda's friends.

John Birkenhead, whose name has been connected twice with Francis Finch and Sir Edward Dering, fits the rôle of the Cratander of the poems. His life, at least, does not go against such a conjecture. Born in 1616,¹ the son of a saddler, he studied at Oriel, and then, coming under the attention of Laud, he was showered with honors and made in 1640 a fellow of All Soul's. When the court removed to Oxford, he continued to advance in fortune. He became the editor of the *Mercurius Aulicus*, the Royalist newspaper, and from 1642 to 1645, and occasionally after, he carried on this undertaking almost unaided. With the downfall of the King, however, he beheld the ruin of his prospects, and in 1648 went into exile.² It seems that he returned, or went back and forth from England to the Continent; anyhow, after several imprisonments, he settled in Oxford and, according to Wood (who did not like him), "lived by his wits in helping young gentlemen out at dead lifts, in making poems, songs, and epistles to respective mistresses, as also in translating, and writing several little things and other petite employments."³ These "little things" that Birkenhead wrote were mostly of a satirical nature, although Lawes's *Musical Ayres and Dialogues* (1653) and *Second Book of Ayres* (1655) testify with

1. See *D.N.B.*

2. A letter of Birkenhead's in John Raymond, *Itinerary containing a Voyage made through Italy in the Years 1646, and 1647, etc.* (London, 1648), is dated Amiens, July 11, 1648. It is interesting to note that John Raymond was among those who offered their poetical tributes to Cartwright in 1651. There is also a poem by Birkenhead in Henry Lawes's *Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues* (1653) which is entitled "Staying in London after the Act of Banishment, and going to meet a Friend who failed the hour appointed."

3. *Athen. Oxon.*, vol. III, col. 1203.

eight songs to his ability as a song writer. At the Restoration he received his share of the royal favor. He was knighted, created D.C.L. by Oxford, made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and appointed a Master of Requests. He lived, feared and disliked for his sharp tongue, until 1679.

John Birkenhead is probably Orinda's Cratander. That his name fits into the poem "To Mr. J. B. the noble Cratander, upon a Composition of his which he was not willing to own publicly,"¹ that he belonged to the set which ushered in Cartwright's poems and Lawes's *Second Book of Ayres*, and that he was a friend of Lucasia² —

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 31. The edition of 1664 gives an ending which is not found in any of the later editions.

2. Lawes, *Second Book of Ayres*, Birkenhead's poem "No Reprieve," which is addressed to Lucasia. At that time the name Lucasia was probably associated with Anne Owen as closely as Sacharissa was with Dorothea Sidney. Since the *Second Book of Ayres* is so rare, the poem is quoted below:

Now, now Lucatia, now make haste,
If thou wilt see how strong thou art,
There needs but one more frown to waste
The whole remainder of my heart.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head
Ready to die, now die, and now now now dead.

You looke to have an age of triall
Ere you a Lover will repay,
But my state brooks no more deniall;
I cannot this one moment stay.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head
Ready to die, now die, and now now now dead.

Look in my wound and see how cold,
How pale and gasping my Soule lies,
Which nature strives in vain to hold,
Whil'st wing'd with sighs away it flies.
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head
Ready to die, now die, and now now now dead.

See, see already Charon's boat,
Who grimly asks why all this stay?
Hark how the fatal sisters shout,
And now call, away, away,
Alas undone, to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die, and now now now dead.

these three facts identify him as Katherine's friend. But beyond this, nothing can be told. The poem in which he is addressed contains merely the usual series of ingenious compliments.

The third and last of Katherine's friends associated with this group is Sir Edward Dering, the "noble Silvander." The eldest son of the antiquary of the same name, he was born in 1625 and was educated at Cambridge, attending both Sidney College and Emanuel College before he received his B.A. in 1642/3.¹ If ever he thought of being embroiled in the Civil War,² he withdrew and decided on a trip abroad.³ The register at Leyden shows that he was admitted to that university April 30, 1644.⁴ That same year, in June, his father, the antiquary, died in melancholy circumstances, a victim of his own vacillating policies, and left his son heir to the large estate of Surrenden-Dering in Kent and a composition fee of £1000. For some reason, however, this fee was removed, and "the noble Silvander" came into his property free.⁵ What persuasion he used remains unknown; Sir Edward Dering, the second baronet of that name, is not mentioned in the chronicles of the Civil War.

1. John and J. A. Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses* (Cambridge, 1922), II, 36. He was accepted in the Middle Temple, December, 1641, but does not appear to have studied there.

2. An "Edward Dering" appears as a lieutenant in the regiment of Lord Rochford which was recruited in 1642. Rochford was one of the few nobles who maintained the Parliamentary cause from the beginning. See Edward Peacock, *The Army Lists of the Roundheads and Cavaliers*, London, 1863.

3. L. B. Larking, ed., *Proceedings, Principally in the County of Kent, in Connection with the Parliaments called in 1640, etc.* (Camden Society, vol. LXXX), p. 78. A letter of his, dated February 29, 1643/4, tells of the difficulties he had in obtaining a passport.

4. J. and J. A. Venn, *Alum. Cantabr.*, II, 36.

5. Larking, *Proceedings in Kent*, p. li.

After the Restoration he received many honors. He sat in Parliament many times¹ and was appointed one of the commissioners of the Treasury and guardian of the Privy Seal.² When the Commission for the Settlement of Ireland was formed in 1662 in order to straighten out the involved affairs of that island, he was given a place on it;³ and during the following years, through his own influence with the Duke of Ormond in Ireland and that of his brother-in-law, Sir Heneage Finch, in England, he rose to such an important position in Irish affairs that in 1667 he was appointed to the Privy Council.⁴ There, in Dublin, Katherine Philips found him when she went to Ireland in 1662, and she mentions him several times in her *Letters to Poliarchus*. Little remains to be said of Sir Edward after the bare enumeration of his honors, and that little is not interesting. Pepys, who accepted his bribes, mentions him more than once, and the *Calendar of State Papers* tells of government contracts for timber. But the affairs of his life which would have been attractive were never put on record, and of his literary works only a few remain — the three songs in *The Second Book of Ayres*, the introductory verses to Cartwright's poems, a fragment quoted by Katherine, and the epilogue to her translation of Corneille's *Pompey*. Sir Edward died June 24, 1684.

It was probably about 1648 that Katherine Philips first became acquainted with Sir Edward Dering, for on

1. For Kent, 1660; for East Retford, 1670; for Hythe, 1678-79, 1679-81, and 1681. See Cokayne, *Complete Baronetage*, II, 6.

2. These are both named among his honors on his tombstone. See F. Haslewood, "Genealogical Memoranda relating to the Family of Dering," not published, 1876, p. 20; also *Hatton Correspondence*, I, 183, Letter of March 18, 1678/9, of Charles Hatton to Christopher, first Viscount Hatton.

3. *Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland, 1660-62*, p. 577.

4. 1666-69, p. 347.

April 15 of that year he married, at St. Bartholomew's the Less, the Mary Harvey¹ who was one of Katherine's early friends of Mrs. Salmon's school. By this marriage Sir Edward made many connections who, from the friendship between Katherine and his wife, could very easily have been among Katherine's acquaintances. Mary Harvey was the niece of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; her brother, Daniel Harvey, married Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward, second Lord Montagu, and the niece of William Montagu, Rosania's husband; her sister Elizabeth married Heneage Finch, first Earl of Nottingham, a nephew of the "excellent Palaemon." All these Katherine could have known. At any rate, there is no reason for supposing that the intimacy which began at Hackney was not maintained, and it seems almost certain that Lady Dering was one of those good friends so effectually hidden under the name of Philoclea or Ardelia.

Sir Edward, then, was the husband of one of Orinda's best friends, and, as such, also Orinda's friend; but he does not appear to have received special marks of intimacy or favor. Although he is mentioned several times in the *Letters to Poliarchus*, he is the occasion of only one poem — a poem that is interesting less on his account than on account of the curious puzzle which it offers concerning the pleasures of this little circle of friends. What is to be made of this title, "To Sir Edward Dering (the Noble Silvander) on his Dream and Navy, personating Orinda's preferring Rosania before Solomon's Traffick to Ophir?"² It would seem that Sir Edward wrote a poem which he called

1. For an account of the Harvey family see *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, 2d ser., III, 329-352; Edward Hasted, *History of Kent*, 2d ed. (Canterbury, 1797-1801), VII, 468.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 17.

"Dream and Navy," perhaps the relation of a dream of his, which represented Orinda as choosing Rosania before Solomon's traffic with Ophir. The poem, which is lost except for the quotation before Katherine's reply, makes Orinda say:

Then am I happier than is the King;
My Merchandise does no such danger bring:
The Fleet I Traffick with fears no such harms,
Sails in my sight, and Anchors in my Arms.
Each new and unperceived grace
Discovered in that mind and face,
Each motion, smile and look from thee,
Brings Pearls and Ophir-Gold to me.

After quoting this, Katherine begins her answer, opening with a formidable epistolary "sir" what turns out to be a delicate compliment. She acknowledges the eternity that she has received from Silvander and bows before his excellence. She says:

My thoughts with such advantage you express
I hardly know them in this charming dress.
And had I more unkindness from my friend
Than my demerits e'er could apprehend,
Were the Fleet courted with this gale of wind,
I might be sure a rich return to find.

Such literary intercourse suggests a polite and elegant society in which the conditions for the development of salon life are present. But it goes no farther. The poem itself, although it contains more of the salon spirit than any other in the whole collection of Orinda's verse, cannot prove with its lone suggestion the existence, or describe the nature, of the Society of Friendship. On the contrary, like all of Katherine's poems to her male friends, it treats its subject with a good deal of distant formality, and conse-

quently strengthens rather than weakens the belief that the Society was restricted to women.

Besides these three friends arbitrarily grouped together because of their literary association, two other friends demand attention. One of them, Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, half belongs with the preceding three, for he was sufficiently of their circle to have his dedicatory poem beside theirs in the Cartwright volume; but he retired into Wales after his youthful follies to become useful as a physician and immortal as the mystic swan of the Usk. The other friend is the famous divine, Jeremy Taylor. Because Katherine Philips is mentioned in their works, as well as because they are mentioned in hers, these two writers are known to have been her friends; but their relations with her have always been shrouded in an uncertainty which, instead of being dispelled, has been continually increased by their biographers.

The friendship between Orinda and Vaughan must rest entirely upon three poems, two by Vaughan and one by Orinda, all of which are of a most unsatisfactory nature. Both of Vaughan's, for example, are but poor records for the establishment of an intimate relationship. The earliest,¹ which was included in the *Olor Iscanus* (1651) and which therefore dates from the years of Vaughan's literary life in London, merely shows that the two persons must have met first in that crowd of writers which marched

1. The poem, "Upon the Priorie Grove, his usual Retyrement," published in the *Poems* of 1646, does not refer to the priory of Cardigan, as Chambers points out in his edition of Vaughan in correction of Beeching, who wrote the introduction. See *The Poems of Henry Vaughan, Silurist*, ed. E. K. Chambers, with an introduction by H. C. Beeching, Muses' Library (London and New York, 1896), I, xxiii and II, 332. Orinda was not mistress of Cardigan Priory until two years after the poem was published. Chambers gives the date of Orinda's marriage as 1647.

under the banner of Cartwright. Addressed "To the Most Excellently Accomplished Mrs. K. Philips," it strikes the usual note of ingenious compliment, and that is all. The other reflects only in an indirect way Vaughan's interest in Orinda. Its title, "To the Editor of the Matchless Orinda," suggests that it was written as an acknowledgment for a presentation copy; and, although Orinda receives her due tributes, she is forced to share the honor of the poem with her first editor, probably Sir Charles Cotterell, the supposed father of the edition of 1667. There is not a single personal touch in the entire poem. Like Vaughan, Orinda is equally uncommunicative about their friendship. Her sole poem to Vaughan, "To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on his Poems,"¹ is no more than her part in an exchange of compliments. Although it was made to introduce the *Thalia Rediviva* (1678), by a manipulation of the title,² it was written years before, probably not long after Vaughan's first recognition of her. Katherine mentions Amoret and Juvenal, meaning the small volume of 1647, and then speaks of "Sions hill" and Vaughan's "sacred Muse," obviously references to the *Olor Iscanus*. But of friendship there is not a word.

Although these poems do not establish any connection between Vaughan and Orinda which goes beyond the purely literary, it should not be forgotten that there was much to draw the two together. Vaughan was a Welshman, and Katherine, though a Londoner, had taken Wales

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 27.

2. In the *Thalia Rediviva*, the title reads: "To Mr. Henry Vaughan, the Silurist: upon these and his former Poems." The text varies in many places from the text in Orinda's volume, so that it is evident that J. W., the editor of Vaughan's volume, used a manuscript copy. Several corrupt readings are restored. L. C. Martin, in his edition of Vaughan (Oxford, 1914), records all variations.

as her home. Vaughan was a Royalist sympathizer, even if he seems to have avoided active service; and Katherine, through her friends and the trend of her own development, was being led, in spite of Antenor's and her family's connections, away from the Parliamentary cause. It is indeed possible that they were good friends, but it is dangerous to indulge the agreeable notion that "not the least of Henry Vaughan's blessings was his warm friendship with the 'matchless Orinda.'"¹

As in the case of Vaughan, the friendship between Katherine Philips and Jeremy Taylor rests entirely upon an interchange of compliments. Yet the fact that such a man as Jeremy Taylor should deign to address to a young woman, twenty years his junior, a letter which takes the form of a serious discourse on friendship is a strong argument for such a relationship.

It is difficult to discover how Katherine Philips came to know Jeremy Taylor. She could have met him in several ways. She might have been drawn into his acquaintance during his periodic visits to London, which he made to see his books through the press. He was in London, for instance, during the last days of Charles I; and, from 1653 on, references to him in Evelyn's *Diary* show that almost every year he was there preaching. Katherine could easily have been among those few Episcopalians (she was already one at heart if not in deed) who were of his following; for, it will be remembered, because of the Parliamentary activities of her husband, she spent a good deal of her time in London during these years. Again, she might have come to know him through the Countess of Carbery, the wife of Taylor's patron, who, if the fact that a poem addressed to

1. L. I. Guiney, *A Little English Gallery* (New York, 1894), p. 74.

her means anything, was Katherine's friend. This suggestion, however, is dangerously uncertain. The poem, which is entitled "To the Right Honourable Alice Countess of Carbury, at her coming into Wales,"¹ is pure compliment and gives no hint of the occasion beyond the title. It may or may not have been written at the time of the Countess's marriage in 1652.² Katherine could easily have known the Countess of Carbery, who before her marriage was Alice Egerton, the "lady" of Milton's *Comus*, and who, with her sister, the wife of smug Lord Herbert of Cherbury, studied music under the direction of Henry Lawes.³

However Katherine came to know Jeremy Taylor, she knew him well enough to ask him to solve the problem uppermost in her mind, namely, to reconcile the religion of Friendship with the religion of Christianity, or, as she put it, "How far a dear and perfect friendship is authorized by the principles of Christianity?" Taylor's answer to this question is in the form of a letter, which reaches to such length that it was fittingly called a discourse when it was published in 1657 under the following title, *A Discourse of the Nature, Offices, and Measures of Friendship, with Rules of Conducting It, in a Letter to the Most Ingenious and Excellent Mrs. Katherine Philips*.⁴ This discourse, the one secular piece of the eloquent divine, treats with amiable seriousness, yet at the same time with censorious admonition, the ideal of friendship. Taylor is always very gallant to his most ingenious friend. He flat-

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 16. In the edition of 1664 it has the following title: "To the Right Honourable Alice Countess of Carbury, on her enriching Wales with her Presence."

2. E. Gosse, *Jeremy Taylor* (London, 1903), p. 138, states that it was possibly written on this occasion.

3. Lawes's *Musical Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653, was dedicated to them.

4. Taylor, *Works*, ed. Heber (1828), xi, 299-335.

ters her by saying that she who is so experienced in friendships can probably answer her own question better than he can; but scorning anything that looks like an excuse, he prepares to tackle his subject. He finds that the New Testament nowhere mentions friendship; nevertheless, he believes that "Christianity has new christened it, and called it charity." It is impossible, however, to be perfect in Christian charity, a perfection which would mean being a perfect friend to everyone, and he needs must narrow the friendship he is to consider down to that special kind about which Katherine has questioned him. This special friendship he enquires into under these three headings: (1) "How it can be appropriate, that is, who is to be chosen to it," (2) "How far it may extend, that is, with what expression signified," (3) "How conducted?" Over these three topics his mind wanders sinuously, sometimes logically, sometimes freely, but always eloquently. He interlards his periods with Greek and Latin quotations, and, well for Orinda, translates them into English.

His discourse must have given Katherine great pleasure. In some respects he even confirmed her theories. For instance, she is justified in her plea to Lucasia for an expression of friendship by such a passage as this: "If friendship be a charity in society, and not for contemplation and noise, but for material comforts and noble treatments and usages, this is no peradventure, but that if I buy land, I may eat the fruits, and if I take a house I may dwell in it; and if I love a worthy person, I may please myself in his society."¹ Although Taylor finds himself talking mostly about the friendship between man and man, he gallantly includes woman by saying that "she can die for her friend as well

1. XI, 329.

as the bravest Roman knight." Katherine's ideal could have found no greater champion, nor a more authoritative voice.

But were all of Taylor's sayings pleasant to Orinda's ears? Must they not have tingled a bit when he took his blows at the Platonics? "For," he says as if Orinda did not know, "there is a Platonic friendship as well as a Platonic love; but they being but images of more noble bodies, are but like tinsel dressings, which will shew bravely by candle-light, and do excellently in a mask, but are not fit for conversation and the material intercourses of our life. . . . We cannot suppose a brave pile should be built up with nothing; and they that build castles in the air, and look upon friendship, as upon a fine romance, a thing that pleases the fancy, but is good for nothing else, will do well when they are asleep, or when they are come to Elysium; and for ought I know, in the meantime may be as much in love with Mandana in the Grand Cyrus, as with the infanta of Spain . . . and by dreaming of perfect and abstracted friendships, make them so immaterial that they perish in the handling and become good for nothing."¹

Taylor ends his discourse with ten precepts, delivered over to Orinda most gracefully; he urges her, when friends come to her for instruction in friendship, to clothe his precepts anew in better words and use them. A postscript shows that Taylor expected this long letter to be published, for with his usual tact he suggests that, if Orinda consider it worth "passing further than her own eye and closet," she shall deliver it to Dr. Wedderburn, the famous physician of the time. Nothing, certainly, could have pleased Orinda more than to have this gorgeous justification of her philosophy given to the world.

1. XI, 313.

It is possible, as has been stated already,¹ that Katherine acknowledged this discourse in the poem entitled "To the Noble Palaemon, on his incomparable Discourse of Friendship"; but since the question of the identity of Palaemon with Jeremy Taylor must be left unsolved, it is best not to apply any of the statements in the poem to an elucidation of the relationship between him and Katherine Philips.

It is, indeed, difficult to say very definitely how intimately these two persons were acquainted. Beyond the letter from Jeremy Taylor and a possible poem by Katherine Philips acknowledging the letter, there is no evidence. Nowhere else does Katherine ever mention Taylor; his name does not even occur in the letter written while she was staying at Rostrevor in Ireland, the seat of Lord Dungannon, which was in County Down where he was bishop.² When all is said, the friendship must rest upon the fact that Jeremy Taylor, the most famous divine of his day, would take the trouble to answer for Katherine Philips what could easily have been put off as a foolish question.

With Jeremy Taylor the long chronicle of Orinda's friendships comes to an end. Orinda, the high priestess of the cult of Friendship and the inspirer of a famous Society of Friendship, leaves it as the sole record of many years. It is such a chronicle that, in spite of its barrenness of detail, it tells much. It not only records the names of those literary friends with whom her name is to be connected, but it also reveals a spiritual development of her inner life. It shows that early she received the respect, if not the friend-

1. See p. 64.

2. Gosse has no basis for his statement that Katherine "was enjoying the society of Jeremy Taylor" when she wrote from Rostrevor on July 19, 1662. See *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 219.

ship, of many of the literary men of her generation, and it explains in the course of the many poems that illustrate it the system of friendship that stimulated her creative faculties and called forth her higher aspirations. Nor is this all. It contributes also to an understanding of the Society of Friendship. By defining that friendship upon which the Society was founded, it forces the conclusion that the Society must have been one of sensitive women, from which men were excluded as undesirable and unqualified, and it suggests those among her friends who may have been, and those who were certainly not, members. The story of Orinda's friends is the secret of Orinda's poetry and of her life.

CHAPTER IV

Politics and Family Affairs

THROUGHOUT the period of the Commonwealth, Katherine led a life beset with difficulties. She was in the unfortunate position of one whose desires and sentiments were in continual conflict with interest and duty. Her family and her friends were two different parts of her life; they represented two irreconcilable points of view, and, what is even worse, two political parties. With a husband who was one of Cromwell's tools, an uncle who was a zealous dissenting minister, an aunt who was the wife of Oliver St. John, and a mother who was the wife of Philip Skippon, she was joined indissolubly to the Parliamentarians. Yet her friends were all Royalists. Lucasia was allied to the Owens, who suffered much in the early years of the war; Rosania was the wife of a man whose honors after the Restoration were too numerous to have been bestowed on a supporter of the Commonwealth; Cartwright was an out-and-out Cavalier, and so were Lawes and Birkenhead, Vaughan and Taylor. Between the two warring factions, Katherine could not but hold a perilous and uncomfortable position. She could declare for neither. She could only be a neutral who was forced in self-defence to rise above mundane affairs into the metaphysical realms of Love and Honor.

In spite of any inclinations which she might have had to throw her lot in with the Stuart sympathizers, she was forced into a *via media*. Her poetry maintains an almost guarded silence concerning the political troubles or the religious difficulties of the time. An attitude of religious tolerance is expressed in her poem "On Controversies in Religion,"¹ in which she applies the famous simile of the eagle, made known to all English readers by Waller and Byron:

Religion, which true Policy befriends,
Design'd by God to serve Man's noblest ends,
Is by that old Deceiver's subtle play
Made the chief party in its own decay,
And meets that Eagles destiny, whose breast
Felt the same shaft which his own feathers drest.

An early poem, "On the 3. of September, 1651,"² written after the defeat of Charles II at the battle of Worcester, shows a point of view in politics curiously detached for one of that time, and particularly for one whose husband had distinguished himself only a few weeks before in putting down for Parliament the uprising in Cardiganshire. She sees in the fall of royalty a subject of heroic grandeur worthy of a moral on greatness, and that is all. There is no sympathy for either side expressed here:

So when our gasping *English* Royalty
Perceiv'd her Period was now drawing nigh,
She summons her whole strength to give one blow,
To raise her self, or pull down others too.
Big with revenge and hope she now spake more
Of terror than in many months before;
And musters her Attendants, or to save
Her from, or else attend her to, the Grave:
Yet but enjoy'd the miserable fate
Of setting Majesty, to die in State.

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 59.

2. Page 13.

And the moral could adorn the fate of Darius as easily as that of Charles I:

Unhappy Kings, who cannot keep a Throne,
Nor be so fortunate to fall alone!

.

Who would presume upon his Glorious Birth,
Or quarrel for a spacious share of Earth,
That sees such Diadems become so cheap,
And *Hero's* tumble in a common heap?
Oh give me Virtue then, which sums up all,
And firmly stands when Crowns and Scepters fall.

Katherine, like almost all neutrals, was an idealist. By keeping detached and emphasizing the reality of the abstract at the expense of the concrete, she avoided the expression of compromising opinions. Her attitude, however, was not a mere pose. It runs through many of her poems. It is responsible, for instance, for her many references to the "dull world," the "boisterous world," the "sullen age," the "scorching age," and her many appeals to friends to withdraw to a quiet solitude where "no quarreling for crowns" can disturb the enjoyment of perfect friendship and contentment.

Only once is Katherine moved to take up the cudgels for deposed royalty. But even then she states her position clearly by asserting that she is made to speak out through violence offered to virtue and not through any outrages on her political sympathies. The poem in question, which was given the place of honor at the head of her works, is the one entitled "Upon the Double Murder of King Charles I in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rimes by Vavasor Powell."¹ Vavasor Powell was a fanatical Fifth Monarchist, who

1. Page 1.

devoted his life to the cause of truth, as he saw it, stirring up trouble in Wales, in London, in prison, or wherever he happened to be, and who, with the return of the monarchy (which prevented the coming of the Fifth), passed most of the miserable remainder of his life in prison.¹ The Fifth Monarchy movement, though heard of earlier, did not enjoy the enthusiastic leadership of Powell until about 1653;² and, as Katherine refers to it in a couplet,

Christ will be King, but I ne'er understood
His Subjects built his Kingdom up with Blood,³

she probably wrote the poem about that time. At the very beginning of it, she makes her position certain by stating a determined indifference to political affairs. She says:

I think not on the State, nor am concern'd
Which way soever the great Helm is turn'd.

But she cannot remain silent and see

The dying Lion kick'd by every Ass.

She must speak, and she speaks, if not with the eloquent indignation of Dryden, yet with strong emotion and forceful expression. She addresses Powell:

Slander must follow Treason; but yet stay,
Take not our Reason with our King away.
Though you have seiz'd upon all our defence,
Yet do not sequester our common Sense.

1. The "rimes" which Katherine refers to I have not seen. They do not appear among his verses in Edward Bagshaw, *The Life and Death of Mr. Vavasor Powell* (1671). Some idea of their excellence, however, can be gained by a comparison with his other verses, among which some of the best are those written "Upon the occasion of a tooth-ache" and those beginning "'Tis a sad age, when there's such rage against poor harmless Doves."

2. Louise F. Brown, *The Political Activities of the Baptists and Fifth Monarchy Men in England during the Interregnum* (Washington, 1912), pp. 44 ff.

3. *Poems* (1678), p. 2.

The poem is a strong attack on Powell rather than a defence of Charles I; it expresses her indignation against the reformer rather than laments Cavalier-like the death of the King. There is nothing in it which would prevent Katherine from writing a few years later the epitaph of Philip Skippon.

For the most part, Katherine keeps her sympathies out of her poetry. She is like her admired Mrs. Owen of Orielton, whom she praises for beholding unmoved

. . . the angry Fate
Which tore a Church and overthrew a State.

When she mentions the fact that her mother-in-law, Mrs. Philips of Port Eynon, adhered to the Church and State, she mentions it merely as a fact without giving her emotional reaction to it. Only once does she speak disrespectfully of the Roundheads; in fact, she only once uses that word. The remark, which occurs in her verses "To Regina Collier, on her cruelty to Philaster," may not represent her sentiments at all, may not be more than a sportive reference to a Cavalier friend; but it is too much like the later Orinda not to contain an element of truth. It comes towards the end of the poem, when Katherine urges her "Triumphant Queen of Scorn" to relent:

Redeem the poyson'd Age, let it be seen
There's no such freedom as to serve a Queen.
But you I see are lately Round-head grown,
And whom you vanquish you insult upon.¹

This one time, at least, Katherine turned from the abstract to the concrete, and she betrayed her real inclinations. She was probably ready to welcome the Restoration several years before that event took place. Certainly, when

1. Page 55.

it did come, there was no one in all England more enthusiastic, and, the restraint being removed, she spoke out in commendation of those who had remained loyal.¹

In her present position, however, Katherine must have found it difficult to remain on amicable terms with both parties, her husband and her family on the one hand, her own friends on the other. She steered the middle course the best she could, but she could not avoid at least once coming to grief amid the whirlpools and eddies which lay to her right and to her left. Two of her poems give the record of her distress. The title of one of these, "To Antenor, on a Paper of mine which J. J. threatens to publish to prejudice him,"² partially explains the trouble. But this is not all. There seems to have been some charge of grave importance to which the following couplet in this poem refers:

The weakness of the other Charge is clear,
When such a trifle must bring up the Rear.

No definite hint of this "other charge" has remained to be picked up; but, if the second poem, entitled "To the truly competent Judge of Honour, Lucasia, upon a scandalous Libel made by J. J.,"³ points to it, Katherine considered her honor to be at stake. The charge, needless to say, came to nothing.

The trouble originated in the Puritan camp. The 1664 edition of Orinda's poems makes perfectly clear the identity of J. J. by inserting in both places the name J. Jones.

1. For example, see the poem "On the Death of the truly Honourable Sir Walter Lloid, Knight," p. 152. She says of him:

That he dar'd to be Loyal, in a time
When 'twas a danger made, and thought a crime.

2. Page 47.

3. Page 45.

Now J. Jones could surely be no other than Col. John Jones, the regicide, a man who in many ways must have come into contact with the Philipsses. He was a person of great influence throughout the Civil War and the period of the Commonwealth. Besides sitting at the King's trial and signing the death warrant, acts from which nowadays he derives his fame, he was the recipient of many honors from his party.¹ He was elected to the Long Parliament for Merionethshire, his native county; he was entrusted with the negotiations for the surrender of Anglesey; he was chosen a member of the first two Councils of State of the Commonwealth; he was made a commissioner in Ireland; he was summoned to Cromwell's House of Lords; and he was given charge of the Parliamentary forces in Ireland in 1659. Yet in spite of all these honors, Jones clung to strong republican principles, and did not become a complete Cromwellian until he accepted, about 1656, one of Cromwell's sisters for a wife.² This event of his marriage and surrender suggests an approximate date for the two poems under consideration. In the poem to Antenor, Katherine speaks of Jones as unmarried and wishes his future wife good fortune:

'Tis possible this Magazine of Hell
(Whose name would turn a verse into a spell,
Whose mischief is congenial to his life)
May yet enjoy an honourable Wife.
Nor let his ill be reckoned to her blame,
Nor yet my Follies blast *Antenor's* name.

1. *D.N.B.*

2. See John Thurloe, *A Collection of the State Papers of John Thurloe*, ed. Thomas Birch (London, 1742), iv, 672, letter of Henry Cromwell to Thurloe, dated April 2, 1656: "When I writte to you about colo. John Jones, I did not knowe, that he was likely to bee my unkle. Perhaps that may serve to oblige him to faithfullness to his highness and government. I wish it hath as good an influence uppon hime as to other thinges; but you have silenc't mee as to hime."

These poems, then, must have been written before 1656, and, as Lucasia is called upon as a judge, after 1651.

James Philips, being in those early years a staunch follower of Cromwell, must have drawn upon himself in some way the wrath of Jones, who used the familiarity of Orinda with Royalist sympathizers to harm him. The charge against her, as has been said, remains unknown, and Katherine herself gives no hint of it in her poem to Lucasia. The entire poem, instead of being an angry indictment of Jones, is an abstract discussion of Honor, the kind that the excellent Palaemon had the good hap to discover. This system of honor agrees well with Orinda's system of friendship. Honor distinguishes man from man as much as reason distinguishes man from beast. But it suffers the common fate of all good things by being sadly misunderstood and sorely abused by followers who pervert it, making it subservient to opinion. It is to the mind as beauty to the sense and shines brightly, through its own virtue, unknown and unpraised, a thought found so perfectly expressed in a great poem of a century later. So Katherine builds up her definition with couplet after couplet, which show a conscious trend toward aphorism:

But Honour is more great and more sublime
Above the battery of Fate or Time.

.

Honour's to th'mind as Beauty to the sense,
The fair result of mixed Excellence.

.

But as that Beauty were as truly sweet,
Were there no Tongue to praise, no Eye to see't;
And 'tis the Privilege of a native Spark,
To shed a constant Splendor in the dark;
So Honour is its own Reward and End.

Honor, being so excellent in itself, cannot descend to the vulgar crowd for commendation or blame;

Honour keeps Court at home, and doth not fear
To be condemn'd abroad, if quitted there.

Only a few of the elect are fit to judge of Honor, and to those Orinda is willing to leave her case. She turns it over to Lucasia, who though perhaps prejudiced, was a "truly competent Judge of Honour," with these words:

And though their Judgment I must still disclaim,
Who can nor give nor take away a fame:
Yet I'll appeal unto the knowing few,
Who dare be just, and rip my heart to you.

This charge, no matter how evil it was, could not but fall harmless against the armor of such a system; and Col. Jones, seeing himself baffled by metaphysics, resolved upon displaying concrete evidence of criminality and threatened to publish one of Katherine's poems which would be embarrassing to James Philips. Upon hearing of this Orinda wrote for her dear Antenor what must stand as her best expression of indignation in verse. She begins with a good deal of force —

Must then my Crimes become thy scandal too?
Why, sure the Devil hath not much to do —

and after acknowledging her duty to her husband, offering to wipe out with blood the stain caused by ink, deals with Col. Jones, that "magazine of Hell," that "dark Lanthorn," in good contemptuous verse. Here is the ending:

But since that Mint of slander could invent
To make so dull a Ryme his Instrument,
Let Verse revenge the quarrel. But he's worse
Than wishes, and below a Poet's curse;
And more then this Wit knows not how to give,
Let him be still himself, and let him live.

What were Orinda's feelings on October 17, 1660, when Col. John Jones, the king-killer, after facing death with great courage and dignity, was hanged, drawn, and quartered?

The position Antenor took in this trouble is never made known. He seems to have allowed his wife liberty to have what friends she pleased and to have gone ahead in his own way with the Cromwellian party. As far as the evidence of the poems goes, there were never any but the most pleasant relations between James Philips and his wife. The three poems which are addressed to Antenor are among the most pleasing of Orinda's verse. They all express profound respect and unselfish devotion. The first is the one upon the infamous Col. Jones, the second was upon the occasion of Antenor's going away, and the third upon the dejection which followed the Restoration when Antenor beheld all his work of years cast down in a moment. The first poem has been considered, and the third must wait its time; the second, "To my dearest Antenor, on his Parting,"¹ shows that the exponent of perfect friendships carried her precepts into her connubial relations. In this she is a true follower of Jeremy Taylor, who said in his letter to her that the greatest of all friendships is that between husband and wife. Antenor's soul, like that of Lucasia, has become mixed with Orinda's own; she explains to the "Guardian of her Heart" what this means:

Each of our Souls did its own temper fit,
And in the other's Mould so fashion'd it,
That now our Inclinations both are grown,
Like to our Interests and Persons, one;
And Souls whom such an Union fortifies,
Passion can ne'er destroy, nor Fate surprise.

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 76.

If Antenor did not entirely understand all these subtleties — and it must be admitted that he had passed the romantic period of life — he could have found no fault with the actual results of Katherine's philosophy. She assures him that upon his return he will find his heart and love safe. More fancifully and rather prettily expressed follows the thought that, as in a crystal, he will be able to see her reflected in his own heart. And he can be sure he will remain in hers:

So in my brest thy Picture drawn shall be,
My Guide, Life, Object, Friend, and Destiny:
And none shall know, though they employ their wit,
Which is the right *Antenor*, thou, or it.

This poem is perhaps a little too ingenious, but it is an honest statement of Katherine's interest and devotion. Except for her friends, it would appear that James Philips had little to complain of in his wife.

Two other poems treat of Katherine's domestic life and leave a record of what otherwise would have passed away. They both celebrate at the same time the birth and death of her first child. Katherine laments that after seven years of childless marriage she should be blessed with a son, Hector, only to have him taken away. As she was married in 1648, this reference to time gives the date 1655 for the birth and death of the child and the composition of the poems.¹ The poem, "Orinda upon little Hector Philips," is one of the best Katherine ever wrote.² That she should have discovered the fitness of the elegiac quatrain for such a subject and should have caught its true swing is worthy of notice. The poem is so deserving of quotation and ex-

1. The *D.N.B.* errs when it says that Katherine's son was born in 1647.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 148.

presses so well all that need be said on this event that it is worth giving in full:

Twice forty months of Wedlock I did stay,
Then had my Vows crown'd with a Lovely Boy.
And yet in forty days he dropt away;
O swift Vicissitude of Humane Joy!

I did but see him, and he dis-appear'd,
I did but pluck the Rose-bud and it fell;
A sorrow unforeseen and scarcely fear'd,
For ill can Mortals their afflictions spell.

And now (sweet Babe!) what can my trembling Heart
Suggest to right my doleful fate or thee?
Tears are my Muse, and sorrow all my Art,
So piercing Groans must be thy Elogy.

Thus whilst no Eye is witness of my mone,
I grieve thy loss, (Ah Boy too dear to live!)
And let the unconcerned World alone,
Who neither will, nor can refreshment give.

An Off'ring to for thy sad Tomb I have,
Too just a tribute to thy early Herse,
Receive these gasping Numbers to thy Grave,
The last of thy unhappy Mothers Verse.

The second poem on little Hector, the "Epitaph on her son H. P. at St. Syth's Church, where her body also lies Interred,"¹ is likewise among Katherine's more successful attempts. It forms a contrast in almost every way with the first poem. It is for the public; the other is for herself or at most her intimate friends. It is a graceful expression of sorrow, dressed for the world with nice emotional restraint; the other is an intense expression of personal grief, given restraint only from the dislike of irrational display

1. Page 134. St. Syth's is another name for St. Benet Sherhog. See John Stow, *A Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster* . . . improved by John Strype (London, 1720), bk. 3, p. 27.

of feeling inherent in Katherine's nature. The epitaph is for the tomb; the elegy is for the grave. Each, in its way, is good; and just as the first is one of Orinda's best poems for its emotional intensity, the second is good enough to deserve a high place among the epitaphs after Ben Jonson's manner. It is as follows:

What on Earth deserves our trust:
Youth and Beauty both are dust.
Long we gathering are with pain,
What one moment calls again.
Seven years childless marriage past,
A Son, a Son is born at last:
So exactly limb'd and fair,
Full of good Spirits, Meen, and Air,
As a long life promised,
Yet, in less than six weeks dead.
Too promising, too great a mind
In so small room to be confin'd:
Therefore, as fit in Heav'n to dwell,
He quickly broke the Prison shell.
So the subtle Alchymist,
Can't with *Hermes* Seal resist
The powerful spirit's subtler flight,
But 'twill bid him long good night,
And so the Sun if it arise
Half so glorious as his Eyes,
Like this Infant, takes a shroud,
Buried in a morning cloud.

On April 13 of the next year, Katherine was consoled for the loss of little Hector Philips by the birth of a daughter, who was named Katherine after her mother and her grandmother.¹ This daughter, perhaps because she enjoyed a

1. *Notes and Queries*, 2d ser., v, 202. John Pavin Phillips describes a Bible in his possession which once belonged to Orinda's daughter. The first entry says that Katherine Philips was born 13 April, 1656, on a Sunday morning, between four and five o'clock, at the Priory. Then follow entries for fifteen children which this same Katherine had by Lewis Wogan, only one of whom survived.

kinder fate than Hector, is never mentioned in any of her mother's poems. She lived to marry Lewis Wogan of Boulston (a seat not far from Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire), and bear him fifteen children, only one of whom, Anne, outlived her parents. This granddaughter of Katherine Philips was married to John Laugharne of St. Bride's, a son of Col. John Laugharne, the Parliamentary commander who had taken Jeremy Taylor prisoner at the time he defeated Gerard before Cardigan Castle.¹ Of Lewis Wogan there is nothing to be told except the one fact, that in 1684 he had the pleasure of "collationing" the Duke of Beaufort when that nobleman was making his official progress through Wales.² He died in 1692; and a monument,³ which records instead of his deeds the names of his four great-grandmothers and four great-grandfathers, was erected by his son-in-law to his honor.⁴

1. Henry Owen, *Old Pembrokeshire Families* (London, 1902), p. 101.

2. Thomas Dingley, *Account of the Official Progress of Henry, the First Duke of Beaufort, through Wales in 1684* (London, 1888), pp. ccxiii, ccxx.

3. Fenton, *A Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire*, p. 131.

4. If Wood can be depended upon, Katherine had also a godson in whom she was interested. This was Charles Howell, the son of Thomas Howell, brother of the immortal letter-writer. She must have come to know Thomas Howell while he was the chaplain of St. Stephen's Walbrook, a church lying within the ward where Katherine spent her childhood. At the beginning of the Civil War, he was forced to leave St. Stephen's on account of his Royalist sympathies, and he died at Bristol a few years later in 1646. He left a widow and eleven children. See *Athen. Oxon.*, vol. iv, col. 805.

CHAPTER V

Poliarchus and Lucasia

WITH the Restoration in 1660 Katherine Philips began a new life. She no longer needed to restrain her sympathies for the cause of royalty, for Col. John Jones and all his tribe had been silenced forever. She no longer needed to keep her verses carefully confined to a few friends, for, with the return of a court, the love of letters was encouraged rather than frowned upon. She who had been more or less a local celebrity a few years before, was soon to become a well-known figure in the poetic circles of London and Dublin, and was to enjoy a literary reputation beyond all other women of her time. From the youthful enthusiast of almost pastoral simplicity, who led a life wrapped up in Platonic conceptions of friendship, she passed into the recorder of more heroic, if less ideal, things. She fell into the fever of panegyric which bereft men of their senses almost as generally as the plague, a few years later, bereft them of their lives. Life to her was indeed new. The glamour of a court, the glitter of elegance, the charm of gracefulness — all these things Katherine had wished for during the gloomy days of the Commonwealth. Now she had them and life was full. Even a new vitality, a greater pleasure in the world, took hold of her, so that these last few years of her life are crowded with events. It is very

fortunate that, in addition to the poems, which, as in the earlier part of her life, form a commentary on her actions, there has been preserved a collection of letters addressed to Sir Charles Cotterell under the name of Poliarchus. These letters were first published by Bernard Lintot in 1705 without any information concerning their passage into his hands, and again in 1729 in a second edition "with additions," a phrase which means the addition of one letter.¹ They are authenticated in no other way, but *The Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus* are undoubtedly genuine. They may have been tampered with a little, perhaps polished up to suit the taste of the eighteenth century, but they have undergone no great changes and still retain enough of the original manner to show that they could never have been written by anyone but Orinda. Thanks to them there is no seventeenth-century portrait more vividly drawn than that of Katherine Philips.

When the Restoration came, Katherine added her voice to the voices of Waller and Dryden and a hundred others to hail the glorious return of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II. Her voice, it might be said, gave others the pitch, for she did not even wait until the King had set foot in his regained kingdom, but addressed him while he was still in Holland waiting for a favorable wind and Admiral Montagu, Pepys's "my Lord," to bring him across the channel. Her poem, "On the numerous Access of the English to wait upon the King in Flanders,"² urges the King in well-turned couplets to hurry home before the land is dispeopled by the great rush to the Continent:

1. Letter XIX of the second edition only. It is out of place, and should be dated some time after Katherine's return from Ireland and before her last trip to London.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 2.

Hasten, Great Prince, unto thy British Isles,
 Or all thy Subjects will become Exiles.
 To thee they flock, thy Presence is their home,
 As *Pompey's* Camp, where e'er it mov'd, was *Rome*.

As we unmonarch'd were for want of thee,
 So till thou come we shall unpeopled be.

Katherine has probably allowed her zeal and her ingenuity a little too much freedom, but there is no doubt that many English did go over to meet the King. Pepys, who accompanied Montagu on the expedition, jotted down on May 14, 1660, the day the fleet arrived at the Hague, that the town was very full of English; and Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia, aunt to the restored Charles, wrote on May 21 to her son Charles Louis, the Elector-Palatine: "I beleuee at this time there is at lest 100 [*sic*] or 400 English Lords or gentlemen in this toune, so as I have scarce time to urite this to you, I ame so visited by them, it is not to be beleueed how all the people in England are desirous to see the king, he uill goe as soone as the uinde serues." ¹

The wind soon served, and two days after writing the above letter, the Queen of Bohemia saw her nephew aboard the *Naseby*, new-christened for the occasion *The Royal Charles*. She wrote to her son a fortnight later a description of Charles's departure: "Wedensday last he [Charles] went hence, I ame confident there was at the least aboue an hundred thousand men at Scheuelin [Scheveningen] to see him for half way to Terhay [Terhayde] on one side and half way to Catwich on the other, the dounes were all couered with people. The Princess of Orenge

1. *Briefe der Elisabeth Stuart, Königin von Böhmen an ihren Sohn, den Kurfürsten Carl Ludwig von der Pfalz*, hrsg. Anna Wendland (Tübingen, 1902; Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart, ccxxviii), p. 145. The number 100 must be a misprint for 300.

brought him to Scheuelin but my Neece and I went with him to his ship, where wee dined, and came away when they leuied anchor."¹

Poor Pepys, who had hurt his eye the day before firing off a gun in the King's honor, had his good eye so intent upon the assembly of royalty about him that he does not mention the great number of people cheering the King on his way. But it was a great day for him; for, amid "infinite shooting off of guns, and that in disorder on purpose," he received the distinction of kissing the "King's, Queen's and Princess's hands."² After dinner, the ships having been all renamed, "with a fresh gale and most happy weather," Charles II set sail for England. With him went the wishes of the English people. Katherine, who had already welcomed him before his departure, wrote another poem to celebrate his passage. This poem, "Arion on a Dolphin, To his Majesty at his passage into England,"³ appears to make the ancient bard Orinda's spokesman. Riding out on his dolphin, Arion sings the praise of Charles II:

Whom does this stately Navy bring?
O! 'tis *Great Britain's* Glorious King.
Convey him then, ye Winds and Seas,
Swift as Desire and calm as Peace.

It is unfortunate that the proverbial inventor of the dithyramb should be made to speak in such a metre, and it is matter for wonder that the music-loving dolphin did not dive into the deep. Arion, with his dolphin, however, continues for seventy-four lines, eulogizing the Merry Mon-

1. Page 147.

2. *Diary*, ed. Wheatley, I, 144.

3. *Poems* (1678), p. 3. The edition of 1664 has the title, "Arion to a Dolphin, On his Majesty's passage into England."

arch on his ancestry, his greatness, and his mercy. This last characteristic, which seems to have come into her mind through the medium of Clarendon's Declaration of Breda, interests Orinda, as the wife of a Cromwellian, very much. She has Arion flatter Charles:

He thinks no Slaughter-trophies good,
Nor Laurels dipt in Subjects blood;
But with a sweet resistless art
Disarms the hand, and wins the heart;
And like a God doth rescue those
Who did themselves and him oppose.

Amid such strains, on May 25, Charles II landed at Dover, and Pepys saw him greet and receive into favor the kneeling figure of General Monck, the soldier of fortune to whom he owed his crown.

Katherine was probably in London at the time the King arrived there, and was one of those who saw on May 29 the gorgeous procession of civic officers and nobles and soldiers with Charles in the midst, his brothers the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester on either hand, enter London and proceed triumphantly to Whitehall.¹ There needs little imagination to see that, while the whole city was running wild with joy, decked as it was in brave array and the conduits full of claret, Katherine was as overcome by the enthusiasm of the moment as any of her friends. Yet in the midst of so much rejoicing she was doomed to undergo one of the greatest sorrows of her life. She was staying at Acton at the time, her mother's house just outside of London, with her step-daughter Frances and probably her husband, when at the moment of her greatest joy, just the

1. "England's Joy: Or a Relation of the most remarkable Passages, from his Majesty's Arrival at Dover, to his Entrance at Whitehall, London, 1660," *Harleian Miscellany*, III, 373-375.

day before the King landed, young Frances Philips was attacked by some disease (we can only imagine it the small-pox) and died. This was, indeed, a great loss, for Orinda loved her as her own. She lamented the child in a poem, "In Memory of F. P. who died at Acton the 24 of May, 1660, at Twelve and an Half of Age,"¹ giving way to sorrow which even the strong hand of ingenuity could not keep in firm check. Her pain is real when she remembers her close relations with her step-child:

Ah, beauteous Blossom, too untimely dead!
Whither? Ah whither is thy sweetness fled?

.

But if to thy blest Soul my grief appears,
Forgive and pity these injurious tears:
Impute them to Affection's sad excess,
Which will not yield to Nature's tenderness,
Since 'twas through dearest ties and highest trust
Continued from thy Cradle to thy Dust;
And so rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
That (wo is me) I thought thee too much mine.

Throughout the poem Katherine struggles not ungracefully with a Platonic conception of death which she offers as her only comfort for so great a loss.

However much she felt this sad stroke of fortune, Katherine did not allow her personal grief to diminish her interest in the great event of the Restoration. She continued to follow with attention the affairs of royalty and, whenever the occasion offered the least excuse, to call upon her Muse for panegyric. The deadly small-pox was at work and before long created an opportunity in the death of Prince

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 39. F. P. is certainly no other than the Frances mentioned in Sir Richard Phillipps's will. The dates agree with all we know, making her born December, 1647.

Henry on September 13, 1660. This young prince, the second ill-fated Henry of the Stuart house, was, like the first, lamented in an immense wail of doleful and encomiastic verse, to which Katherine added her voice by writing her poem, "On the Death of the Illustrious Duke of Gloucester."¹ It must be admitted that her poem is not a remarkable performance, yet judged by others of the time it is not despicable. Her couplets mark even time and often are happily concise, but her thought never rises to the level of the best panegyric. She begins by looking upon Gloucester's death as punishment for England's past sins, and then swings into compliment, which is her forte, comparing Gloucester to Marcellus and making stock of his triumph over all adversities since his banishment. She speaks out with unwonted fervor against Cromwell:

Nay, that loose Tyrant whom no Bound confin'd,
Whom neither Laws, nor Oaths, nor shame could bind,
Although his Soul was than his Look more grim,
Yet thy brave Innocence half softn'd him.

What did Antenor say? But Antenor must no longer stand by his old master. So Katherine takes Gloucester through his travels, and then places him in heaven, where his "capacious soul can look down with pity on Earth's monarchs."²

This poem on Prince Henry is only the first of a series which celebrates the Royal Stuarts, who were hurrying back to England from all parts of the Continent to enjoy a regained inheritance. On October 4, the "Queen of Hearts" wrote to her son: "My Neece is gone with this sad

1. Page 9.

2. *Briefe der Elisabeth Stuart* (ed. Wendland, p. 177) gives an account of Gloucester's death.

loss [Gloucester's death] into England. Rupert came hither the day after, he goes tomorrow"¹ . . . Her niece, Mary of Orange, Princess Royal of England and mother of the future William of Orange, had indeed sailed September 30 for England. She led the van of the invasion of England by Charles's poor relatives for the purpose of graciously accepting gifts (much to Charles's discomfiture) from the enthusiastic Parliament. Prince Rupert, who had done much good service for his uncle Charles I and was still to do good service for England, came soon after. But these were not all. Henrietta Maria, now the Queen Mother, who brought trouble with her wherever she went, followed in the same month to remonstrate with James, the Duke of York, over his irregular marriage with Anne Hyde; and, less than a year later, the Queen of Bohemia herself, laden with debts so frightful to Charles that he endeavored to prevent her coming, sailed from Holland never to return.

Not yet accustomed to the restoration of royalty, England looked upon this invasion with happy aspect. And Orinda made herself England's mouthpiece. In no uncertain terms she hails the Princess of Orange:

Welcome, sure Pledge, of reconciled Powers;
If Kingdoms have Good Angels, you are ours:
For th' Ill ones check'd by your bright influence,
Could never strike till you were hurried hence.

So she begins her poem, "Upon the Princess Royal her Return into England."² She goes on to speak of the Princess's participation in Charles's exile, and then, as if exhilarated by this thought, she passes into one of her rare moments of eloquence:

1. Page 175.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 8.

O wond'rous Prodigy! O Race Divine!
Who owe more to your Actions than your Line,
Your Lives exalt your Father's deathless Name,
The blush of *England*, and the boast of Fame.

The remainder of the poem is pure compliment in Katherine's best manner, playing with the thoughts of rebellion in the past and adoration in the present, and by the way turning out some resounding couplets. On the whole, she greets the sister better than she laments the brother; and it may be that Katherine recognized this, for when Mary of Orange died on December 24 of the same disease that had taken her brother, her body was laid to rest beside his without a tear from Orinda's elegiac muse.

Henrietta Maria, who had come to England in October, bubbling over with wrath against her son James, the Duke of York, because of his secret marriage with Clarendon's daughter, did not stay long after the death of the Princess of Orange. She had done all she could to encourage James to play the rascal and not recognize his wife; but it is not certain, as it may be in regard to the Princess of Orange, that she suborned witnesses to blast Anne Hyde's reputation. However, her efforts were in vain; James recognized his wife and infant son. Henrietta Maria, of course, was furious; but in the end she accepted her new daughter-in-law. January 1, 1660/1 was the day chosen for the formal reconciliation, her last day in England before she set off for France to marry her daughter Henrietta to Philip of Orleans. It was also the occasion, therefore, on which she gave her audience of farewell. This important event Katherine celebrated in a poem "To the Queen-Mother's Majesty, Jan. 1, 1660/1."¹ As the first topic was obviously

1. Page 7.

not fit for poetry, Katherine stays very close to the second — the Queen's departure. She begins:

You justly may forsake a Land which you
Have found so guilty and so fatal too.

Here is her theme: guilty because the Queen ("O glorious Criminal"!) was forced to fly, and fatal because the deaths it had caused in her family had been so numerous. In this land "the Royal Martyr bled," "illustrious Gloucester" died, and the Princess of Orange had found her tomb. Then Orinda passes to the quality of mercy so finely exemplified in this daughter of the great Henry, and draws her poem to an end with palpitating couplets, which for heroic fervor can stand unabashed before those of most of her contemporaries. She bids the queen:

See your Offenders for your mercy bow,
And your try'd Virtue all Mankind allow;
While you to such a Race have given birth,
As are contended for by Heaven and Earth.

Probably Katherine continued in London, for she was there with her ready pen at the great public event of the coronation. Both Pepys and Evelyn have left some account of the two days' festivity of April 22 and 23. Great preparations had been in progress to make this coronation more glorious than any before, and no expense had been spared. Splendid triumphal arches in the classical style, adorned with statues and Latin mottoes, had been erected at various places where the King was to pass on his way to Westminster in the midst of a procession of all the officers of state and the nobility, arrayed in their most gorgeous paraphernalia.¹ With such a spectacle in sight, all London

1. John Ogilby, *The Entertainment of His Most Excellent Majesty, Charles II, etc.*, 1662.

must have felt the week preceding the Coronation Day a great disappointment, for it rained continually. Pepys reports rain almost every day from Easter Sunday, which was April 14, until the twenty-first, on which day he begins his entry thus: "In the morning we were troubled to hear it rain as it did, because of the great show tomorrow." The next day he was too happy in his velvet coat — "the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago" — and too dazzled by the "glory of the day" to note that the sun was shining. On the Coronation Day itself, which was the twenty-third, Pepys was up at four o'clock and in Westminster, where he waited until the King's arrival at eleven. He saw the ceremony in the Abbey, and attended the banquet afterwards in Westminster Hall. He was so happy that it was not until the King had dined and gone out of the hall that he was led at last to think upon the weather. "And strange it is to think," he writes, "that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years: which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things." Katherine Philips followed the coronation with much interest and it is not impossible that, through her new friend Sir Charles Cotterell, who was the Master of Ceremonies, she was present at the actual event. She has left a poem which tells poetically of the fortunate change in the weather, which Pepys commented on so philosophically. Her poem, "On the Fair Weather just at the Coronation, it having rained immediately before and after,"¹ makes an interesting com-

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 5. The edition of 1664 omits the explanation from the title.

mentary on all that has been said. It is in Orinda's best ingenious manner, which no doubt made it much admired, and contains fewer irregularities in its couplets than usual:

So clear a season, and so snatch'd from storms,
Shews Heav'n delights to see what Man performs.
Well knew the Sun, if such a day were dim,
It would have been an injury to him:
For then a Cloud had from his eye conceal'd
The noblest sight that ever he beheld.
He therefore check'd th' invading Rains we fear'd,
And in a bright *Parenthesis* appear'd.
So that we knew not which look'd most content,
The King, the People, or the Firmament.
But the Solemnity once fully past,
The storm return'd with an impetuous hast.
And Heav'n and Earth each other to out-do,
Vied both in Cannons and in Fire-works too.
So *Israel* past through the divided flood,
While in obedient heaps the Ocean stood:
But the same Sea (the *Hebrews* once on shore)
Return'd in torrents where it was before."

After having seen the keen interest with which Katherine followed court affairs, it might be well to pause, like Mr. Wickfield, and look for a motive. It is possible, of course, that Katherine's enthusiasm was undesigning and spontaneous, but it is also possible that she had "plots in't"; in short, one cannot but wonder if the King's return did not bring to James Philips and his wife a good deal of uncertainty. The King, it is true, had shown no tendency to be vindictive. Through the Declaration of Breda, he had offered a general pardon to all "excepting such persons as shall hereafter be excepted by Parliament." But could James Philips trust Parliament? The facts were plain that he had been for years a firm supporter of Cromwell. To this worry concerning his position there was another of no

small intensity concerning his business affairs. He had gambled a good deal in confiscated lands while under the protection of Cromwell,¹ and, according to Aubrey,² had put his estate into a precarious condition in order to buy Crown lands, which, it was certain, would now be confiscated. Complete destruction was not an impossibility for James Philips. Katherine, therefore, could scarcely have written her poems without the hope that in some way her zeal might help in procuring favor for the dark days ahead.

Whatever troubles James Philips anticipated he did not long remain in suspense concerning their actual existence. Parliament set to work at once. In addition to the regicides, who were marked from the first, the Lords demanded the death of four members of Cromwell's High Court of Justice in revenge for four of their members condemned by that court, and then, pushing their desire for vengeance farther, desired to bring to the scaffold all those who had

1. Some idea of James Philips's transactions can be gained from the following note taken from the *Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding*, 1643-60, p. 3239:

"29 June 1655. Note of a contract to COL. JAMES PHILIPS for the following sequestered estates of Papists and Recusants in Wales:—

		£	s.	d.	
R Ant. Turberville,	co. Glamorgan	100	6	6	a year
R Thos. Turberville,	co. Glamorgan	35	0	0	"
R Jenkin Thomas,	co. Glamorgan	12	0	0	"
P&D John Winter,	co. Brecon	28	0	0	"
P Mary Janes,	co. Brecon	9	0	0	"
P Howell Preece,	co. Brecon	6	13	4	"
P Edw. Winter,	co. Brecon	101	1	6	"
P Baynham Vaughan,	co. Radnor	131	1	4	"
P John Vaughan,	co. Radnor	6	0	0	"
P James Baskerville,	co. Radnor	50	12	6	"
R Anne Baskerville,	co. Radnor	7	10	0	"

"29 June. Letters to the respective County Committees to let the estates to Philips for one year, or show cause to the contrary."

2. *Lives*, ed. Clark, II, 154: "Her [Katherine Philips's] husband had a good estate, but bought Crownlandes; he mortgaged, etc." The *et cetera* is Aubrey's.

sat on any court of justice which had tried Royalists. The Commons toned down these requests, saying in regard to the first that of the four members of the High Court of Justice named, "One of those Four is dead, and another is as good as dead. And they do not insist upon the shedding of Blood upon the Account of the Death of Commoners,"¹ and compromising in regard to the second by agreeing that none of the men should lawfully hold any office, ecclesiastical, civil, or military, or sit in any Parliament after September, 1660, a ruling which actually found its way into Section XLIV of the Act of Indemnity. James Philips was probably never in very grave danger of losing his head; but the proceedings of Parliament were no doubt of so personal a nature that, when Parliament was adjourned on December 29, he must have felt that he had escaped a real peril.

At home his influence still remained strong enough for him to be returned to the Cavalier Parliament of 1661 for the borough of Cardigan. But he was not allowed to enjoy his honor in peace. His enemies and his past pursued him with such vigor that a little over a month after Parliament had convened he came very near suffering an ignominious ejection. The trouble seems to have come from Wales. On June 27, 1661, Col. Hugh Butler of Scovington in Pembrokeshire testified² before Parliament, even signed a statement, that James Philips had been a member of the High Court of Justice which in 1654 had sentenced Col. Gerard to death, that "he had seen him sitting covered on the bench the day that Lisle, the pretended President of the said pretended Court, had passed the sentence of death,

1. *Journals of the House of Lords*, XI, 136.

2. *Journals of the House of Commons*, VIII, *passim*, gives a complete record of James Philips's case.

and that he had seen him sitting there one day before." According to the Act of Indemnity, if this were true, James Philips could not lawfully sit in Parliament. He was suspended, Arthur Owen, an uncle of Lucasia, standing for his appearance, and a committee was appointed to investigate. Committees in those days as in these worked slowly. On July 6 more persons were added to it. And then several months passed. On January 23, a Thursday, it was ordered that the committee should report on the following Monday. Monday came but no report. This lingered until Saturday, February 1, and then appeared only to be postponed for further consideration on account of the recent arrival of new and valuable witnesses in town. At last on February 25, 1661/2, the committee made its report. It stated the evidence, but left any action upon it to the House. Thereupon the question was put, "whether, upon the Evidence now heard, the House were satisfied, that Mr. *James Philips* did give sentence of Death on Col. *John Gerard*, in the illegal High Court of Justice, by which he was sentenced to Death; or did sign the Warrant for his execution." A vote was taken and the negative, probably by virtue of a mighty wink, won 135 to 85. So did the Commons carry out the first case in a ruling forced on them by the Lords. 1661 1662

James Philips had escaped one trouble by the skin of his teeth only to find himself in another. This time he was doomed. The Committee on Elections, which had been put to work by the contestation of Sir Francis Lloyd, James's opponent, found that a technicality had been disregarded and that the election was void. On April 30, 1662, the day of this decision, James Philips left the House of Commons never to sit in it again.

Katherine's poem, "To my Antenor, March 16, 1661/2,"¹ shows the tension of these evil days. It is one of those pieces, firm and sincere in tone, which often, but not so often as one might wish, appear among the precious and bedizened company of Orinda's verse. Written in compact octosyllabic couplets, it forms one of her most complete expressions of emotion. Its resolute encouragement, expressed in terms of masculine intellectual force, would be unusual in any poetess. The strength of her character, which would not be expected of a sighing and sentimental lover, is a pleasant revelation. Katherine stands sturdily by her husband's side in distress, uttering words of encouragement:

My dear *Antenor*, now give ore,
For my sake talk of Graves no more;
Death is not in your power to gain,
And is both wish'd and fear'd in vain.
Lets be as angry as we will,
Grief sooner may distract than kill,
And the Unhappy often prove
Death is as coy a thing as Love.
Those whose own Sword their death did give,
Afraid were or asham'd to live;
And by an act so desperate,
Did poorly run away from Fate;
'Tis braver much t'out-ride the storm,
Endure its rage, and shun his harm;
Affliction nobly undergone,
More Greatness shews than having none.
But yet the Wheel in turning round,
At last may lift us from the ground,
And when our Fortune's most severe,
The less we have, the less we fear.
And why should we that grief permit,
Which can nor mend nor shorten it?

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 145.

Let's wait for a succeeding good,
Woes have their Ebb as well as Flood:
And since the Parliament have rescu'd you,
Believe that Providence will do so too.

It was bad enough to suffer such severe reverses of fortune, but as long as Orinda had her beloved Lucasia she could meet them with fortitude, yea, even with bravado. Misfortune, at least, had not touched their friendship. While the catastrophe was brewing in the first months of the Restoration, the two friends were together, and Lucasia gave to Orinda her picture painted by Samuel Cooper, the most famous miniature painter of the day — a gift which Orinda gracefully acknowledged in a poem "To Mr. Sam. Cooper, having taken Lucasia's Picture given December 14, 1660."¹ But now that the very crisis had come, Lucasia was called away. The poem, "Orinda to Lucasia parting October, 1661, at London,"² written a few months before the one to Antenor, shows how desperate her affairs were. To Antenor Katherine could put up a brave face; from Lucasia she could not conceal the despair that filled her. Lucasia's leaving at that time was the last straw, and she broke down completely. In no other poem she ever wrote does she allow her emotion such unrestrained freedom. For seventy lines she displays the convulsions of her disappointed heart in couplets overflowing with emotion more real and spontaneous and passionate than any of the other poems of this time. To be severed from Lucasia was more than she could bear silently, and she

1. Page 158. This miniature has evidently been lost. J. J. Foster, *Samuel Cooper and the English Miniature Painters of the XVII Century* (London, 1914-16), Supplement, p. 50, lists it without description. See also *Notes and Queries*, 11th ser., VII, 228, and 12th ser., VIII, 68.

2. Page 139.

addressed her beloved friend in verse which came as easily as she felt strongly:

Adieu, dear Object of my Love's excess,
And with thee all my hopes of happiness,
With the same fervent and unchanged heart
Which did its whole self once to thee impart,
(And which though fortune has so sorely bruise'd,
Would suffer more, to be from this excus'd)
I to resign thy dear Converse submit,
Since I can neither keep, nor merit it.

And in telling why she cannot merit it, she shows how the troubles of these days triumph over her. She continues:

Thou hast too long to me confined been,
Who ruine am without, passion within.
My mind is sunk below thy tenderness,
And my condition does deserve it less;
I'm so entangl'd and so lost a thing
By all the shocks my daily sorrow bring,
That wouldst thou for thy old *Orinda* call,
Thou hardly could unravel her at all.

The poem is too long to quote in full; yet it should be read in full to get the impression of sustained emotion it conveys. *Orinda* refuses to draw her dearest friend into her misfortunes, and she sets her free from all ties, asking only that she may not be forgotten:

And thou wilt satisfy my boldest plea
By some few soft remembrances of me,
Which may present thee with this candid thought,
I meant not all the troubles that I brought.

And then as she blesses her she speaks of herself in words which show the extreme state into which her affairs had been plunged by the Restoration:

Oh pardon me for pouring out my woes
In Rhime now, that I dare not do't in Prose.



SIR CHARLES COTTERELL

*From a portrait by William Dobson in the possession of Charles
Walter Cottrell-Dormer, Esq., at Rousham*

For I must lose whatever is call'd dear,
And thy assistance all that loss to bear,
And have more cause than e'er I had before,
To fear that I shall never see thee more.

Such poems as these two, the one to Antenor and the one to Lucasia, point to a ruin more complete than the available facts can justify. Death seems to be somewhere in the background, but a death penalty is nowhere on record. James Philips is not even named in the Act of Indemnity as one of those whose acceptance of office would make him open to the extreme punishment.

With her affairs in such a state, Katherine could scarcely have been without the hope that her early Royalist sympathies and her present encomiastic outbursts might weaken the prejudices against her Puritanical family. But there was another reason, too, for her great interest in court events. She had come to know her "noble Poliarchus," Sir Charles Cotterell, who at that time was the Master of Ceremonies, and a man, therefore, most intimately connected with the court.

The name of Poliarchus, which was taken from the *Argenis* of John Barclay, is almost as closely associated with that of Orinda as the name of Lucasia. From the collection of letters which brings the two names together, the friendship between Poliarchus and Orinda has become celebrated. Their acquaintance began probably about the time of the Restoration, and ripened at once into intimacy. Before a year had passed, Katherine had come to admire Sir Charles beyond all other men. He was her *arbiter elegantiarum*: to him she referred all questions of literary taste; to his decision she bowed. In this position, he became a participant in Orinda's literary victories, and, throughout the last few years of her life, exerted a steady

influence upon her writing. It is important, therefore, to consider what kind of man he was.

Born in 1615,¹ Sir Charles was the son of Sir Clement Cotterell of Wylsford in Lincolnshire, who had been groom-porter to James I and the muster-master of Buckinghamshire.² In 1629, at the age of fourteen, he went to Queen's College, Cambridge; but he left without taking a degree to seek his fortune at court.³ He was on the two unhappy expeditions of Charles I against the Scots, serving in the Privy Chamber Troops; and in 1641 he was appointed to assist Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the Master of Ceremonies.⁴ When the King raised his standard at Nottingham, Sir Charles was present; and, taking up the King's cause wholeheartedly, he devoted himself to it until the Restoration. He raised a company of a hundred men in Wales and brought them to Shrewsbury, where they were incorporated in Lord Macklefield's regiment and he himself was given the command of major. In Sir Charles's own words written in 1687: "He . . . served his Majesty through the whole war, both in the Court and Army, having been in four battles, Edgehill, the two at Newbury, and that at Alresford, and in the siege of Oxford (where his present Majesty [*i. e.* James II] then was) till the surrender of it. During all which time he never had any pay, either as soldier or courtier; he translated Davila there by the King's command, and suffered here with the Royal Party till that

1. The *D. N. B.* gives the date 1612. But see Sir Charles's own statement of his age, *Hist. MSS. Com., Marquis of Downshire*, 1, 285, and F. C. Cass, *Monken Hadley* (Westminster, 1880), p. 109.

2. *D. N. B.*

3. *Hist. MSS. Com., Marquis of Downshire*, 1, 284.

4. *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1641-43*, pp. 53, 66. Sir Balthazar Gerbier, and not Sir Charles, as the *D. N. B.* asserts, succeeded Sir John Finet as Master of Ceremonies.

execrable murder on the 30th of January, 1648 [O. S.], which made him resolve upon a voluntary banishment with his wife and family, passing within three months after to The Hague (where King Charles II then was) to shew his loyalty and tender his service. . . ."¹ So Sir Charles wrote at the age of seventy-two when asking to be relieved by his son of the duties of his office of Master of Ceremonies, the only substantial reward he ever received for his years of service, except the order of knighthood, which was conferred upon him at Oxford in 1645.

The next ten years Sir Charles spent on the Continent, throwing in his lot with the fate of the exiled Stuarts. When Charles II left for Scotland in 1650, after having shown himself the true son of his father by the betrayal of Montrose and his promiscuous swearing to the Scottish demands, Sir Charles remained at The Hague in the service of Elizabeth, the titular Queen of Bohemia, accepting, a bit presumptuously perhaps, the office of steward to a bankrupt queen. The office was one of small honor and little profit,² but for the next few years he remained at his post carrying on the Queen's business and now and then acting as emissary to her son, the newly restored Elector-Palatine, Charles Louis. The first time Sir Charles went to Heidelberg, in 1652, Elizabeth wrote recommending him: "I know not what carактер you have of him, but I can assure you he is a verie honest man, and verie worthie to be trusted, and has abilities to be esteemed."³ Sir Charles

1. *Hist. MSS. Com., Marquis of Downshire*, I, 284.

2. *Briefe der Elisabeth Stuart*, ed. Wendland, p. 71, Elizabeth to Charles Louis, The Hague, November 19, 1655: "Sr. Charles Cottrell . . . tolde me, he was not able to subsist in my seruice since he had no wages, but he had euerie year 500 gilders for his house though the last he tooke cost but half, besides his oune meat and mans board wages and some things by the by."

3. Page 26, Elizabeth to Charles Louis, November 4, 1652.

needed all his abilities in the task before him, that of bringing about an agreement between the mother and son. The Queen wanted to return to Heidelberg, but the frugal Charles Louis was reluctant and would not pay the Queen's creditors, who refused to allow her to leave The Hague without some sort of satisfaction. On the whole, however, these were quiet years, and Sir Charles continued at The Hague, where among the other English refugees he was on terms of intimacy with Morley and Earle, the two divines, and Edward Hyde, later the Earl of Clarendon. But he seems to have grown tired of trying to improve a hopeless situation and was glad to find a chance in 1655 to leave Elizabeth for a new employment. The departure of the elegant Poliarchus from the service of the Queen of Hearts has not all the grace and dignity one might expect. Elizabeth wrote a detailed account of it to her son: ". . . I did not putt Sr. Charles Cottrell away, he putt himself away out of a pett he tooke, because I woulde not change, nor take away the priueledge my maides of honnour haue euer had of sending for their coache, uithout asking him leaue, who did onelie supplie the place of Stalmaster, and you know was not, and Honywood, who had done it manie times long before him, neuer exacted it, nor those that were trulie my masters of my horse did neuer take that power, except my maides went uith more horses then two, but because he woulde haue had it once for my Ladie Hide, when Broughton had caried it out to buy some things for me and another time Grenuille caried it out when he woulde haue had it for Sr. Ed. Hide. . . ."¹ Elizabeth, no matter how much she was displeased, was always careful to remain on friendly terms with Sir Charles. On September 10, the

1. Page 69, Elizabeth to Charles Louis, November 8, 1655.

same day that she announces for the first time Sir Charles's exit, she adds as a postscript that she has just been informed that the King "uill putt Sr. Charles Cottrell to my Nephue, the Duke of Glocester, not as a gouuernour but an aduiser, for my little gentleman loues not to heare of a gouuernours name, though he be of a verie good nature and not uillfull." ¹ Sir Charles, in truth, was given the office of governor to the Duke of Gloucester, a position which he held until the death of his charge not long after the Restoration. It is very possible that Sir Charles's interest in Gloucester led Katherine to write her elegy, as much to gratify the desires of the governor as to lament the death of the young prince.

His office under the Queen of Bohemia gave Sir Charles excellent training for his later position of Master of Ceremonies. The greatest compliment is paid to his diplomatic powers by one small incident. On September 3, 1655, no doubt the day Sir Charles left her service, Elizabeth gave him a note for his wages to be paid in two years and desired her son to confirm it.² Much to her disappointment, Sir Charles set about to collect the note at once. The Queen met the situation in true Stuart fashion. On November 2 she wrote guilelessly: "There is no news heere onelie Sr. Charles Cottrell goes away this week to Colleyn, faire weather after him, I pray be not too hastie, to giue order for the payment of that money I have giuen him, till you heare more from me but I coniure you, tell no bodie that I urite this. . . ." ³ But Charles Louis, who never did as his mother asked, went ahead with his arrangements and named April as the date of the first payment. Elizabeth

1. Page 61, Elizabeth to Charles Louis, September 10, 1655.

2. Page 60, *ibid.*, September 3, 1655.

3. Page 67, *ibid.*, November 2, 1655.

then protested (April 10)¹ that her people would soon be naked if she could not get some money to pay for liveries, and begged to postpone "giving of the money to Sr. Charles Cottrell till her months [allowance] was cleared." How little did she know her son! His princely honor was at stake. He had given his word to Sir Charles. He must stand by it. And so he wrote her (April 12) in his usual inscrutable, courtly style.² The deed was perhaps ungracious, but Elizabeth had to make the best of it. The only satisfaction remaining was to have the last word, and the last she had on May 1 when she berated her son for not being able to see her design "in condescending to Cottrell's desire." "I wish," she added in a dry parenthesis, "all contracts and wordes were as well kept to me as you keep to him."³ These negotiations of Sir Charles were a triumph. To have got money out of Elizabeth of Bohemia was to have accomplished the impossible. Yet it must be admitted that not all the credit belongs to Sir Charles; Charles Louis loved to cross his mother.

Until the Restoration Sir Charles seems to have followed the fortunes of his new charge, the Duke of Gloucester. He was with him at the Siege of Dunkirk,⁴ where the young prince gained much praise for his valor; but probably he did not act in a fighting capacity. A complaint by Viscount Taaffe to Charles II, dated September 12, 1657,⁵ gives a hint concerning Sir Charles's occupations. Viscount

1. Page 73, Elizabeth to Charles Louis, April 10, 1656.

2. Page 74, Charles Louis to Elizabeth, April 12, 1656.

3. Page 76, Elizabeth to Charles Louis, May 1, 1656.

4. *The Nicholas Papers*, ed. G. F. Warner (London, 1920; Camden Society, 3d ser., vol. xxxi), iv, 45, Joseph Vane to Sir Edward Nicholas, June 21, 1658; p. 49, Sir Charles Cotterell to Sir Edward Nicholas, June 25, 1659.

5. *Calendar of the Clarendon State Papers*, ed. H. O. Coxe (Oxford, 1872-76), iii, 358.

Taaffe desires leave to withdraw, because the Duke of Gloucester has taken complete charge of his regiment and Sir Charles receives all complaints, "so that he [Viscount Taaffe] is made a cipher." Sir Charles, it seems, carried on the business of the regiment for his young master.

At the Restoration Sir Charles returned to England with the Royal party. His former mistress, with whom he had made his peace before he left, entrusted him with her godson, Ludwig von Selz, who was going over in the Duke of Gloucester's train to see England. The lad never returned; he, too, fell a victim to the small-pox. Elizabeth continued to give Sir Charles her confidence and made him, whether he wished or no, her unofficial representative at court. One time she writes him that she is sending to him "Curtius' relation of what was done at Heidelberg to shew the King." In later years Sir Charles was proud of his connection with the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, and upon his retirement in 1689 he wrote to Sophia, the Electress of Hanover, to repeat the offer of his services to her family in the person of his son and successor, who had been named Charles Lodowick after her brother, the Elector-Palatine.¹

1. The letter, an example of Sir Charles's ease in elegant composition, is worth giving (*Briefe der Elisabeth Stuart*, ed. Wendland, p. 70 n):

Madame,

August the 25th 1689

It was not to give your Highness the trouble of an answer that I took the boldness of writing to you by Sr. William Colt; but to make appear that while I am in this world, I cannot cease to honour so much worth, nor to be sensible of the obligations I have to your Highness, and your Family; which I have ever endeavoured to the utmost of my power to serve, since I had the happiness to belong to it. My son, I dare answer, will succeed me in the same ambition, not only by having been bred to it, by the inclinations I have given him; but by having been born a servant to your House (while I was one to the Queen your Mother) and honoured with his El. H.^{ess} your Brothers name, so that he must in a manner forget his Baptism, if he should neglect the remembrance of that duty he is thereby obliged to a Person so nearly related to Him, as her Ma.^{tie} and

After the Restoration, Sir Charles, who had been faithful to the royal family in their ten-year exile, received his reward. He was given the post of Master of Ceremonies in addition to the position of Assistant Master¹ (which he already held), although Sir Balthazar Gerbier, who had succeeded Sir John Finet, the Master under James I, had to be put aside; and, in order to facilitate his attendance at court, he was granted a piece of land in the "Old Spring Gardens, behind Sec. Morice's house,"² where he built a house, handsome enough no doubt to contain the elegant entertainments of envoys and ambassadors. The Master of Ceremonies in those ceremonious days of ambassadorial entries and state dinners was a very important man. He had to know the past rules of ceremony for all occasions, so that he could arrange all shows of state to the smallest details without offering violence to the tender sensibilities of rank. His special care was the foreign representative, who had to be dazzled by the splendor of England, satisfied with the precedence allotted him, and gratified with the gift which he claimed by right of his office. The description of a presentation sent home by Comminges, the French ambassador, to his master Louis XIV shows that the position was no sinecure. "You will know," Comminges wrote, "that all things being prepared and arranged on both sides, on the 14th of this month [April, 1663], the

your H.^{ess} is; and since I am not like to shew it by any farther testimonies, I am glad to leave one in my Station, that will upon all occasions (by his zeal for your service) supply the place of

Madame

Your Highnesses most humble most faithfull and most obedient servant.

Charles Cottrell.

1. Officially he held both offices. See *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1660-61*, p. 522.

2. 1660-61, p. 578; 1661-62, p. 220.

Under-Master of the Ceremonies called at my house, there to take and carry me with three barges to the King at 'Grennitche,' this being the place where ambassadors are received to be escorted to London. No sooner was I there than the Master of the Ceremonies came with five or six officers of the household, and, having complimented me upon my arrival, informed me that 'M. le Comte d'Evinchères' [Earl of Devonshire] would soon be there to receive and lead me on behalf of his master." Comminges then went down the Thames and landed at the Tower, where he was treated so splendidly that he was really impressed. "I was made to enter," he goes on, "the King's coach, which is a magnificent one. I sat in it with the 'Comte d'Evinchères,' my son, and the Master of Ceremonies. We stopped some time to allow the Under-Master to set in motion more than fifty coaches, drawn by six horses, and a variety of others." And with a salute of a hundred and four guns the procession moved off.¹ Sir Charles Cotterell, we see, played an important rôle in the gorgeous scene. He carried the honors and responsibility while the Under-Master did the work.

Now the Under-Master was probably no other than his son Clement,² who was being trained carefully by the schooling his father gave him and by travel abroad for his future position. The young man, however, did not live to fulfil the hopes of his parent, for in 1672 he went down with the Earl of Sandwich in the fight against the Dutch off Solebay and perished with his admiral beneath the waves.³

1. J. J. Jusserand, *A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II* (New York, 1892), p. 72.

2. He was granted officially the reversion of the office of Master on March 10, 1669. *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1668-69*, p. 231.

3. A monument was officially erected to him in Westminster Abbey.

He was succeeded by his brother, Charles Lodowick, both as heir and as Assistant-Master of Ceremonies.¹ Charles Lodowick received the reversion of the office of Master on April 27, 1675,² and succeeded his father in 1687, when Sir Charles voluntarily resigned in his favor. The office of Assistant-Master was given at the same time to Sir Charles's grandson; and the Masters of Ceremonies of England continued to bear the name of Cotterell for more than a hundred years.

In addition to the position of Master of Ceremonies, Sir Charles received other honors. In 1664/5 he was sent to Brussels to congratulate Don Francisco de Moura y Cortereal, the third Marquis of Castel Rodrigo, upon his assuming the governorship of the Spanish Netherlands.³ In 1670 he was appointed one of the Masters of Requests and received a D.C.L. from Oxford with the young William of Orange, whom he had accompanied there.⁴ Cambridge likewise gave him in 1672 the degree of LL.D. A last honor, a seat in parliament, he owed to no other than Antenor and Orinda. Through them, through Orinda working on Antenor and Antenor in turn working on the electors, he was chosen to fill the vacancy which had been made by the late contested election.⁵ He sat in parliament for the borough of Cardigan for fifteen years—fourteen years after Orinda's death and five years after Antenor's. Orinda's own version of the election will turn up later in the letters.

1. *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1675-76*, p. 83.

2. 1675-76, p. 83.

3. 1644-65, p. 230. Burke, *Landed Gentry* (1847), I, 342, and the *D. N. B.* are probably wrong in naming 1663 as the date. Besides, Katherine writes Sir Charles throughout the year 1663 as if he were in London.

4. Wood, *Fasti*, pt. II, col. 324.

5. *Journals of the House of Commons*, VIII, 438. The warrant for the new election was issued February 23, 1662/3. Sir Charles took his seat April 6, 1663.

Like most of the gentlemen of his time, Sir Charles tried his hand at polite literature. With a fluent and not inelegant style and with an exceptional gift for languages, he easily distinguished himself as a translator. His translations, some of them of a great length, are from Italian, French, and Spanish. His first translation, which he undertook with his friend William Aylesbury at the request of Charles I, was Davila's *Historie of the Civill Warres in France*. This translation was first published in 1647, and again in 1678. Sir Charles, at the second publication, claims it to be almost entirely from his hand; and, as if to strengthen his claim, he does not even mention a collaborator in his letter to James II. His second book was also a translation, this time one of the long popular romances of La Calprenède: *Cassandra, the fam'd romance. The Whole Work in five parts. Written originally in French and now elegantly rendered into English by Sir Charles Cotterell* (1661).¹ The dedication to Charles II, dated from The Hague, June 5, 1653, shows that the book had been written many years before while Sir Charles was in the service of the King himself and of the Queen of Bohemia. A part of it had been privately printed in 1652. Since Sir Charles asserts in his dedicatory epistle that the characters of the romance, in order to gain the pleasure of presenting themselves to the King, "have already expos'd themselves by Sea to the hazard of Storms, and bloody Fights in passing through the Fleets of *England* and *Holland*," it is possible that the translation was begun before Sir Charles left England. Certainly the romance is long enough to have occupied his odd time for many years. Two other translations from the Spanish complete the list of Sir Charles's

1. It was reissued in 1676 and reprinted in five volumes in 1725.

literary labors. One is a political pamphlet published shortly after the Restoration, *A relation of the defeating of Card. Mazarin and Ol. Cromwell's design to have taken Ostend by treachery in 1658, from the Spanish*, London, 1660;¹ the other is a spiritual handbook published in his old age, *The Spiritual Year, or a Devout Contemplation digested into distinct arguments for every month of the year, and for every week in the month, from the Spanish*, London, 1693. These last two books are not of a nature to be popular. Sir Charles's fame as a translator among his contemporaries must have rested upon his history and his romance, no doubt mostly upon the romance.

There can be little hesitancy in acknowledging Sir Charles Cotterell as one of the most accomplished men of his time. Born to a good estate, he had early found time to perfect himself in the courtly graces. He had great skill in languages, as his works show, for he added to the groundwork of Latin and Greek, then common to all educated men, the important European languages. From an early age he had been trained at the court of Charles I, which, under the influence of its French queen and the reaction to the coarseness of the court of James I, had taken on a tone of elegance and cultivation unknown before in England. Upon the Continent he had completed his education in the best schools, and had enjoyed the intimacy of royalty through the positions he held under Elizabeth, the "Queen of Hearts," and Henry, the young Duke of Gloucester. There is a good deal of courtly charm about Sir Charles; he is exactly what the Master of Ceremonies at the court of Charles II ought to be. The picture of him²

1. There was another edition in 1666.

2. C. H. C. Baker, *Lely and the Stuart Portrait Painters* (Boston, 1913), I, 100. See also II, 76, for a later portrait painted in 1683 by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

painted by William Dobson about 1646 shows a man of handsome, regular features, with intelligent dark eyes and sensitive lips, the firm lines of his face being softened by the long hair, the mustache with its dainty appendage of a *mouche*, and the flowing robes of the Cavalier costume. Such was the "elegant Poliarchus." "I have brought," Orinda once wrote to him in gracious compliment, "the CORTEGGIANO with me . . . and I find it the best Company I ever met with, but POLIARCHUS, who is himself all and more than is there describ'd."¹

Although Katherine must have come to know Sir Charles not long after the Restoration, the exact time for the commencement of their friendship cannot be determined. It is only certain that by December 6, 1661, the date of her first letter to him, their acquaintance had rounded into intimacy. This first letter, which is sent from Acton,² gives a hint concerning the mutual interest which bound the two together. For Katherine, Sir Charles was using all of his influence in behalf of her husband; for Sir Charles, in return, Katherine was using her influence to further his suit for the hand of the fair Lucasia. ✓

Katherine never explains in detail those many obligations which she owes to her "most honour'd Poliarchus," "who delights more in conferring Favours, than in receiving Acknowledgments," but she points out in her third letter, dated at Gloucester, March 6, 1661/2, when she has stopped on her way home from London, that they concern ✓

Both of these portraits are at Rousham, near Oxford, the seat of the Cottrell-Dormers, Sir Charles's descendants.

1. *Letters* (1729), p.124.

2. Cf. Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 216, where it is stated that Katherine was staying with her brother-in-law Hector. Her mother, it will be remembered, lived at Acton.

the late troubles in which James Philips has been involved. "What shall I say," she exclaims in fullness of heart, "where begin and when make an end of Acknowledgments? None certainly that can say so little, ever ow'd so much; and I can say yet less, because I am so much oblig'd. . . . However, Sir, what I cannot express, I shall never forget; and I am now going to a Person, who must participate in the Obligation as he does in the Benefit; and who deceives me extremely, if he have not conceiv'd so becoming a sense of your Favours, as shall dispose him to hazard the loss of all that by your means has been preserv'd to him (and that is all that can be dear to a Gentleman) rather than let slip the least Opportunity of expressing his Gratitude. . . ." ¹ And, upon her return to Cardigan on March 18, she writes that the gratitude she expected to find in Antenor is indeed so profound that no words can express it: "I found my ANTENOR so full of the sense of your Goodness toward him, that in the midst of his Satisfactions it gave him no small disquiet to consider, that he should never be able by any Action of his Life to express his infinite Gratitude for the Care you were pleas'd to take of his Concerns. . . ." ² If Sir Charles helped to avert the destruction which seemed about to overwhelm Antenor, he deserved all the thanks, and more, which Orinda addressed to him. Coming at the time he did, he must have taken on the aspect of a guardian angel.

But he was a guardian angel who was not entirely unselfish. He had laid Orinda under obligations to him in order to gain her as an ally in an affair of his own. He had thrown in his lot with those of the numerous suitors who followed the fair Lucasia, a widow still young and still

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 9.

2. Page 15.

pretty and of good estate, and he desired with great wisdom to secure a champion in Orinda, Lucasia's bosom friend. Sometime before 1648¹ he had already been married to Mary, the daughter of Edward West of Marsworth in Buckinghamshire, and had had by her at least five children;² but he was a widower when he returned to England in 1660, and free to contemplate the acquisition of another wife. His choice was Lucasia.

The secret of this affair between Sir Charles and Lucasia has remained hidden up to the present time behind the pseudonyms used in the letters. In the very first letter there is a mysterious Calanthe, whose great cruelty Orinda is loath to talk about, since it must bring pain to her honored Poliarchus. But there is something she would say "fitter to be discours'd of at more freedom than this distance will allow," which she will impart if Poliarchus will but come and see her. Evidently he came, for, on December 9, she wrote him a consolatory letter upon the great disturbance he was in when he last left her, urging him to "resist the attempts his present Passion was like to make on his quiet, before it grew too imperious to be check'd by the Powers either of Reason or of Friendship," and launching into some pretty generalities on the evil effects of grief. What she said at that interview to disturb him so profoundly is never mentioned. But a postscript gives a hint. Orinda desires that Poliarchus should be careful not to let it be known that he has seen some of Calanthe's letters.

1. *Calendar of the Clarendon State Papers*, I, 430, and II, 310. A letter from A. Woodhead to Denman, dated July 8, 1648, mentions Lady Cotterell, and a letter from Edward Hyde to Sir Charles, dated February 6, 1654, condoles the loss of a son.

2. Burke, *Landed Gentry* (1847), I, 342. Three of these children had been born abroad. See *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1660-61*, p. 413, for act of naturalization.

That Sir Charles is in the power of Calanthe is obvious, and that Calanthe is Lucasia becomes more and more apparent as the letters progress. The name Lucasia is not given up; it is commonly used except when the love affair is specifically mentioned. Sir Charles writes all inquiries about Calanthe in Italian postscripts, so that Katherine can explain them as she sees fit if the inquisitive Lucasia desires to read the letter. To give the final proof of the identity of these two names would be to anticipate the story too much. Time will show beyond question that Lucasia is Calanthe.

What was it that threw Sir Charles into such great disquietude? The second letter does not say, but it is not difficult to guess. He must have learned that a rival of his was making headway, perhaps had even won. The rival, who proved indeed to be very formidable, was another widower,¹ Col. Marcus Trevor, the Memnon of the letters and the first Viscount Dungannon and Baron Trevor of Rostrevor in the peerage of Ireland. He was born April 15, 1618, the son of Sir Edward Trevor of Rostrevor, County Down, and Brynkinalt, Denbighshire, and Rose (Sir Edward's second wife), the daughter of Archbishop Usher, the Primate of Ireland. At an early age Marcus Trevor entered into the profession of arms, for which the rebellion in Ireland and the Civil Wars in England offered a promising future. After having taken some part in the Irish rebellion of 1641, he came over to England in 1643 to fight for the King, probably in the division sent over by Ormonde under the command of Col. Robert Byron. He was in many actions and soon rose to the command of a regiment of horse. At Ellesmere he was almost taken prisoner; at

1. He had married Frances, the daughter of Sir Marmaduke Whitechurch of Loughbrickland. See *D. N. B.*

Marston Moor he is said (according to Burke) to have wounded Cromwell. When the Royal Army disbanded, he went to Oxford with the other officers; at least, in May, 1647, he, together with Sir Joseph Vaughan, had "come in" there to Fairfax. For the next fifteen years he showed an extraordinary gift for changing sides. He served Parliament in Ireland (1647) against the rebels; then he deserted Monck (1649), ostensibly because he disapproved of the treaty with Owen Roe O'Neal. He was in active fighting at Drogheda and at Wexford, where he received a bad wound. Cromwell, at this time, calls him "one of their great ranters," but says he is "good at this work."¹ In 1650 Trevor again changed sides. But no party was sure of him, and he played for the next few years a delicate game with both. Cromwell distrusted him, and wrote to his son Henry in 1655 that he considered Trevor a dangerous person, one who ought to be secured in a safe place.² Trevor, however, convinced Henry Cromwell of his good intentions, and the latter wrote back that the former had decided "to live as becomes an honest man under the present government,"³ a resolution that was foolishly believed. With another change Marcus Trevor was a Royalist and back where he began.

That Trevor played his game cleverly is shown by the honors that were heaped upon him after the Restoration. He was made on December 6, 1660, ranger of Ulster, and was given large grants of land. He was placed on the Irish Privy Council. He was created on August 21 Baron Trevor of Rostrevor and on August 28, 1662, Viscount Dungannon. He was chosen for the commission for the execution of the

1. Thomas Carlyle, *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, ed. S. C. Lomas, I, 504, 505.

2. II, 479.

3. *Thurloe State Papers*, VII, 410.

first settlement. And, last of all, he was made in 1664 Lord-Lieutenant of County Down. Such is a brief enumeration of Trevor's rewards.

Lucasia's two lovers were as different as two men could possibly be. The one was the soldier; the other was the courtier. The soldier, who had always followed his own good, had given little and had received much; the courtier, who had always followed his king, had given much and had received little. The gloomy Memnon, the tried veteran of a hundred skirmishes, was in almost every respect the exact opposite of the elegant Poliarchus, the accomplished linguist and translator of *Cassandra*. In these two men Lucasia had two worlds to choose from. Which would it be, the Army or the Court?

As is usual in match-making, many persons were ready to help the young widow make up her mind. Orinda, for her own good reasons, was obviously on the side of the Court, a fact which might well make the Army tremble. But the Army was not without its allies, and they were such allies that even Orinda must needs have felt uneasy; in a word, they were relatives. In her first letter to Poliarchus, Katherine introduces two of these enemies apropos of a plan she has to get from Acton down to London. She hopes soon to see her Poliarchus, because "my Uncle TREVOR promised to send Sir EVAN's Horses to bring me to *London* in LUCASIA's Coach," a complicated method of travel, which, by the way, seems never to have been put to the test. Uncle Trevor was Trevor Lloyd, a brother of Lucasia's mother and consequently an uncle of Lucasia. Sir Evan was no doubt Sir Evan Lloyd, Bart., the son of John Lloyd, another brother of Lucasia's mother, and consequently a cousin of Lucasia. As if these were not enough,

a third relative soon appeared with additional forces. This was Sir Thomas Hanmer, a Royalist during the Civil War, who was more famous for having acquainted Parliament with rumors of the King's going over to the Scots than for anything else he did, and who is now likely to be placed in the minds of posterity as the grandfather of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Speaker of the House and the editor of Shakespeare. He was a cousin of Lucasia's mother. Among these three Uncle Trevor proved to be the most formidable. He did so much to defeat her plans that Orinda never became reconciled to him.

Such was the situation when Sir Charles had his interview with Katherine, read some of Calanthe's letters, and returned home in great despondency; and such it probably remained during the two months for which none of Katherine's letters are extant to tell of a change for better or for worse. The poem, "To my dearest Friend, upon her shunning Grandeur,"¹ might well have been written at this time, for it seems to be an encouragement to marriage; but it contains no names and can apply to Marcus Trevor as easily as to Sir Charles. Not until March, 1662, do the letters begin again, and complete the romance. Katherine has made her trip home accompanied by Uncle Trevor,² has written her profuse acknowledgments to Poliarchus from Gloucester, and has settled down with Antenor at the Priory before her next communications concerning Lucasia begin.

She writes on March 18 an account of her home-coming. She has found Lucasia waiting for her "notwithstanding

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 161.

2. *Letters* (1729), p. 10. Orinda says: "We are come safe to Gloucester, where my Uncle gave me hopes that I should have heard from you. . . ." This suggests that Uncle Trevor was with Orinda.

all her Threatenings to be gone"; and she has delivered for Poliarchus a letter and present, which Lucasia receives in a manner "much out of countenance," "having, as she says herself been already so often and so much oblig'd both on her own account and mine."¹ Orinda appears to have no comments to make, no forebodings to declare. On Good Friday, ten days later, she writes again merely to keep from missing a post, but promises to give in her next letter a "Relation at large of the Affair you know of." It is evident that she dislikes coming to the point. At last, on April 5, she describes a scene in a manner not unworthy of the graphic pen of Richardson. She says: "I most humbly thank you for all your News, and for your *Italian Postscript*, which I perfectly understand, but am not yet able to answer in that Tongue; in time I may, and till then be pleas'd to make use of it in whatever you intend should be private; for if I should be importun'd by CALANTHE or the Uncle, to shew your Letters, I might then explain them as I thought fit. I writ something to you in *French* concerning her, and if I could tell you all that pass'd between her and me, I should make you at once smile, frown, and wonder. For would it not indeed produce all these different Effects to see a Person of Discretion industriously put on needless Fetters to a Relation, and then play with them as Ornaments; nay, take it heinously, if every one does not wink at it? To convince you that CALANTHE did almost downright beg me to countenance what she intended, I must tell you, that tho' I had always spoken as respectfully as I could of the Person of MEMNON, yet when I told her the Story of the Countess, that pretended I was to have a thousand Pounds for speaking in his behalf, she with a

1. Page 17.

scornful Smile reply'd, *And you deserve it largely, for you speak extremely for him.* Imagine, Sir, how I was surpriz'd to hear this from her; however I told her, *That a Thousand Worlds could not bribe me to speak for him, if I thought it not for her good.* Think you so? says she: Upon which I told her, *she was the best Judge.* I look on him, she then reply'd, *to be a very honest Man, and believe you to have such Obligations to him, that you ought in Gratitude to do more for him than you do.* I answered, *that if I were so mercenary as to speak for them that had most oblig'd me, there are others in whose behalf I ought likewise to imploy my Rhetorick.* At this she blush'd for madness, and would not answer me a word; and so we parted, both of us vex'd and angry enough. We have several times since been talking of the same Affair, and she constantly tells me, *that she has more Inclination to him than to all the rest of Mankind, but that she cannot persuade herself to be a Mother-in-law.* And she is always reproaching me with my Indifference and little Care of what becomes of her, since I have left off speaking to her in MEMNON's behalf. I told her, *I did not approve her Uncle's persecuting her as he did, and therefore would not be guilty of the like Importunity myself.* She answer'd, *I know not whether he has persecuted you, but I am sure he has not done so to me.* I reply'd, *that I must be both blind and deaf to believe what she told me.* This put her again into a Passion; and, in short, I know not how to behave myself any longer towards her in that Affair, without creating Uneasiness both to her and myself." ¹

It is plain that Katherine is on the wrong side. At one time, before she met Sir Charles, she had not been averse to Col. Trevor; but Sir Charles had charmed her so com-

1. Pages 23-26.

pletely that she could not gracefully accept the one who had formerly had her simple approbation as the substitute for the one who now called forth her enthusiastic admiration. Besides, she probably had selfish motives. Col. Trevor, with all his interests in Ireland, would take Lucasia completely out of her life; Sir Charles, on the other hand, being permanently settled in London, would improve rather than destroy the relations of the past. She had done her best for Sir Charles, but she had failed. In the above scene, there is an air of finality. Whether she liked it or not, she had to become reconciled to Lucasia's marriage to Memnon. It did no good to exercise her spleen on Uncle Trevor.

But Orinda was totally unprepared for the precipitation with which the marriage took place. On April 5 she speaks of going within a week to Landshipping with Antenor. On the eighth she chats about an elegy of Madame de la Suze, which Sir Charles has sent her, and sends him in return Roger L'Estrange's *Apology for Women*.¹ On the twelfth she is at Landshipping reading her French and Italian and discussing the election troubles of Antenor, which, after a delay of eight weeks, are about to be decided. All that she has to say of Lucasia is that the latter is on a piece of needlework and rather dull company. On May 3 she sends

1. Page 27. Katherine's words leave no doubt concerning the name of the author of this *Apology*: "The *Apology for Women* is so obliging to our Sex, that I could do no less than send it to POLIARCHUS, who has so great a Value for us; and, I doubt not, will have a particular Regard for this Paper, when he knows the Author of it to be the same that has been pleas'd to bestow the Favour of so many Corrections upon Mr. BAGSHAW; and when you have perus'd it, I believe 'twill be difficult for you to determine, whether Women or Presbyterians owe Mr. L'ESTRANGE the greater Veneration." The work does not appear to have been published. It is not mentioned in George Kitchin, *Sir Roger L'Estrange, A Contribution to the History of the Press in the Seventeenth Century* (London, 1913).

Poliarchus a poor poem, written at his command for presentation to the Duchess of York, and announces without the least suspicion that "the Happy Lover is come hither this day." Throughout the month she appears unconscious of any plots against her peace of mind. In spite of her reverses in politics and friendship, even in spite of Memnon's arrival, she is in a good mood when she signs herself "more than all the World besides, Poliarchus' faithful Valentine."

Then Orinda had a sudden awakening. She writes her Poliarchus on May 17 that on Sunday last, which was May 11, Lucasia was married to Marcus Trevor. She begins her letter with an introduction which shows that Poliarchus had been without any doubt a suitor for Lucasia and which proves that Lucasia is the same person as Calanthe. She explains that she has delayed writing him so that he might have time to hear the unwelcome news of the marriage from some other source; for, although she knows he has prepared himself for the blow, "yet am I so well acquainted," she adds, "with the Temper of your Soul, as to have cause to believe, that you have still so much left in you *of the Lover, or at least of the Friend*, that you cannot hear of LUCASIA's being marry'd without some disturbance." ¹ If Sir Charles was disturbed, he was no more so than Katherine. Even after a week she cannot write calmly of the affair, although she does find the heart to gloss it over with a few quotations on the insecurity of human happiness. To this the apostasy of Rosania was nothing. Katherine felt that the end of that friendship which had filled her life had come, and from Poliarchus she did not care to conceal her feelings. It is best to let her

1. Page 36.

speak: "I thought to have given you a large Account how this Affair came to be spurr'd on so fast, but have not time to tell you any thing now, only that the Importunity of Sir THOMAS HANMER and his Lady, join'd to the pressing Instances of her other Relations here,¹ compelled her in a manner to a Hurry, which I dare say she her self never intended; and thus on *Sunday* last the Ceremony was perform'd to the great Satisfaction of them all: *For I alone of all the Company was out of humour; nay, I was vex'd to that degree, that I could not disguise my Concern, which many of them were surpriz'd to see, and spoke to me of it; but my Grief was too deeply rooted to be cur'd with Words. Believe me, dear POLIARCHUS, I have wept so much, that my Eyes almost refuse me this present Service: But I will say no more of it now. I am resolv'd to write each Circumstance of this Affair to our Friend ROSANIA, from whom you shall know all, and therefore pray defer your Curiosity till then.* I never wish'd my self so much a Philosopher as now, that I might be in a Temper sedate enough to say any thing that might in some measure alleviate your Grievs: But indeed, POLIARCHUS, I am so afflicted my self, that 'twould be in vain for me to offer at the Comfort of another."² And so Orinda goes on fearing and hoping and complaining and then hoping again. Her melancholy mood once more takes hold of her when at the close she expresses her last wish: "May she [Lucasia] be as happy as I am otherwise, and as free from all Trouble and Grief, as she soon will be from the sight of mine." Orinda's goddess of Friendship was a

1. Perhaps on the authority of this statement, Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 219, says that "the bridegroom was a son of Sir Thomas Hanmer." Aubrey, *Lives*, ed. Clark, II, 154, states correctly that Lucasia was Lady Dungannon.

2. *Letters* (1729), p. 36 ff.

jealous deity, whose power, though great, was but weak against the forces of the blind god. So did Orinda lament over her Lucasia's marriage. She felt, and perhaps rightly, that henceforth Lucasia was for another world.

However much she was grief-stricken, Katherine was forced to enter into the happiness of this happy time. As well as she could, she threw aside her concern, and celebrated the marriage of her dearest Lucasia in verse. She may have behaved admirably, but she wrote lamentably. Her poem "To my Lord and Lady Dungannon, on their Marriage, 11 May, 1662,"¹ conceived in sadness and composed with labor, is one of the worst of her failures. It is throughout too formal. Katherine is correct rather than emotional. She says what is expected of her and no more. She tries to felicitate the bride and the bridegroom and she comes no nearer to it than this:

You are so happy in each others love,
And in assur'd protection from above,
That we no wish can add unto your bliss
But that it should continue as it is.

This is little better than prose. How different from the parting from Lucasia in London, or the poems to Antenor! Orinda could not adorn where she did not feel.

In the same letter which bore the account of the marriage to Poliarchus, Katherine announces that Lucasia is expected soon, within about three weeks, to go into Ireland — a fact which, no doubt, made her dread all the more the coming separation. How surprising it is, then, to learn that there is to be no separation at all, that Katherine is going with her friend into Ireland! If Trevor was exulting, his triumph was but of short duration. Friend-

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 165.

ship had been beaten by Love, but not put to flight. Two weeks later, in a letter dated June 4 from Lucasia's house at "Pigsarred,"¹ Orinda explains this determination of hers to see her friend settled in her new home. The letter is an important one; it shows not only that Katherine could not become reconciled to the marriage, but also that the identity of Calanthe is beyond question. Orinda writes: "That I am at a Place called *Pigsarred*, the Date of my Letter informs you; and the Reason of my being here will be no Mystery to you, who are no Stranger to the great Friendship I have for the Princess CALANTHE, which render'd it impossible for me to let her cross the Seas into a foreign Kingdom without my Company: Even ANTENOR himself was of opinion, that in regard of the long Intimacy that had been between us, I could do no less than see her safe to her Husband's House; and I my self was very desirous to share with her in all the Hazards of the Voyage, and to see the Places and Persons where and with whom she is now to live and converse; all which the Doctor and some other of MEMNON's Relations had extoll'd to the very Skies. And this I was the rather inclin'd to do, being convinc'd that it would contribute very much to my Quiet to know where and with whom she was to spend the Remainder of her Days. The Passage of the Sea is not in the least dreadful to my apprehension, since it is for the Love of her that I undertake the Danger. When I have tarry'd there a while, I shall return home with a heavy Heart; but with the Satisfaction nevertheless, that I have discharg'd my Duty to my Friend, whose Loss I shall eternally regret. I am continually thinking of what BRENNORALT says in the Play, I will deserve her, tho' I never gain her. There is a secret Pleasure in doing one's duty. I have written a long

1. I cannot locate this place.

*Letter of all the Particulars of this Marriage to our fair Friend ROSANIA, and desir'd her to communicate it to you, so that of her you may be inform'd of all the Circumstances more at large than I can now tell you. I see no Alteration either in her Husband's Humour or Mien, but in my opinion he behaves himself more despotically towards her than becomes him. But all this is under the Rose, and I would have kept it to my self, did I not repose an entire Confidence in you; for 'tis too late now for us to find faults; the Business is over, and we must be satisfy'd, and for her sake, who will be eternally dear to us, put the best Face on every thing. She pretends to be the most satisfy'd Creature in the World, and is very much concern'd when she sees me melancholy. She tells all of us she is extremely happy, and that all that love her ought to take part in her Happiness. . . . No, POLIARCHUS, I doubt not but you have more of the Philosopher in you, than to suffer your self to be twice overcome by the same Passion. Leave then the un-availing Sighs, Complaints, and Tears to me, who am of the tender Sex, and press'd with such a load of Sorrows, that I despair of ever finding Relief. Were you still a Lover, which you are not, I grieve enough at this Severity of Fate, both for my self and you."*¹

"The Business is over, and we must be satisfy'd." Katherine was right. She did her best to accept the unwelcome turn Fate had put upon her. Since she was not yet to part with her dearest friend, the worst had been postponed. This happy arrangement of accompanying Lucasia threw her into a good mood, and the next poem shows something of the old Orinda. It is called "A Triton to Lucasia going to Sea, shortly after the Queens arrival."² The Queen is Katherine of Braganza, who had arrived in

1. *Letters* (1729), pp. 41 ff.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 146.

England May 13, 1662, so that the poem can be related definitely to Lucasia's voyage to Ireland. It is written in a colloquial and gracious manner which Orinda often hit off very well. The first stanza will show this. The Triton speaks:

My Master *Neptune* took such pains of late
 To quiet the Commotions of his State,
 That he might give, through his fierce Winds and Seas,
 Safe passage to the Royal *Portugeze*,
 That he e'er since at home has kept,
 And in his Crystal Palace slept,
 Till a swift Wind told him to day,
 A Stranger was to pass this way,
 Whom he hath sent me out to view,
 And I must tell him, Madam, it is you.

Neptune had heard of Lucasia, for

Who hath not heard *Lucasia's* worthy Name?

and the Triton gives assurances of his master's good will toward the fair. Then, he adds on his own part that, being an English Triton, he hopes to see her return to English coasts, at the same time promising

Winds soft as Lovers Vows, Waves smooth as Glass.

The poem is not a bad one. It is pleasantly conceived and gracefully executed.

In the midst of all her troubles, Katherine continued to pursue her intellectual interests, not the least of which was the exercise of her poetic vein. Lucasia might marry Memnon and go to Ireland, Antenor might find his affairs in a hopeless condition, but she could still respond to her latest enthusiasm for panegyric. Any event which struck her as having heroic proportions she could not let pass without a commemorating tribute from her heroic pen. For instance,

upon the death of the Queen of Bohemia, which occurred on February 13, 1662, just a few weeks before she returned to Cardigan, she wrote one of her best occasional pieces. In it, she is as ingenious as ever, but she throws into her couplets a stateliness of movement which shows that she is beginning to understand the capabilities of her form. Take for example the beginning:

Although the most do with officious heat
Only adore the Living and the Great;
Yet this Queen's Merits Fame so far hath spread,
That she rules still, though dispossess and dead.
For losing one, two other Crowns remain'd;
Over all hearts and her own griefs she reign'd.
Two Thrones so splendid, as to none are less
But to that third which she does now possess.
Her Heart and Birth Fortune so well did know,
That seeking her own fame in such a Foe,
She drest the spacious Theatre for the fight:
And the admiring World call'd to the sight:
An Army then of mighty Sorrows brought,
Who all against this single Vertue fought;
And sometimes stratagems, and sometimes blows
To her Heroick Soul they did oppose:
But at her feet their vain attempts did fall,
And she discover'd and subdu'd them all.¹

So Katherine goes on, maintaining her cadence with fewer slips than usual. The poem was good enough to go before the court with assurance; and it is no wonder that the Duchess of York is said to have remarked that "it surprised her."²

This flexible criticism Katherine took as the highest compliment. She was greatly perturbed, therefore, to have the Duchess, through Sir Charles, request a collection of all her

1. Page 12, "On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia."

2. *Letters* (1729), p. 34.

"trifles." For the presentation she wrote a poem¹ to the Duchess, no doubt the one commented on in her letter of May 3, 1662, written from Lucasia's house at Landshipping. She is afraid that "the muses have been unkind to her, as the Committee of Priveledges were to Antenor," but she cannot refuse such commands. The verses, in truth, are not very good ones. They are not happily conceived, and, in respect to versification, fall far below the lament for the Queen of Bohemia. Orinda's own doubts as to the excellence of her poem do credit to her sense of criticism. She is diffident about the performance of her "melancholy muse"; and she urges Poliarchus to improve it, or commit it to the flames, as he thinks fit. Whatever may be his decision, she assures him, "'Twas want of Power, not of Will, that prevented him from being better regal'd."²

By such a full and constant correspondence with Poliarchus, Orinda, far away in Wales, kept in close touch with the affairs of the court. In the letter written from Pigsarred, June 4, 1662, she acknowledges a letter from Portsmouth, where Sir Charles had gone to assist in the reception given Katherine of Braganza upon her landing in England. Orinda is extremely pleased, and tells Sir Charles enthusiastically: "You have so wonderfully describ'd in Prose [the full relation of the Queen's arrival], that I doubt very muc' whether it can be equall'd by any of our Poets in Verse.' If only that letter could now be found! And then she sat down herself to commemorate the event in verse. Such is the background behind the poem "To the Queen's Majesty on her Arrival at Portsmouth, May 14,

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 11. "To Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, on her commanding me to send her some things that I had written."

2. *Letters* (1729), p. 34.

3. Page 41.

1662.”¹ Although there is nothing remarkable about the poem, it is not a failure. Poliarchus had used his pen to such advantage that Orinda keeps away from description and throws her entire efforts into panegyric. As in the lines to the Queen of Bohemia, the couplets are good, very regular, and seldom marred by contraction or slurring. On the whole, Sir Charles probably considered it a poem worthy of commendation. He would have liked some of its pretty thoughts, and would certainly have recognized the excellence of some of its lines.

In addition to writing these few poems, Katherine also found time to carry on her study of French and Italian. In the second language she was not proficient, although she had studied it off and on for many years.² As early as 1652 she had begun,³ but she did not arrive at a determination to master it until Sir Charles became her friend and tutor. Then she worked hard, and reported regularly her progress. At one time, she tells him joyfully that she has understood every word of his Italian postscript, but that she cannot yet write him in that language. She can read prose easily, yet she finds that she is “but half-knowing in that Tongue, till she can master the Verse too, and that is

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 5. The edition of 1664 gives two extra couplets.

2. She evidently used Florio's textbooks. The British Museum Addit. MS. 15, 214, entitled “*Giardino di recreatione*, nel quale crescono fronde, fiori, e frutti, vaghe, leggiadri, & soavi; sotto nome di auree sentenze, belli proverbij, et piaceuoli riboboli, tutti Italiani, colte, scelti, e scritti, per *Giovanni Florio*, non solo utili, ma diletteuoli per ogni spirito vago della Nobil lingua Italiana,” once belonged to her. It is autographed “Katherine Philipps.” See H. Sellars, “Samuel Daniel: Additions to the Text,” *Mod. Lang. Rev.*, XI, 31.

3. *Poems* (1678), p. 19. Speaking of the crew in her poem, “The Sea Voyage from Tenby to Bristol,” she says:

Some small *Italian* spoke, but murder'd it;
For I (thanks to *Saburra's* Letters) knew
How to distinguish 'twixt the false and true.

Saburra is never mentioned again, and his identity is unknown.

her present Study.”¹ A year later she is still far from the ease she desires. She writes from Ireland on April 15, 1663: “*Le nuove Guare de’ Disperati* relates a very handsome intrigue; but I am not yet perfect enough in the *Italian* to discover all the Beauties of CORESTI’s Poems, which I scarcely forgive myself for, having had the Advantage of so good a Master as your self. Pray instruct me what I must do to understand perfectly the *Italian* Poetry, which is my earnest Ambition, and shall be my obstinate Endeavour; for what I comprehend of it is so pleasant, that I cannot have any patience when I am at a loss for the meaning, which indeed I am very often. I have lately read a Play call’d *Filli di Sciro*, which pleases me extremely; and I should think my self very happy, if I understood Tasso, and the other Poets, as well as I do that Pastoral.”² Katherine always has the virtue of being very frank about her defects. The above is probably as exact a statement of her proficiency in Italian as could be made. She could not have improved much in the one year of life that remained to her.

At one time or other throughout the letters, Katherine probably mentions most of her reading in Italian literature. She is much interested in plays. In addition to the *Filli di Sciro* by Bonarelli, and “*La nuove Guare de’ Disperati*,”³ named above, she speaks of “*Gli Mascherati*,”⁴ perhaps the *Mascherate* of Michel Angelo Buonarotti the younger, the *Aminta*⁵ of Tasso and the *Pastor Fido*⁶ of Guarini, both of which pastorals drew forth her highest praises. She also read courtesy books. The *Corteggiano*⁷ of Castiglione is one of the best books she ever knew, and the “*Civili Con-*

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 30, April 12, 1662.

2. Page 123.

3. I cannot identify this work.

4. *Letters*, p. 30.

5. Page 179.

6. Page 72.

7. Page 124.

versazioni”¹ of Guazzo is “most excellent” and entertaining. Verse, which she thought so difficult, she must have read mostly in plays, for she names only a few poems² and only two poets, Tasso, and one whose name came to be, perhaps through an error of the printer, Cotesti.³ There is only one translation from the Italian, twelve lines from a poem beginning *Amanti ch’in pianti*, in all Orinda’s work.⁴

Katherine knew French much better. She probably began early to study that language, for, as her translations show, she gained ease and accuracy in reading and writing it. By 1659 she had established a reputation for proficiency, if the compliments of John Davies, the translator of a part of La Calprenède’s *Cleopatre*, can be believed.⁵ John Davies dedicated in the most extravagant terms the ninth part of that “so-much-admired romance” to his friend the “most Excellently Accomplish’d Lady, the Lady Katherine Philips.” “*When I consider you,*” he begins, “*a person so much above your Sex, in the command of those Languages, wherein things of this nature have ordinarily their first birth . . . when I reflect on your curiosity to look into these things before they have hardlie taken English aire . . .*

1. Page 206.

2. Page 30. Katherine asks Sir Charles to send her two songs, one beginning *E ne piu brami*, the other called *Il Nocchiere errante*.

3. Cotesti, Professor Weston has suggested, stands for Co. Testi. Perhaps Orinda’s uncertain Italian is at fault.

4. *Poems* (1678), p. 184.

5. This translation is the work of several hands. R. Loveday translated the first part under the following title: *Hymen’s Praeludia; or, Love’s Masterpiece; being the first part of that so much admir’d Romance intituled Cleopatra now rendered into English by R. Loveday* (London, 1652). The second and third parts, translated by the same hand, were published 1654 and 1655; the seventh part by J[ohn] C[oles], 1658; the eighth part by J. W[ebb], 1658. The complete work appeared later with the parts apportioned as follows: I–VI by R. Loveday, VII by J. Coles, VIII by J. W[ebb], and IX–XII by J. Davies, London, 1659, 1663, 1665, 1668.

*I must confesse myself guiltie of a strange suspence of resolution, whether I should venture on this Adresse or no."*¹ It is no wonder, then, that with such a reputation Katherine should resent Sir Charles's inference that she knew no more French than she did Italian when he sent her, along with a present in English, a French poem carefully interlined. "Yes, Sir," she replied with indignation, "I . . . much more freely forgive your sending me the *English*, than your interlining the *French Paper*, which I take as the far greater Affront."² As she points out farther on in the letter, this French paper was an elegy by the Countess de la Suze, a poem born of the spirit of the *Précieuses*, and a poem, therefore, capable of arousing in Orinda the highest enthusiasm. Her criticism of it shows her no novice in the appreciation of French, and breathes throughout her admiration of those characteristics belonging to the literature of elegant seventeenth-century society, characteristics which are to be found in her own works. Her criticism, then, can be taken in a sense as statement of her own poetics. It "is one of the finest Poems of that nature I ever read," she says, implying that she has read many; "the Thoughts are great and noble, and represent to the Life the vastness of her excellent Soul; the Language is pure, and hardly to be parallell'd. I return you many Thanks for it; and assure you I will always keep it with a Value worthy of the Author, who must needs be an extraordinary Woman, and of the Sender, who is above all the Flights of Panegyrick."³ The Countess de la Suze herself could not have acknowledged a present with more grace.

If there were no other proofs of an intimate knowledge

1. *Hymen's Praeludia* (London, 1659).

2. *Letters* (1729), p. 13.

3. Page 15.

of French, Katherine's translations would be enough to establish the fact. There are four of them, besides the translations from Corneille which will receive attention in the next chapter — (1) Mlle. de Scudéry's pastoral in *Almahide*, vol. 1, (2) Corneille's paraphrase of Thomas à Kempis's *Imitations*, lib. 3, cap. 2, (3) St. Amant's *La Solitude*, and (4) a short poem called "*Tendres desirs* out of a French Prose."¹ The dates of these translations cannot be determined even approximately, though it would seem reasonable to place them before rather than after *Pompey*. Certain it is, to leave uncertainties behind, that they all show Katherine to have been endowed with the gift of translation. They ring true to the spirit of the original — for that spirit belonged to her — even when for the sake of metre she departs from the literal sense. They are as easy and smooth and graceful as her own short poems.

Most of them are not without some mite of distinction. The least pleasing is probably the pastoral from *Almahide*.² Orinda has changed the alternating rhymes of the French quatrain of seven-syllable lines to octosyllabic couplets paired off in stanzas. The effect is not right. All the blame, however, for the insipidity of the poem should not rest upon Orinda, for it belongs as much to the original writer as to the translator. Still, Katherine is deserving of censure because she chose such a weak production for the exercise of her pen. The other translations are better. In that of Corneille's paraphrase of Thomas à Kempis,³ Katherine has happily substituted the *In Memoriam* stanza for the French quatrain of alternating rhymes made up of three Alexandrines and a final six-syllable line. The movement

1. I have not been able to find the original of this poem.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 184.

3. Page 196.

suits very well the thought conveyed, but it makes the deviations from the literal sense more numerous. A comparison of the first stanza will show this:

Speak, Gracious Lord, thy servant hears,
 For I both am and will be so,
 And in thy pleasant paths will go
 When the Sun shines, or disappears.

Parle, parle, Seigneur, ton serviteur écoute:
 Je dis ton serviteur, car enfin je le suis;
 Je le suis, je veux l'être, et marcher dans ta route,
 Et les jours, et les nuits.¹

In the translation of *La Solitude* of St. Amant,² Katherine attained probably her greatest success. In this, in spite of the difficulty imposed by a complicated stanza which she substituted for the complicated French stanza, she holds surprisingly close to the sense of the original — so close that the editor of the 1667 edition made a point of publishing the French beside it on the opposite page to make comparison easy. His example, at least for the first stanza, is worth following:

O! Solitude my sweetest choice,
 Places devoted to the night,
 Remote from tumult, and from noise,
 How you my restless thoughts delight!
 O Heavens! what content is mine,
 To see those Trees which have appear'd
 From the Nativity of Time,
 And which all Ages have rever'd,
 To look to day as fresh and green,
 As when their beauties first were seen!

O! Que j'ayme la Solitude!
 Que ces lieux sacrez à la nuit,

1. P. Corneille, *Œuvres*, ed. Marti-Laveaux (Paris, 1862), VIII, 261.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 170.

Esloignez du monde et du bruit,
 Plaisent à mon inquietude!
 Mon Dieu! que mes yeux sont contens
 De voir ces bois, qui se trouverent
 A la nativité du temps,
 Et que tous les siècles reverent,
 Estre encore aussi beaux et vers
 Qu'aux premiers jours de l'univers! ¹

There is a good deal of ease in this translation; except for a bad rhyme forced now and then by the demands of the stanza, it is throughout well done. The fourth translation is the smoothest as well as the shortest of them all. It is so unstrained in versification, and in tone so like Orinda's own work, that it might well pass as an original:

Go, soft desires, Love's gentle Progeny,
 And on the Heart of charming *Sylvia* seize,
 Then quickly back again return to me,
 Since that's the only cure for my disease;
 But if you miss her breast whom I adore,
 Then take your flight, and visit mine no more.²

These lines are reminiscent of the old Orinda of Commonwealth days, the gentle friend of Regina and Rosania and Lucasia. There is obviously a good deal of French *préciosité* in Orinda's own verse. That she was a reader of French romances and an admirer of the Countess de la Suze's elegies goes a long way in explaining the tone of many of her poems. Wherever the French language or French literature is mentioned, Katherine is perfectly at home.

And so the two years between the Restoration and the marriage of Lucasia passed, and Katherine found that the

1. Saint-Amant, *Œuvres complètes*, ed. Ch.-L. Livet (Paris, 1855; Bibliothèque Elzévirienne), p. 26.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 184.

Golden Age was still far away. She lived a life crowded with events and with emotions of such diversity that she scarcely knew whether she was happy or not. On the one hand, she had found joy, for she had come to know her Poliarchus and she had attained some recognition at court; but, on the other hand, she had found nothing but trouble, for Antenor's fortunes had collapsed and Lucasia had married a person whom she despised. It seemed indeed that, while her reputation as a poetess was rising, her much-vaunted contentment was disappearing. The entire derangement which the Restoration had caused her life affected also her verse. She was no longer the same Orinda. The styles in literature were changing and she was changing with them. She wrote now panegyric and heroics; and, although she addressed several poems to Lucasia, she did not make one in the old Platonic style on Friendship. The Cult of Friendship may be said to have died with the marriage of its inspirer. All that remained was the empty shell, which, in this case, means the names, so that when, later, poems addressed to new friends appear, it must be kept in mind that the old fire is gone. Orinda speaks repeatedly of her "melancholy muse," but one cannot but feel that she is enjoying her new and exalted position as recorder of court events. And one cannot but feel that the youthful Orinda of the Platonics is gone forever.

CHAPTER VI

Pompey and Ireland

IF THE boat which was to carry Orinda and Lucasia was able to depart on schedule, as boats were by no means certain of doing in those days, it sailed for Ireland on June 7, 1662;¹ and, if the Triton invoked at the beginning of the voyage did as he promised, not many days passed before the two friends were at Rostrevor, the future home of Lucasia, which Katherine had expressed such an earnest desire of seeing. Rostrevor, so named by popular etymology after an heiress named Rose who married into the Trevor family,² or more exactly from the word *ross*, meaning a peninsula or wood,³ was situated on the Down side of the river Newry about fifty-seven miles north of Dublin.⁴ Since Katherine went there in a mood far from agreeable, it is not surprising that she found little to please her. She did not like the country around, although it reminded her of Wales, especially "the most barren parts of it that are hilly and near the sea,"⁵ be-

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 44. In the letter written from Pigsarred, June 4, 1662: "Pray write to me by the next Post to 'Dublin,' where, if we have a safe Passage over Sea, we shall be by the beginning of next Week, for we are to set sail the last day of this." June 4 was a Wednesday.

2. Nicholas Carlisle, *A Topographical Dictionary of Ireland*, London, 1810.

3. P. W. Joyce, *The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places* (Dublin, 1910-13), I, 443, 495.

4. *Great Britain's Coasting Pilot*, pl. 33.

5. The romantic Halls think differently. See Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, *Ireland and its Scenery* (London, 1843), III, 3 ff.

cause, as she put it, "there is very little Wood, and the Prospect not in the least pleasant." And she found fault with the house, saying contemptuously it "is indifferent, and that's all; for 'tis but very ordinary for a Person of his Quality, and she deserves a better."

And, finally, she thought the company that was assembled there uncongenial. The "Doctor," whom she blamed as much as Uncle Trevor for Lucasia's marriage, she could not tolerate. She speaks of him in a pleasant mood only when she takes a "small revenge" by recounting to Sir Charles in great and vivid detail how, after having been led on, he was jilted by one of Lucasia's relatives.¹ Col. Trevor, the ravisher of Friendship, she could never forgive. She loves to dwell upon his faults. He is of a "Humour stubborn and surly enough"; he is "silly and clownish." She wonders how Lucasia, "who is so well-bred," can take any pleasure in his company. Yet, in justice, she is forced to admit that she has observed no marks of ill nature towards Lucasia. On the whole, Katherine has not been enjoying her visit in Ireland; and, in one last lament, she sums up her grief, "There is but little Conversation, and that too none of the best." Thus, in a censorious vein, she unburdens herself to Poliarchus on July 19, after a month at Rostrevor, the place that "the Doctor and some other of Memnon's Relations had extoll'd to the skies." She must have looked forward to the approaching sojourn in Dublin as a relief of unimaginable sweetness.

Her next letter, written July 30, is dated from Dublin. The change of residence has taken place, but it has not effected a cure. Katherine is still unhappy, still irritable, still uncompromising, but with this difference, that she has

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 48.

passed beyond indignation, and has sought consolation in philosophy. If she cannot be pleased with the life about her, she will enjoy her own thoughts on the mutability of human joys and the omnipotence of fortune. The reflective side of her mind shows up nowhere so clearly as during these first two months in Ireland. Sir Charles Cotterell, in the preface to his friend's poems, says that if Orinda's letters were collected "with those excellent discourses she writ on several subjects,"¹ a volume "much larger" than her volume of poetry could be made, a remark which suggests that Katherine added to the rôle of poetess, translator, and letter-writer that of essayist. Some idea of what these lost essays were can be gained from the philosophizing in which she indulged (Letters XII and XIV) over the unhappy estrangement brought about by Lucasia's marriage. Sir Charles has advised her to control herself better, to put on a show of contentment and satisfaction even if she does not feel it. And this is the way she answers him. Detached from the letter, her words at once become an essay on friendship in distress: "I now see by Experience that one may love too much, and offend more by a too fond Sincerity, than by a careless Indifferency, provided it be but handsomely varnish'd over with civil Respect. I find too there are few Friendships in the World Marriage-proof; especially when the Person our Friend marries has not a Soul particularly capable of the Tenderness of that Endearment, and solicitous of advancing the noble Instances of it, as a Pleasure of their own, in others as well as themselves: And such a Temper is so rarely found, that we may generally conclude the Marriage of a Friend to be the Funeral of a Friendship; for then all former Endearments

1. *Poems* (1678).

run naturally into the Gulf of that new and strict Relation, and there, like Rivers in the Sea, they lose themselves for ever. This is indeed a lamentable Truth, and I have often study'd to find a Reason for it. Sometimes I think it is because we are in truth more ill-natured than we really take our selves to be; and more forgetful of the past Offices of Friendship, when they are superseded by others of a fresher Date, which carrying with them the Plausibility of more Duty and Religion in the Knot that ties them, we persuade our selves will excuse us if the Heat and Zeal of our former Friendships decline and wear off into Luke-warmness and Indifferency: whereas there is indeed a certain secret Meanness in our Souls, which mercenarily inclines our Affections to those with whom we must necessarily be oblig'd for the most part to converse, and from whom we expect the chiefest outward Conveniencies. And thus we are apt to flatter our selves that we are constant and unchang'd in our Friendship, tho' we insensibly fall into Coldness and Estrangement; but will not believe it, because we know 'tis ungenerous and base. And thus it is that the thing call'd Friendship, without which the whole Earth would be but a Desart, and Man still alone, tho' in Company, grows sick and languishes, and *Love once sick, how quickly will it die?*"¹ Here is a great deal of the seventeenth-century essay. The moral tone is soothing; the aphorisms are well turned and well expressed; the style is substantial and graceful.

Again, take Orinda's contrast between Christianity and Stoicism as a means toward contentment. These contemplations were called forth by the thought that before long the final separation with Lucasia would come. Sir Charles,

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 53 ff.

who has attempted to console her, receives the following answer: "I am indeed of your Opinion, and could never govern my Passions by the Lessons of the Stoicks, who at best rather tell us what we should be, than teach us how to be so; they shew the Journey's end, but leave us to get thither as we can. I would be easy to my self in all the Vicissitudes of Fortune, and *SENECA* tells me I ought to be so, and that 'tis the only way to be happy; but I knew that as well as the Stoick. I would not depend on others for my Felicity; and *EPICURETUS* says, if I do not, nothing shall trouble me. I have a great Veneration for these Philosophers, and allow they give us many Instructions that I find applicable and true; but as far as I can see, the Art of Contentment is as little to be learn'd, tho' it be much boasted of, in the Works of the Heathens, as the Doctrine of forgiving our Enemies. 'Tis the School of Christianity that teaches both these excellent Lessons. And as the Theory of our Religion gives us reason to conform and resign our Will to that of the Eternal, who is infinitely Wise, and Just, and Great, and Good; so the Practice of our Duty, tho' in the most difficult Cases, gives us a secret Satisfaction, that surpasses all other earthly Pleasures: And when we have once had the Experiment of it, we may truly say the Poet was in the right to exhort us to study Virtue, because the more we practice it, 'twill prove the more pleasant, more easy, and more worthy of Love."¹ But let us say with *Orinda*, "Enough of these Speculations."

Such were the thoughts which occupied Katherine during her first month in Dublin. In addition to being looked upon as examples of her best essay style, they can be regarded, with becoming reservations, of course, as a psy-

1. Page 58 ff.

chological analysis of her mind at this time, when reflection had conquered indignation and sorrow.

Katherine had so far been able to think of nothing but Lucasia, a subject which had employed her pen in more happy days. The contrast of the past with the present and the future was painful to her, and she could not shake off without a struggle that which had become a part of her life. What she needed was to become interested in the present. Now by nature Katherine could not live long in the past, and it was but a short while before her griefs began to cure themselves. Dublin and its busy life offered her consolation, and she took up, as she expressed it, arts "to divide and cure a Passion that has met with ill a return." She was received into the best Dublin society, and hailed as a clever woman among those whom she admired for cleverness. She began to translate the *Pompée* of Corneille, and gained by it so much admiration that she was surprised into discovering that the apostle of perfect Friendship had found an interest great enough to supplant the thoughts of Friendship itself. While she retained a feeling of the old love for Lucasia, Katherine regained her equilibrium. The letters to Poliarchus are the record of an entire year in Dublin; but they are the record, not of Orinda's sorrow for her lost Lucasia, but of Orinda's triumphs among the brilliant gathering of English then living there.

At that time Dublin was taking on an activity in business and an elegance in society unprecedented in its history. The Restoration government, which had been placed finally under the Duke of Ormonde, was just beginning to function; and there was a great influx of English, drawn thither by the uncertain land situation, which gave to the

city an unusual, if perhaps unhealthy, aspect of prosperity and splendor. The Duke of Ormonde himself arrived on July 28 to take up his duties as Lord Lieutenant. He was received with great festivity; and, as an earnest of good will, he was presented with a gold cup and a gold box which contained the freedom of the city.¹ Col. Trevor, who held a high command in the Irish Army, was no doubt engaged to supply the escort for this brave entry, and the little party from Rostrevor probably hurried to Dublin as soon as the news arrived that Ormonde had sailed.

Before the winter season, Dublin had taken on the aspect of a miniature London, and the many English there reproduced as well as they could the manners of the English metropolis. One of their most cherished entertainments was the theatre in Smock Alley, which was under the direction of the versatile John Ogilby, who had outmaneuvered Davenant for the position of Master of the Revels in Ireland, and had returned to Dublin in 1661 to reconstruct the fortunes he had seen shattered by the rebellion twenty years before. He built this splendid new theatre, called The Theatre Royal, in Smock Alley at the cost of nearly £2,000, a theatre which Katherine said "in her opinion was much finer than Davenant's" in London. It was ready for use by October, 1662; for, on the eighteenth, Katherine saw performed "indifferently well" there, even though the scenes had not yet been painted, Fletcher's *Wit Without Money*.² The Theatre Royal was the last word in theatres with its "Stage, Pit, Boxes, two Galleries, Lettices, and Music Loft," quite resplendent in

1. *Calendar of Ancient Records of Dublin*, ed. J. J. Gilbert (Dublin, 1894), IV, 243-44.

2. *Letters* (1729), p. 71.

the brilliant lights of the lamps and candles which furnished the illumination.¹ It was also entirely up to date in its method of staging, for Katherine told Sir Charles that plays were put on there "in the newest mode," a phrase which means probably that scenery was used.² One such performance of *Othello*, about the middle of December, she describes for him: "Only the other Day, when OTHELLO was play'd, the DOGE of VENICE and all his Senators came upon the Stage with Feathers in their Hats, which was like to have chang'd the Tragedy into a Comedy, but that the MOOR and DESDEMONA acted their Parts well."³ It was in this theatre that Orinda's own *Pompey* was first brought upon the stage.

In other respects besides the theatre, Dublin gave the impression of a metropolis. The gathering of elegant society was such as the ancient city had never known before, and a little court sprang up around the first great Duke of Ormonde. Many Englishmen who were called over on account of the contemplated settlement of the land question, both those who were in the government and those who came to look after their own interests, joined to make a brilliant circle. Among these were at least two of Orinda's friends, Philaster and Silvander. The arrival of Philaster, whose business has remained unknown, Katherine announces with great pleasure, for she recognizes at last a congenial spirit who is no better pleased than she with "Calanthe's change of condition," and who has respects to

1. John Dunton, *Some Account of my Conversation in Ireland*, etc., added to the *Dublin Scuffle: Being a Challenge sent by John Dunton, Citizen of London* (1699), p. 339.

2. W. J. Lawrence, *The Elizabethan Playhouse*, 2d ser. (Philadelphia, 1913), p. 194.

3. *Letters* (1729), p. 95.

send back, much like his gayety, which can "neither be drown'd in an *Irish* Mist nor lost in a Bog."¹ The other friend, Silvander (Sir Edward Dering), had come over to take his place in the Court of Claims, which was opened in late September. Sir Nicholas Armourer, Sir Alan Brodrick, and Dr. Pett, the Advocate-General, are also mentioned in the letters, and consequently are probably to be numbered among Katherine's acquaintances. In the assembly of talents gathered there, Dublin was second only to London.

Although Katherine remained in Dublin over a year, she little thought of such an extended sojourn at the time she obtained Antenor's consent to see Lucasia settled in her new home. It would indeed appear strange if she had made such a journey, and then, her purpose accomplished, had stayed on such a long time. As a matter of fact, there was a more serious reason than the sentimental for her going at all. Not long after her arrival, she lets out the information that she is busy "putting in Antenor's claim, as an Adventurer in her Father's Right."² Her father, it will be remembered, had invested before his death in 1642 at least £200 in the original Company of Adventurers;³ and James Philips, it can easily be imagined, had found no difficulty under the Commonwealth in asserting his right to Irish land. From her association with Lucasia and Marcus Trevor, who was in the secret of Irish affairs, Katherine had probably learned that the government was expecting to open a new Court of Claims; and, arguing from this, she had probably won over Antenor to her contemplated voyage with Lucasia. When she left, it is certain that she did

1. Page 56, July 30, 1662.

2. Page 76, October 22, 1662.

3. See p. 9.

not intend to remain more than a few months, for, as early as September 6, she wrote of returning soon; and, in October, after telling Sir Charles about putting in the claim, she says, "After this is done, I shall hasten for Wales, whither my Inclination as well as my Duty calls upon me to be going."

But the court was slow; the claims did not come up. Katherine was led on month by month with immediate hopes until a year had passed. Again and again she speaks of leaving. "I yet resolve to be going before *Christmas*,"¹ "ANTENOR'S Affair . . . and not the Charms of this Place, detains me here still,"² "When I have wound up my little Affairs here . . . I will set sail for *Milford*"³ — so she talks in almost every letter. But nothing happened. Even the fact that she had two friends among the commissioners, Sir Edward Dering and Sir Alan Brodrick,⁴ did not hasten the trials of her claims, and she was compelled to be content with waiting.

There was nothing to do but make the best of a bad situation; and Katherine, once reconciled to the change of relations with Lucasia, threw herself with enthusiasm into the life about her. She writes Sir Charles interesting bits of news about the town, and sends him accounts of events in a chatty, graceful way. Once, for instance, the Presbyterians furnish her with material just in time to be exchanged for a story from Sir Charles: "In return of your Pres-

1. *Letters*, p. 91, no date.

2. Page 109, January 10, 1662/3.

3. Page 141, May 15, 1663.

4. Page 152. Sir Charles recommended Sir Alan Brodrick, who had been sent over to take the place of Henry Coventry, to look after Orinda's interests. Katherine wrote: "Sir ALLEN BRODERICK came to me on the Receipt of yours, with great Professions of Service, which I believe him ready to make good as far as Justice and Honour will permit, and more I will never desire of him or any Man living." It might be added that the Commission was an unusually just one.

byterian News, I will tell you that last *Sunday* Mr. BAGSHAW held a Conventicle in my Lord ANGLESEY's Lodgings, where the Saints brought Tickets for their Entrance as they do at the Playhouse; but the Guards were sent with Orders to disperse them, and bring the Holderforth before the Mayor, as also to take the Names of the Congregation; however, this hinder'd not many of them from meeting to the same purpose in the Afternoon. Some Force, they say, was us'd at the Stable-Door, which my Lord ANGLESEY resented, and desir'd to know, if his Horses were Non-conformists: How he will farther digest this Pill, is not yet known." ¹

Another time, to show how the wits of Dublin spent their time, she describes the occupation of the Muses in Ireland by an account of Sir Nicholas Armourer, an old follower of the exiled Stuarts, whom Sir Charles called "Grandfather," and Doctor Pett, the advocate-general in Ireland. Besides being a soldier, Sir Nicholas, it appears, was a poet somewhat after the manner of Swift. Orinda sends her appreciation of him to Sir Charles: "Sir NICHOLAS ARMOURER is still here; and lest he should stand too much on the Distance of a Grandfather, and be scrupulous to give you an account how he spends his time, I will do it for him, and tell you, that he passes it in the Day agreeably enough; but because a doleful Bell-man us'd to disturb his Sleep in the Night, and throw him into some melancholy Contemplations of Eternity, he has thought fit to reform that Grievance, and has made a more profitable Admonition for that Night-walker to thunder in his Master's Ears as he goes his nightly Rounds. Part of it is as follows:

1. Page 68, September 6, 1662.

*Learn betimes your Days to number,
 And spend not all your time at Ombre.
 Fly Pandars, Swearers, Traitors, Whores,
 Spadillio's, Mallillio's, Mattadores.
 Shun Sin in Word, and Deed, and Thought,
 And ev'ry Morning pay your Groat:
 Waste not in vain the crystal Day,
 But gather your Rose-buds while you may.*

With a great deal more of the like reverend Extravagancy, which he and the ingenious Doctor PETT have contriv'd for the same purpose. This is to convince you, that tho' Spiders are not conversant in *Ireland*, the Muses are better-natur'd, and that there are poets here besides my Lord ORRERY."¹ Katherine adds: "I could send you too a jolly Ballad of my own." But she did not, and the "jolly Ballad" is gone for ever.

Public affairs had little place in Katherine's letters. It took an event of such great proportions as a plot to overthrow the government to find its way as news, and then it was recorded in this laconic way: "There is a Plot discover'd here, but what to make of it I know not."² Few words, indeed, for the bold design, originated and led by the notorious Captain Blood, who later stole the crown from the Tower and attempted to hang Ormonde at Holborn. The plot was designed to take effect on May 21, 1663; but, through an injudicious confidence of one of the conspirators, it was discovered and prevented. At the time of writing, Katherine probably did not know enough to say more. Later, when she was better informed, she was sufficiently impressed to make it the subject of one of her few Irish poems. She composed a poem of thanksgiving, en-

1. Page 88, no date.

2. Page 153.

titled "To my Lord Duke of Ormond, upon the late Plot,"¹ which congratulates the Lord Lieutenant on the overthrow of the conspiracy in a few lines, and draws his heroic character in many. Katherine, however, was on the whole more than a mere spectator of Dublin life; she was a participant.

With her reading, her friends, and her translation of *Pompey*, she had little to regret concerning the delays that smothered her legal business. She was continually receiving books from Sir Charles, sometimes Italian, sometimes English. Although in the letters she has more to say about the Italian,² she gives some bits of information about her English reading. She speaks of *Hudibras* as "an excellent Droll," adding that "in my Life I never read any thing so naturally and so knowingly Burlesque,"³ and of Tuke's *Adventures of Five Hours*, which was "snatch'd from me for Mr. OGILBY, to have it acted here, almost before I had read it over."⁴ She was interested also in the literary activities of Dublin. Once, by way of payment for the many books Sir Charles had given her, she sent him a collection of poems printed in Dublin, "among which," she says apologetically, "to fill up the number of his Sheets, and as a Foil to the others, the Printer has thought fit, tho' without my Consent or Privity, to publish two or three Poems of mine, that he has stolen from me."⁵ Considering the

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 150. This poem is preserved in the Ormonde MSS. See *Hist. MSS. Com., MSS. of the Marquis of Ormonde*, I, 114.

2. See pp. 141-142. It was during this period that Katherine read most of the Italian books discussed above.

3. *Letters* (1729), p. 123.
4. Page 147. Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 224, says without authority that Katherine met Sir Samuel Tuke.

5. Page 138. The book is noted in E. R. McC. Dix, *Catalogue of Dublin-printed Books, 1601 to 1700* (Dublin, 1898), p. 122, under the year 1663, with the following title: *Poems by Several Persons of Quality and refined wits*. No copy of it is known to exist.

time that she spent among her friends and upon the translation of *Pompey*, Katherine did a considerable amount of reading, at least enough to carry on her Italian and keep abreast of contemporary literature.

A more serious occupation was the cultivation of the many friends whom Katherine soon discovered among the young ladies of Dublin. She who was so famous for past friendships was offered ungrudgingly the intimacy of those whom she most admired, the "People of Quality." Not unwilling, she was early seized upon by the Cork family, the head of which at that time was Richard, the second Earl of Cork. Lady Cork, *née* Elizabeth Clifford, daughter of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, was very kind to her; and Orinda never ceases expressing her obligations. The daughters became her good friends. Frances, who in the April preceding had married the Earl of Roscommon, she thought "indeed a Person of great Merit." "She is pleas'd," Katherine wrote Sir Charles with some pride, "to lay aside all distance betwixt us, and uses me as a most particular and intimate Friend: Besides, she has so much good Humour join'd to her other Accomplishments, that I should be very stupid, did I not embrace the Happiness of her Friendship with the utmost Satisfaction." ¹ Anne, who later became the wife of Edward Montagu, the second Earl of Sandwich, was her "adored Valeria"; and Elizabeth, whose marriage to Nicholas Tufton, the Earl of Thanet, in April, 1664, Katherine celebrated in a poem, was her "lovely Celimena." Although these two have not had their characters drawn in the letters, they appear to have been Katherine's most intimate acquaintances in Dublin, especially Elizabeth Boyle, who received in all no less than

1. Page 99.

four poetical tributes. They helped to draw Katherine out of the doleful dumps she had fallen in over the sad case of Lucasia, and they drove away her melancholy muse. The old Orinda stepped forth once more, a little more courtly and a little more mature, and withal a surer worker in her art. Her poem, "To my Lady Anne Boyle, saying I look'd angrily upon her,"¹ is one of her best pieces of ingenuity, graceful in its compliment and graceful, as it should be, in its ingenuity. Her poems to Elizabeth are even better. Two of them commemorate the great friendship between Orinda and Celimena. The one entitled "To the Lady E. Boyle"² must have been written at some time near the beginning of intimacy. Orinda hesitates to offer her "trivial heart,"

For it has been by tenderness
Already so much bruis'd,
That at your Altars I may guess
It will be but refus'd.
For never Deity did prize
A torn and maimed Sacrifice.

But she needs such a friend as Celimena, and she would rather become her slave than own the whole world. The fetters of friendship she would take on as a means of resurrection:

Those glorious Fetters will create
A merit fit for them,
Repair the breaches made by Fate,
And whom they own redeem.
What thus ennobles and thus cures,
Can be no influence but yours.

Evidently Orinda prospered in her new friendship; her trivial heart was accepted and regenerated. Celimena might

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 130.

2. Page 149.

now appear as the possible successor to Lucasia. A short poem of four couplets, one of the daintiest of all Orinda's poems, commemorates the request on the part of Celimena to lay aside the formalities imposed by wealth and birth, a request for real intimacy between the two friends. Orinda is happy in herself and felicitous in her verse:

Forbear, Fond Heart, (Say I) torment no more
That *Celimena* whom thou dost adore;
For since so many of her Chains are proud,
How canst thou be distinguish'd in the crowd?
But say, bold Trifler, what dost thou pretend?
Wouldst thou depose thy Saint into thy Friend?
Equality of friendship is requir'd,
Which here were criminal to be desir'd.¹

Thus, in the bosom of the Cork family, Katherine found consolation for the loss of her Lucasia. The letters during the remainder of her visit in Ireland have little to say about Lucasia or the tyrant Marcus Trevor. Only now and then at the thought of parting does the old flame break out and the old disappointment become renewed.

Among the greatest pleasures of her sojourn in Ireland, Katherine numbered her acquaintance with two literary men, both closely connected with the Cork family — the Earl of Roscommon and Lord Orrery. The Earl of Roscommon, well known to students of literature for his *Essay on Translated Verse*, was a young man almost of an age with Katherine.² At this time he had written little of the small volume of verse on which his literary fame now rests, so that to Katherine, either from a sense of criticism or of friendship, he appeared as an undiscovered genius. She wrote about him to Sir Charles with enthusiasm, telling at

1. Page 154.

2. The *D. N. B.* gives the year 1633 (?) for his birth.

the same time of a literary adventure which gives some idea of the pastimes of this small circle of friends. "My Lord ROSCOMMON is a very ingenious Person, of excellent natural Parts, and certainly the most hopeful young Nobleman in *Ireland*. He has paraphras'd a Psalm admirably well, and the Scene of *Care selve Beate* in *Pastor Fido* very finely; in many places much better than Sir RICHARD FANSHAW. He begins it thus,

*Dear happy Groves, and you the dark Retreat
Of silent Horrour, Rest's eternal Seat! &c.*

This last he undertook purely out of Compliment to me, having heard me say, 'twas the best scene in the *Italian*, and the worst in the *English*: He was but two Hours about it, having certainly as easy and fluent a Vein as ever I observ'd or heard of, and which 'tis great pity he does not improve by Practice."¹ All this praise Roscommon repaid in kind. There is plenty of it in the imitation of Horace which he addressed to Orinda.² As we read it, we agree with Katherine that he was a very ingenious person. Think how much greater was the power of Orinda than the power of Lalage!

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 71. Roscommon's lines quoted above were later changed to the following (W. Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, *Poetical Works* [Edinburgh, 1780], p. 161):

Ah! happy Grove, dark and secure Retreat
Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal Seat.

Katherine's version is closer to the original and may well be a first draft.

2. This poem was prefixed to the 1667 edition of Orinda's poems, but it was obviously not written for such a purpose.

The magic of Orinda's name
 Not only can their fierceness tame,
 But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
 They seem submissively to roar in Verse.¹

And once more, upon the presentation of *Pompey*, Roscommon requited Katherine's good opinion by writing a prologue for her play and giving her thereby his public approval.

To call forth the praises of Lord Orrery was an even greater triumph. Lord Orrery was Roger Boyle, the brother of Richard Boyle, the second Earl of Cork. Although the latter was the head of the family, the former was by far the more influential in Irish affairs. He was one of the most remarkable sons of that remarkable family of the first great Earl of Cork. A soldier, a statesman, and a poet, a man, in short, of extraordinary energy and vigor of mind, he excelled in all he attempted. As the Lord President of Munster, a Lord Chief Justice, and a member of the Privy Councils both of Ireland and of England, to say nothing of his lesser honors, he was, next to Ormonde, the most important man in Ireland. He was later to gain a reputation as an author; but at the time Katherine knew him he had published nothing and had written very little, probably only one play, *Altamira*, later revised and called *The General*.² Katherine met him not long after her arrival in Dublin; in her letter of August 20 she announces the event to Sir Charles: "My good Fortune has favour'd me with the Acquaintance of my Lord ORRERY: He is indeed a Man of great Parts, and agreeable Conversation; and has

1. Roscommon, *Poetical Works*, p. 144.

2. W. S. Clark, "Further Light upon the Heroic Plays of Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery," *Rev. of Eng. Stud.*, II, 206; "The Earl of Orrery's Play, *The General*," *ibid.*, p. 459.

been so extremely civil to me, that were he not a most obliging Person, I am sure he could not excuse it to his own Judgment." ¹ Orrery, in truth, became very much interested in Katherine. It may seem strange that the great lord should pay such attention to the little commoner from Wales, but there was more to draw the two together than first appears. Orrery, like most men of the time, had a political past. In the days of his youth (he was only ten years older than Katherine) he had left the cause of royalty for the more promising cause of Cromwell. He had fought by Cromwell's side in Ireland; he had sat in Cromwell's parliaments; he had joined in Cromwell's councils; he had become one of Cromwell's peers. Cromwellian knew Cromwellian. As a soldier, why should not he be acquainted with Katherine's husband, who was on the Army Committee? As a Cromwellian peer, why not with Katherine's relatives, Oliver St. John and Philip Skippon, who were also peers? Before he ever saw Orinda, he had heard of her, perhaps even knew more about her than she suspected.

At any rate, Lord Orrery was prepared to accept Katherine as a person whose talents deserved distinction, and, by assuming voluntarily the rôle of her literary patron in Ireland, he became an unexpected but important influence in her life. It was through him that she was led to her most ambitious piece of literary work, the translation of Corneille's *Pompée*. From the moment she began it under his encouragement until she departed from Ireland with his applause still ringing in her ears, she thought of nothing else, not even of Lucasia. She wrote back regularly to her Poliarchus a complete account of every stage in its progress

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 60.

and every detail of its presentation and printing. The translation of *Pompée* is the central incident of Orinda's conquest of Ireland.

Katherine herself explains the origin of the translation. In that same letter in which she announces that she has met Orrery, she tells Sir Charles with trepidation of the encouragement so enthusiastically thrust upon her. "By some Accident or another," she says, "my Scene of POMPEY fell into his hands, and he was pleas'd to like it so well, that he sent me the *French* Original; and the next time I saw him, so earnestly importun'd me to pursue that Translation, that to avoid the Shame of seeing him who had so lately commanded a Kingdom, become a Petitioner to me for such a Trifle, I obey'd him so far as to finish the Act in which that Scene is; so that the whole third Act is now *English*." ¹ Her compliance she thought would end the little incident. Imagine her surprise, however, to find that Orrery insisted upon her going on; not only insisted, but addressed some verses to her by way of supplication. This is the diffident and becoming way in which Orinda received so great a compliment: "But he no sooner had it, than (I think to punish me for having done it so ill) he enjoin'd me to go on; and not only so, but brib'd me to be contented with the Pains, by sending me an excellent Copy of Verses, which, were I not conscious of my own Unworthiness, would make me rather forget the Subject, than disbelieve the Compliments of his Lordship's Muse. . . . I will by my next send you my Lord's Verses." ²

What compliments could be so great that Orinda to save her blushes must forget the subject? The lines by Orrery prefixed to the 1667 edition of the poems are the very lines

1. Page 60.

2. Page 61.

referred to in the passage above.¹ There are thirty-six couplets, very much in Orinda's own manner of ingenious panegyric. The noble lord tells of his fear upon meeting Orinda, that her excellence has been exaggerated, and then goes on to say that it has not received justice. He cannot be envious of her sex,

For what's inspir'd must yield to what inspires,
and he thanks that friendship that brought him to her acquaintance:

Though you have sung of friendships power so well,
That you in that, as you in wit excel;
Yet my own interest obliges me
To praise your practice more than Theory;
For by that kindness you your friend did show
The honour I obtain'd of knowing you.

But all his compliments pale before that he lavishes on *Pompey*. Here we have that which would make Orinda forget the subject if she would believe his lordship's Muse; here we have that which was irresistible and called forth the rest of *Pompey*:

You English *Corneil's Pompey* with such flame,
That you both raise our wonder and his fame;
If he could read it, he like us would call
The copy greater than th' Original;
You cannot mend what is already done,
Unless you'll finish what you have begun:
Who your Translation sees, cannot but say,
That 'tis *Orinda's* Work, and but his Play.
The French to learn our Language now will seek,
To hear their greatest Wit more nobly speak;

1. Alfred Mulert, *Pierre Corneille auf der Englischen Bühne* (Erlangen und Leipzig, 1900; *Münchener Beiträge zur Romanischen und Englischen Philologie*, xviii), p. 32, fails to recognize this fact.

Rome too would grant, were our Tongue to her known,
Caesar speaks better in't than in his own.
 And all those Wreaths once circl'd *Pompey's* brow,
 Exalt his Fame, less than your Verses now.
 From these clear Truths all must acknowledge this,
 If there be *Helicon*, in *Wales* it is.
 Oh happy Country which to our Prince gives
 His Title, and in which *Orinda* lives!

There was only one answer to all this: *Orinda* continued with her translation.¹ *Philaster* copied the verses and *Orinda* sent them to *Poliarchus* to make amends for many ill ones and to let him see "how perfect a Poet my Lord is, who writes with so much Elegancy on so undeserving a subject."²

Such was the beginning of *Pompey*, the work which, more than any other, brought fame to *Orinda* in her own day. *Orrery*, who had an enthusiasm for French literature, was merely expressing the desire of his age when he recognized virtues in the one act and insisted upon the completion of the other four. He may have judged too favorably, but he did not judge wrong. *Katherine* had many of the qualifications necessary for the production of a good translation from *Corneille*. She was possessed of an intimate knowledge of the French language, and what is more, was endowed with an immense sympathy with the contemporary French spirit. Her years of reading in the French romances and the French plays now stood her in good stead. That complete understanding so indispensable in a translator, that correspondence between minds not only in

1. Horace Walpole, *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, 2d ed. (London, 1759), II, 98, makes the strange statement that Waller and Sackville helped *Orinda* in this translation. Apparently he has confused in some way the two translations of *Pompey*.

2. *Letters* (1729), p. 65.

the letter but in the spirit of the letter, had been built up and was ready for use. Besides, had not Katherine already shown an aptitude for translation?

Nevertheless, it was well that Orrery came upon the scene, for Katherine might have allowed her diffidence to put an end to her ambitious project. She knew that Waller, the poet of great reputation, and some other of the court wits were working on a translation of the same play,¹ the one now known as the translation by the "Persons of Honour," and she would have required more courage than she had to enter the lists against such champions. But under the protection of such a man as Orrery she could become bold.

She set herself to work with great zeal. Orrery had seen only the third act in August; two months later the entire translation was completed. On October 19, 1662, still fearful of the rival translation, she wrote to Sir Charles: "ARTABAN will soon bring you my Translation of POMPEY, which I fear will not be deem'd worthy to breathe in a place where so many of the greatest Wits have so long clubb'd for another of the same Play. I long to know your Opinion of it, which I am sure you will give me with all the Freedom and Sincerity of true Friendship. . . ."² Two days later, on the twenty-first, Artaban sailed for England, carrying Orinda's fate in his pocket. Katherine wrote immediately (on the twenty-second) in such a flurry that she forgot she had already spoken of Artaban's precious baggage, and repeated herself in more detail: "I have not yet told you that ARTABAN brings you all POMPEY, except one Scene,

1. Page 62. She wrote to Sir Charles on August 30: "You will wonder at my Lord's Obstinacy in this Desire to have me translate POMPEY, as well because of my Incapacity to perform it, as that so many others have undertaken it."

2. Page 72.

which his hurry would not permit him to tarry for; but I have now sent it to him, that he may transcribe it for you, the rest of the Play being written in his hand. I long to hear your Opinion of it, for I fear that I have murther'd him more barbarously here, than ACHILLES [*sic*] did in *Egypt*; and that my Lord ORRERY's Commands to me, have prov'd no less fatal to him, than the Orders that PTOLEMY gave to that Assassin."¹

Having sent off her manuscript, Orinda sat down to await impatiently her word of encouragement from her Poliarchus. It must have required all of her philosophy to accept the arbitrariness of a blundering fate, for the winds grew so bad that no mail came from England. "I have not heard from you these three weeks," she wrote plaintively. But filled with her one idea, and tired of general talk, she could not keep from discussing her *Pompey*, and, even before she heard Sir Charles's criticisms, began to make amendments.² She asked him to change the last two lines of Photinus's speech in the second act to these:

Boasts are but Air, but he revenges best
That acts his braver Thoughts, and talks the least.

The change apparently was never made, for the couplet appears as:

Boasts are but Air, and he revenges best,
Who acts his braver Thoughts, yet talks the least.

As couplets there is little choice — both are poor. In the meantime, while Katherine sat waiting for news, *Pompey* was making her fame. She said in the same letter: "There are, tho' much against my Will, more Copies of it abroad than I could have imagin'd; but the Dutchess of ORMOND

1. Page 76.

2. Page 90.

would not be refus'd one, and she and PHILASTER have permitted several Persons to take Copies from theirs." And she urged Poliarchus to send in his corrections so that she could correct all the copies before she left.

When at last she heard from her friend and critic, she could no longer fear the rival translation. Dazzled with great praise, she scarcely knew what to answer; however, her gracefulness did not fail her: "In yours of the 22d of last Month, which I receiv'd the 28th," she wrote in reply, "I found so many things, that I must not call Truths, and dare not think barely Complements, that I am at a loss how to understand them aright: For tho' none has a greater Deference for your Judgment in other things, yet when the Competition comes to be betwixt that and your Friendship and Kindness for me, you must give me leave to believe the first of them to be a little blinded by the latter; and therefore I will say, you read the two first Acts of POMPEY with so favourable a Prepossession, as would not give you leave to form a right Judgment of them. But by this time you have gone thro' the whole Translation; and if you have not discover'd in it too many Errors for any Correction to redress, you will much oblige me to consider it with more Severity of the Critick, and let it receive the last finishing Strokes from your excellent Pen. . . ."¹

The following five or six letters deal with little except *Pompey*. There are many details to discuss — questions of language, the rival translation, the composing of songs, and, above all, the dedication to the Duchess of York. The questions of language concern mostly the use of words. By one of his corrections, Sir Charles offers the curious bit of information that the word *effort*, now so common, was

1. Page 93.

then just coming into use. On its account, he objects presumably to the following couplet in Ptolemy's first speech:

And lending his Despair a kind Effort,
It should the staggering Universe support.¹

Katherine answers him that she has not blundered ignorantly: "I had it once in my mind to tell you, that I was loth to use the Word *Effort*, but not having Language enough to find any other Rhyme without losing all the Spirit and Force of the next Line, and knowing that it has been naturaliz'd at least these twelve Years;² besides, that it was not us'd in that place in the *French*, I ventur'd to let it pass."³ And then she begs Sir Charles to correct the passage himself. He does, and she congratulates him on the turn of thought that he has been able to give the expression.⁴ That the word was retained in the Dublin edition was entirely on the responsibility of Orrery, who would not give it up. Katherine, a little worried, had to write Sir Charles that his fine improvement had been thrown out: "I would fain have made use of your Correction and thrown away the Word *Effort*, but my Lord ORRERY would absolutely have it continu'd; and so it is, to please his Humour, tho' against my Will and Judgment too."⁵ Thus, having pleased Orrery in Ireland, Katherine thought to please Sir Charles in England, and she wrote asking that he correct the word for the English edition.⁶ But apparently he had lost interest, for when he could have changed it in the 1667 edition of her works he allowed the word to remain.

1. *Pompey* (1678), p. 2.

2. The *N. E. D.* shows that after Caxton the word was not used until the seventeenth century. Denham used it in his *Passion of Dido* (1636), which may be the authority for Katherine's date of naturalization.

3. *Letters* (1729), p. 97.

4. Page 108.

5. Page 119.

6. Page 122.

Sir Charles objected also to the use of *Heaven* and *Power* as words of two syllables. Katherine agreed with him in principle, but she maintained that there might be exceptions, that *Heaven* might "be sometimes so plac'd, as not to offend the Ear, when it is us'd in two Syllables."¹ A later letter points out the couplet which contains these two words; it is in Act V, Scene ii:

If Heaven which did persecute you still,
Had made my power equal to my will.²

Again Sir Charles, as editor, failed his friend, and allowed the words to go through unchanged. Perhaps he thought, like Orinda, that "to find fault with them is much easier than to correct them."

At another time Katherine requested a decision on a nice point of grammar. She stated the question thus: "Sir EDWARD DERING has desired me to ask your opinion concerning these two Lines in the last Scene of the Play:

*I know I gain another Diadem,
For which none can be blam'd but Heav'n and him.*

His Objection is, that *him* is scarce Grammar; he says it should be *he*: I am not Critick enough to resolve this Doubt, and therefore leave it wholly to your Determination."³ Sir Charles's answer is not recorded, and the passage in question was never amended. The exigencies of rhyme no doubt overcame Sir Edward's demand for adherence to past usage. These details of words and gram-

1. Page 108.

2. *Pompey* (1678), p. 55. Cf. *Letters* (1729), p. 119. Katherine, evidently quoting from memory, makes a slight mistake:

If Heaven, which does persecute me still,
Had made my Power equal to my Will.

3. *Letters* (1729), p. 149.

mar are small but not entirely unimportant. They have a general interest as contemporary statements that show the language to be still in an uncertain condition, and a special interest as evidence that, although Katherine's work was gone over by Sir Charles, it remained as it was written, almost unchanged.

One of the greatest sources of worry connected with *Pompey* was the dedication to the Duchess of York. Katherine contemplated with the utmost satisfaction the thought that the result of her miserable endeavors was "to be laid at the Feet of that great Person," and she worked on as much for the triumph of the presentation, which Poliarchus had promised to perform, as for the compliments of Orrery and the Dublin wits. When the moment came, she called upon her friends for aid with a palpitating expectancy. She laid hold of Artaban, who was about to sail for England, as a gift of fortune, and sent him away laden with her instructions. He was to finish at once the manuscript that he had already begun, and was to turn it over to Sir Charles, who was to give it the final corrections, have it put in a beautiful binding, and hasten with it to her noble patroness. Imagine her perturbation when she heard that her emissary had betrayed her with delays! On December 11, 1662, she writes: "I am not a little troubled that ARTABAN has yet brought you but two Acts; for at this rate when is it likely to be presented to the Dutchess? I had rather it never should, than that she should hear it is gotten into other Hands before, which I much fear she will. Had I suspected that he would have been so slow a Transcriber, I would have sent you an intire Copy from hence, well enough scribbled over for you to correct; and then you might have gotten it fairly written for her High-

ness. I have sent to press him to be as expeditious as possible, and pray do you give him no Rest till he has perform'd his Task." ¹ Again, on December 23, she expresses great concern over the delay. She is frankly worried. Suppose the other translation by Waller and the band of wits should come out! Suppose the Duchess does not receive the offering graciously! All these things are on Orinda's mind. However, she writes out a dedication, and sends it to Poliarchus with these words: "And therefore, since you have encourag'd me to believe that an Address to her might be pardon'd, I have taken the Assurance to obey you in writing one of a few Lines only, not daring to rob her of her time by any length of reading. Besides, I am so certain of your Good-will towards me, that I cannot doubt, but when you present it to her, you will say much more in my behalf than I have either Courage or Skill to say for my self. This I desire you to believe, that when you shall speak of the Veneration I have for her Royal Highness, you can scarce exceed the Truth; for the Bounds of my utmost Ambition aspire no higher, than to be able to give her one Moment's Entertainment. But if this Trifle be at all presented, the sooner, I think, the better: For in spite of all I could do to prevent it, so many Copies are already abroad, that the particular Respect intended to the Dutchess, will be lost by a little Delay. Besides, the other Translation, done by so many eminent Hands, will otherwise appear first, and throw this into everlasting Obscurity; unless it get as much the start of that in Time, as it comes behind it in Merit."²

These thoughts continued, and almost the entire letter written on the twenty-seventh is filled with them. What

1. Page 98.

2. Page 94.

an ado about this presentation! Poliarchus thinks that the dedicatory epistle should have been written in verse and not prose, so that Orinda has to defend herself. Letter XXIII is worth quoting, although it is little more than a repetition of the preceding extracts, if for nothing else than to show the tenacity with which Katherine clung to a subject which had her whole interest. Here is almost all of it:

"Believe me, POLIARCHUS, I writ the Letter to the Dutchess in Prose, neither out of Laziness nor Disrespect, but merely because I thought it would have look'd more pedantick and affected to have address'd myself to her in Verse. I verily believe I could more easily have pleas'd myself with what I should have said in Rhyme, but I thought Prose would savour less of Ostentation: Besides, having so lately written to her in Verse on a like occasion,¹ I strictly enjoin'd myself to write in Prose now, and that too by the Advice of all my Friends here; who, I hope, were not mistaken in their Opinions, and that the manner of my Application to her Highness will not be misunderstood, nor taken amiss. However, I have so great a Deference for your Judgment, that had you sent me word you utterly disapprov'd my accosting her in Prose, I would have attempted something or other in Verse to have sent you by this Post; but your not having wholly condemn'd my having made my Address in Prose, has prevented me. I am overjoy'd that you assure me with all the Sincerity of a Friend, that you can endure the reading of my Translation, and that you believe it will pass the Test with others as well as yourself. 'Tis now about to be expos'd to all the Criticks of ALGIER,² and what will become of it I know not,

1. See p. 140.

2. Evidently England.

unless you will please to be its Champion, and persuade her Royal Highness to favour it with her Protection; and then I need not fear the Severity of all that have had a hand in the other Translation, nor of the united Forces of all their Party, or whoever else will shew their Skill in censuring my innocent and well-meaning Performance. I confess I am somewhat unquiet till I hear how her Royal Highness receives the Boldness of my addressing it to her, and therefore desire to know my doom in that particular by the first opportunity. . . .”¹

All this agitation and trepidation produced results. Desperate at the delay caused by the irresponsible Artaban, Poliarchus set out to obtain by hook or by crook a copy of *Pompey*. By good luck, he was able to steal one which Lucasia had written out for Rosania and present it to the Duchess. “And now, Sir,” Katherine wrote him as soon as she knew the act accomplished, “let me return you my Acknowledgments for all the Trouble you have given yourself about POMPEY: The Theft you committed is so much forgiven by LUCASIA, that she thanks you for it; and says, she is glad you met with that Copy for her Highness, as she is vex’d that ARTABAN should serve us as he did: She is certain, and so am I too, that ROSANIA will be of her mind.”² Sir Charles’s account of the Duchess’s gracious reception has put an end to all worry, and Katherine goes on contentedly to express her thanks: “I humbly thank you for presenting it to the Dutchess, which you must needs have done in a favourable Manner and lucky Minute, otherwise it could never have been so acceptable as you tell me it was. I should be extremely glad to hear that she continues to have the same Opinion of it when she has

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 101 ff.

2. Page 105.

read it through; for I cannot but be apprehensive that her strict Judgment will discover many Errors, which your Kindness prevented you from observing. Let her Thoughts of it be never so severe, I hope you will not disguise them from me.”¹ In this way the translation of *Pompey* was dedicated to Anne Hyde, the Duchess of York, who had held, from the time that she remarked that Katherine’s poems surprised her, the place of patroness. From the eagerness and insistence, the dismay and solicitude, to say nothing of the length, with which Katherine treated this episode, it would appear that nothing connected with *Pompey* was so close to her heart. It meant to her protection against ridicule. She had nothing now to fear from Waller and the wits.

By the general approval that *Pompey* met with on all sides, Katherine was emboldened to make songs for the interacts. At first sight, such a practice seems strangely inconsistent with the dignity of heroic tragedy, but it was in no way disagreeable to the notions of that cultivated age which improved Shakespeare and raised the artificialities of the grand Corneille into the realms of opera. *Pompey* should be thought of as an opera. The couplets, which are carefully kept intact, should be sung out in such a sing-song that even the bad ones seem regular. Thrown into such an exalted pitch and adorned with the grand air, *Pompey* becomes an heroic play far from despicable, and the songs fall more easily into the mood, which, natural as it was to the seventeenth century, must be created for the twentieth. Katherine, who is always used to speak in a trifling manner about her verses, expresses a good deal of satisfaction over these songs. She introduces

1. Page 106.

them to Sir Charles, apropos of the dedication to the Duchess, in these words: "But you have drawn upon her [the Duchess] one Trouble more, for I was so puff'd up with the Honour of her Protection, that I have ventur'd to lengthen the Play by adding Songs in the Intervals of each Act, which they flatter me here are not amiss: And indeed, if I may be allow'd to say any thing of my own Compositions, I do think them not inferior to any thing I ever writ. If you happen to like them, I am confident the Dutchess will do so too; and therefore I will send them you by the next Post (for I have not time to transcribe them now) that you may lay them at her Royal Highness's Feet. . . . I am promis'd to have them all set by the greatest Masters in ENGLAND; but I should be more proud to have one Assurance from POLIARCHUS that he likes them, than to have them compos'd by WILL. LAWES, were he still alive, and sung by Mrs. KNIGHT. PHILASTER has already set one of them very agreeably, and abundance of People are learning it." ¹

Glowing as they are, these words are but merely introductory to the real success of the songs. The next letter, which contains copies for Sir Charles, gives an account of such an enthusiastic reception that Orinda may be pardoned her delusion of high merit. She is full of a complacency which no reading of the songs themselves could ever justify: "I Threatned you last Post, and now keep my Word, that I would send you the inclos'd Songs, that I made for the Intervals of the Acts of POMPEY; and if all who have seen them here do not flatter me very much, I may send them you with less Confusion than ever I could yet any thing of the like Nature. But I have so constant a

1. Page 106, January 10, 1662/3.

Distrust of my own Performances, and so much Reason for it, that I should not dare to desire you to present them to the Dutchess, did I not know you to be so much my Friend as to suppress the Errors that are past your Correction; but what you can make pardonable in them, be pleas'd to offer to her Highness, as a Production of her own Favour, and a Tribute for it. The first Song you will find to be brisk, and made on purpose for such an Air, which indeed PHILASTER has given it to all the Advantages that Musick, when apply'd by a skilful Hand, can give to the meanest Words. Almost all that can sing here have learnt it already, and I am so sure it will please you, that if you will, I will send it to you in Notes."¹

In spite of the judgment of the Dublin wits, the five songs of *Pompey* are in no way remarkable; now that they stand unsupported by a fashionable benevolence, they sink inevitably to their true level of mediocrity. Their greatest interest is perhaps metrical. The first is written in a stanza of anapaestic movement, the second in a four-and-three quatrain with alternate rhymes, the third in octosyllabic triplets, the fourth in a six-line stanza (ababcc) of octosyllabic lines, and the fifth in tail rhyme, an early example of the serious use of that form which Chaucer parodied and Collins worked into some of his stateliest odes. The tone of all is heroic. Strangely enough, the first, which is probably the poorest, was the most popular; it was the rage of the season, in everybody's mouth. Katherine informed Sir Charles that "almost all that can sing here have learnt it already," and then, as if to confirm her words in the letter, she wrote "To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle, Singing now affairs, &c.,"² a poem that perhaps would seem better

1. Page 110, January 14, 1662/3.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 107.

if it did not challenge comparison with Waller's charming stanzas on a like situation. The song was still popular enough as late as 1675 to be included in John Playford's *Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues*.¹

With the completion of the songs Katherine might well have considered her task finished. But she knew not the honor designed for her. Orrery, having found the play made at his own commands so pleasing, determined, perhaps by way of compliment to Orinda, perhaps by way of rivalry with the English wits, to have it performed. He set to work in a determined fashion. He organized his friends, and, to give them an example, donated £100 to buy costumes. Here is Katherine's account of the whole affair; she lays it all to the songs. "I am sure," she writes Poliarchus, "I have cause to wish I had never made any of them; for I think they have been the chief reason that has made my Lord ORRERY resolve to have POMPEY acted here, which, notwithstanding all my Intreaties to the contrary, he is going on with, and has advanc'd a hundred Pounds towards the Expence of buying *Roman* and *Egyptian* Habits. All the other Persons of Quality here are also very earnest to bring it upon the Stage, and seem resolv'd to endure the Penance of seeing it play'd on *Tuesday* come sevensnight, which day is appointed for the first time of acting it. My Lord ROSCOMMON has made a Prologue for it, and Sir EDWARD DERING an Epilogue: Several other Hands have likewise oblig'd me with both Prologues and Epilogues; but those I first mention'd will be only repeated; for they are the best writ that ever I read any thing of that kind. You shall have them by the next Post. The Songs are set by several

1. Another clue to Philaster's identity fails. It was to be hoped that the music to this song would be signed. It was not.

Hands; the first and fifth admirably well by PHILASTER, the third by Doctor PETT; one Le Grand, a *Frenchman*, belonging to the Dutchess of ORMOND, has, by her Order, set the fourth; and a *Frenchman* of my Lord ORRERY's the second; so that all is ready, and poor I condemn'd to be expos'd, unless some Accident, which I heartily wish, but cannot foresee, kindly intervene to my Relief. Had not the Duke himself [the Duke of Ormonde], and all the considerable Persons here hasten'd its being acted, I might have had hopes of preventing it, or at least have delay'd it till I was gone hence; but there was no resisting the Stream, and so it must e'en take its Fortune." ¹

It is unfortunate that at this point in the letters there should be a gap of two months, the following letter being dated April 8, 1663, because, if Katherine had been as liberal in detail about the presentation as she was about the writing of *Pompey*, she would have preserved an excellent picture of the Restoration stage. But her letters are lost, and with them her own account of her final and glorious success. Anyone who would describe the staging of *Pompey* can do little more than annotate the letter quoted above.

Trustworthy records concerning the place and date of performance do not exist. It has generally been supposed that the play was given in the theatre in Smock Alley, where Katherine had seen acted a few months before Fletcher's *Wit Without Money* and Shakespeare's *Othello*. This conclusion is doubtlessly correct; the words "to have *Pompey* acted here" can be interpreted in no easier way. The only alternative would have been to have had it acted at the Earl of Orrery's Dublin house in Thomas Court, as

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 114 ff., January 31, 1662/3.

plays sometimes were;¹ but such an extraordinary honor would surely have drawn definite mention from Orinda's pen. The date of performance has never been given correctly,² even though Katherine states flatly that "Tuesday come sevnnight" is the day "appointed for the first time acting it." As her letter was written on Saturday, January 31, the play, granted no delays, was performed on Tuesday, February 10, 1662/3.

Although the letters fail at this time, it is not difficult to reconstruct the events of the evening. The setting was as splendid as Dublin could make it, for the occasion had been declared one of great social distinction and all the persons of quality, even to the Duke of Ormonde, had come to the little playhouse in Smock Alley. The gorgeous costumes, the new scenery, the inflated eloquence, the heroic songs — all in accord with the special taste of that cultivated audience — gave every hope of success. And *Pompey* did not fail. Orinda's happy observations on her own triumph are lost, but the general progress of the entertainment remains clear. First of all, the prologue entered and recited the eighteen couplets which the Earl of Roscommon had composed for the opening of the play.³ He

1. W. S. Clark, "The Early Stage History of the First Heroic Play," *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XLII, 381, prints the following extract from the *Mercurius Publicus*, week of October 23-30, 1662: "Dublin, Oct. 21. On the 18. at evening the Lord Lieutenant and most of the persons of Honor in these parts were entertained by the Earle of Orery at *Thomas Court* where his Lordship treated them with a noble Banquet and a Play of his own making."

2. Dorothea F. Canfield, *Corneille and Racine in England* (New York, 1904), p. 36, does not attempt to be definite. Mulert, *Pierre Corneille auf der Englischen Bühne*, p. 24, attempts, but makes the unaccountable mistake of reading "seven-night" as "fortnight" — "am folgenden Dienstag in 14 Tagen, d. h. also etwa Mitte Februar 1663." A. Nicoll, *Restoration Drama* (Cambridge, 1923), p. 96, seems to go back to T. Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage* (Bath, 1832), x, 271, when he gives the date old style 1662.

3. *Pompey* (1678). It was improved before it was printed. When Katherine

addressed the people of Ireland, who, alone of the whole world, had never been subject to conquering Caesar:

And you alone may Boast, you never saw
Caesar till now, and now can give him Law.

And then, having made supplication for a just trial, he turned gallantly to the ladies, and, through them, complimented Orinda:

But you, bright Nymphs, give *Caesar* leave to woo
The greatest Wonder of the World but you,
And hear a Muse, who has that Hero taught
To speak as gen'rously, as e'er he fought.
Whose Eloquence from such a Theme deters
All Tongues but English, and all Pens but Hers.
By the just Fates your Sex is doubly blest,
You Conquer'd *Caesar*, and you praise him best.

And finally, with a bow to the Duke of Ormonde, he ended:

And You (Illustrious SIR) receive as due
A present Destiny reserv'd for You.
Rome, France, and *England*, join their Force[s here]
To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.
Accept it then, and on that *Pompey's* Brow,
Who gave so many Crowns, bestow one now.

Then the play began. Ptolemy, dressed in gorgeous Egyptian costume, no doubt with plumes in his hat, stepped forward and rolled out his first long speech:

Fate hath declar'd her self, and we may see
Th' Intrigue of the great Rivals Destiny:
That quarrel which did all the Gods divide,
Pharsalia hath the Honour to decide, *etc.*

All this was indeed in the latest mode of heroics. It was just what the audience expected, so that the end of the

sends the printed *Pompeys* to Sir Charles, she says: "You will find the Prologue in print much improv'd since 'twas sent you in writing." See *Letters* (1729), p. 119.

first act must have been acknowledged by an applause that dispelled for ever the inevitable fears of the blushing Orinda. When the noise of approval had finally subsided and the excitement had come to an end, everyone no doubt settled down once more to enjoy with King Ptolemy himself and Photin, who were discovered in a listening attitude, that popular brisk air, "Since Affairs of the State," and the dance following, "an Antick dance of Gypsies," who were, of course, the Egyptians.

So the play went on. After each act there was a song, and after the third and fifth acts were more dances. The second act was completed with "See How Victorious Caesar's Pride," sung to the music of Lord Orrery's Frenchman. The third act, being Orinda's favorite in the French, received more attention. First, the ghost of Pompey appeared before the sleeping Cornelia and sang to a tune composed by the ingenious Dr. Pett "From Lasting and Unclouded Day." Then, "as the Continuance of her Dream," there followed a military dance, at the end of which Cornelia started up "as waken'd in amazement" and said:

What have I seen? and whither is it gone?
How great the Vision! and how quickly done!
Yet if in Dreams we future things can see,
There's still some joy laid up in Fate for me.¹

The fourth act again ended merely in a song. As a kind of poetic tableau, Cleopatra was discovered hearkening to "Proud Monuments of Royal Dust," sung to a French air made by one Le Grand, who was attached to the Duchess of Ormonde. After the fifth act and at the end of the play, two Egyptian priests sang "Ascend a Throne, great Queen!"

1. *Pompey* (1678), p. 38.

to Philaster's tune,¹ and then a "grand masque" was performed before Caesar and Cleopatra, "made (as well as the other Dances and Tunes to them) by Mr. John Ogilby." The play ended with the admirable epilogue written by Sir Edward Dering. Such was the performance of *Pompey*, the greatest of Orinda's literary triumphs. No proofs of the immense success of the play could be more convincing than that it was immediately put into print and its author showered with protestations of the profoundest admiration.

On April 8, two months after the presentation of *Pompey*, Orinda tells Poliarchus of the numerous honors her popularity has brought her: "I have had many Letters and Copies of Verses sent me, some from my Acquaintance, and some from Strangers, to compliment me upon POMPEY, which, were I capable of Vanity, would even surfeit me with it; for they are so full of Flattery, that I have not the Confidence to send them to you. One of them, who pretends to be a Woman, writes very well, but I cannot imagine who the Author is, nor by any Inquiry I can make, have hitherto been able to discover." ² This one "who pretends to be a woman" is without doubt the Philo-Philippa whose verses found their way into the commendatory poems prefixed to the 1667 edition. That the verses were written to celebrate *Pompey* is obvious, for at least half of them deal with nothing else; and that the person who wrote them was indeed a woman is likewise obvious, for the other half deal eloquently but feebly with the rights of woman. Although it is but a poor poem, it is not uninteresting, for it shows by what standards Orinda's con-

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 147. This tune was Philaster's favorite. Katherine said of it: "The Composition is between *Recitative* and *Air*, and humours the Variety of it [the song] so well, that all here are extremely taken with it."

2. Page 119.

temporaries, one of them at least, judged the translation, and judged also Orinda herself. The first part is an argument for feminism quite modern in its tone, in which Orinda is made to stand as an example of the new woman. Philo-Philippa invokes Orinda, the glory of her sex, for her Muse — that Orinda who dared to compete with the greater wits:

A Woman Translate *Pompey*! which the fam'd
Corneille with such art and labour fram'd!
To whose close version the Wits club their sense,
And a new Lay-Poetic SMEC¹ springs thence!
Yes, that bold work a Woman dares Translate,
Not to provoke, nor yet to fear mens hate.

And then Philo-Philippa rushes to the defense of women. She condemns the past, and proves it to have been unsound. Women are not useless in war: witness the Amazons and the Spartan virgins. No, they do not lack courage: witness Orinda, that modern example of unselfish friendship:

That noble friendship brought thee to our Coast,
We thank *Lucasia*, and thy Courage boast.
Death in each Wave could not *Orinda* fright,
Fearless she acts that friendship she did write.

Women do not bow before men, even in poetry: witness Sappho. And again, witness Orinda. Only after this long discourse is Philo-Philippa ready to discuss the translation, and then she proves to be as extreme in criticism as she was in argument. Pompey himself has become greater than he ever was in Rome, and Cornelia, who in French was a jewel, is now become a star. Philo-Philippa is not backward in exalting Orinda even above Corneille. She

1. A reference, of course, to Smectymnuus.

gives excellent expression to the seventeenth-century principles of translation and tells us how Orinda's *Pompey* stands the test:

To render word for word, at the old rate,
Is only but to Construe, not Translate:
In your own fancy free, to his sence true,
We read *Cornelia*, and *Orinda* too:
And yet ye both are so the very same,
As when two Tapers join'd make one bright flame.
And sure the Copier's honor is not small,
When Artists doubt which is Original.

A little farther on, she expresses the qualities of style demanded by her age while she criticizes Orinda's verse:

A gliding Sea of Crystal doth best show
How smooth, clear, full, and rich your Verse doth flow:
Your words are chosen, cull'd not by chance writ,
To make the sence, as Anagrams do hit.
Your rich becoming words on the sence wait,
As Maids of Honor on a Queen of State.
'Tis not White Satin makes a Verse more white,
Or soft; Iron is both, write you on it,
Your Poems come forth cast, no File you need,
At one brave Heat both shap'd and polished.

If the other complimentary poems that Orinda received were as instructive as this one, their loss is to be lamented; if they contained no better panegyric, they are perhaps not worth even an antiquarian regret.

In the same letter which tells of Philo-Philippa's verses, Katherine informs Sir Charles that she is sending him some printed *Pompeys*, a fact from which it appears that sometime during the last two months, as if to confirm the success of the play, *Pompey* had been put into print. As a consequence, the question of the Duchess, to whom the manuscript had been dedicated, has been reopened, and

Katherine has been thinking how she might dispose of it in a becoming manner. She calls upon Sir Charles for aid: "Be pleas'd to get one bound and present it to the Dutchess"; and she adds with some boldness, "and if you think the King would allow such a Trifle a Place in his Closet, let him have another."¹ But before the presentation, she implores him to correct the couplet containing *Heaven* and *Power*² and to forgive her the retention of the word *effort*.³ A week later, on April 15, she writes again with the business of *Pompey* still uppermost in her mind and letters. She wishes she could have sent more copies, but there being only five hundred printed, she could not get as many as she wanted. The success of *Pompey*, though she forbears saying it, had been great. The enterprising London booksellers, unwilling to be outdone, were after her. She tells Sir Charles and requests his help: "Mr. HERRINGMAN has written to me to give him leave to reprint it at *London*, and I have order'd my Brother PHILIPS to treat with him about it. But I must beg the Favour of you to correct it before it goes to the Press; particularly the two Lines I writ to you of last Post, and those where the Word *Effort* was us'd, which I desire may be alter'd as you once advis'd. And unless you will take the Trouble upon you of correcting the Proofs, I am sure it will be as false printed as was my Copy of Verses to the Queen."⁴ Thus *Pompey*, after having been received with favor on the Dublin stage and after having been printed in a small Dublin edition, which was soon sold out, was to be introduced into England.

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 118.

2. See p. 175.

3. See p. 173.

4. *Letters* (1729), p. 122. I have never seen or heard of this printing of the verses to the Queen.

And now, more than ever, the question of the Duchess of York arose. It was not necessary to have a dedication to the Dublin edition, but for an English edition the case was entirely different. Could Katherine neglect the person who had sponsored her play in manuscript? But could she dedicate it to that person without signing her name? She is in a quandary, and she writes her *Poliarchus* in her usual nervous, foreboding manner: "I would beg leave publicly to address it to the Dutchess, but that I must then put my Name to it, which I can never resolve to do; for I shall scarce ever pardon myself the Confidence of having permitted it to see the Light at all, tho' it was purely in my own Defence that I did; for had I not furnish'd a true Copy, it had been printed from one that was very false and imperfect. But should I once own it publicly, I think I should never be able to shew my Face again; and thus her Highness will be freed from the trouble of protecting a Trifle, which indeed had never been expos'd at all, but by her Approbation, which was my sole Encouragement to let it first be seen by those, who even compell'd me to suffer it to be acted and then printed." ¹ So she settled the question by a balancing of fears. It was bad to neglect the Duchess; it was worse to make her name public. She would leave Sir Charles to explain. A month later, nevertheless, she is still fussing about this delicate point. Here is what she writes on May 23: "I thank you for presenting POMPEY to his MAJESTY, and for the favourable Account you give me of his Royal Goodness for that Trifle. I consent to whatever you think fit to do about printing it, but conjure you by all our mutual Friendship, not to put my Name to it, nay, not so much as the least mark or hint

1. Page 122.

whereby the Publick may guess from whence it came; for could I have prevail'd with my self so far as to have made my Name publick in print, I would have begg'd the Dutchess's Leave to have laid it at her Feet in a Dedication: But since that is not to be done without a Name subscrib'd, I have taken the Resolution rather to seem rude in her Opinion, than so confident both in hers and the World's, as to imagine that any thing I could produce were worthy her Acceptance and Protection, or the Notice or Regard of the Publick. But I remember to have seen some *French* Books, without any formal Dedication, where there was in the Title Page, *Dedié à Madame la Princesse, &c.* or the like; why may we not do so too, and say for Example, in the Title-Page of POMPEY, *Humbly dedicated to her Royal Highness the Dutchess of YORK*, and no more? If you think this be proper, let it be so. . . ."¹ And so it was. Katherine speaks of her dedication no more, except to remind Sir Charles to take care of it.

But the dedication and a few minor changes² were destined never to be. Trouble arose between the printers, John Crooke, who had printed the Dublin edition, and Henry Herringman, who was expecting to print the London edition. John Crooke,³ then the King's printer in Ireland, had also a bookshop in London, and it appears that, because he published *Pompey* in Ireland, he claimed the right

1. Page 143.

2. Page 134. "I am told I was mistaken in giving ACHOREUS the Quality of CLEOPATRA's Gentleman-Usher, he being an *Egyptian* Priest. If it be an Error, the *French* led me into it, by calling him *Ecuyer de la Reine*. . . . After the third Act I have us'd an Expression which I take to be improper; *Recitative Air*: I desire it may be made *Recitative Music*: And as to the rest, let all the Corrections in the Copy I sent to your self be observ'd." May 2, 1663.

3. H. R. Plomer, *A Dictionary of Booksellers and Printers . . . from 1641 to 1647* (London, 1907), p. 57.

to publish it in England too. When Katherine hears of this, she has a confused, unbusinesslike idea of the points at stake. She writes to Poliarchus: "I am vex'd you meet with so much Trouble about the printing of POMPEY, certainly it was conceiv'd in an angry Hour; the Players fell out about it here, and so, it seems, the Printers do at *London*: If CROOK will reprint it, he ought to give me some Copies; if he will not, why should he quarrel with one that will? The best on't is, between 'em both it may perhaps be never made more publick than it is."¹ And the struggle between the printers went on. Herringman entered the play in the Stationer's Register on February 15, 1663/4, hoping apparently to obtain the copyright.² But he never printed an edition. The London edition of 1663 was actually done by Croke, and was an exact reprint of the Dublin edition. All of Katherine's instructions for a dedication, all of her requests for amendments, came to nothing.

Here, then, in brief is the bibliographical history of *Pompey*. John Croke published the Dublin edition under the following title: "*Pompey. A Tragedy*. Dublin. Printed by John Croke, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, for Samuel Dancer, next door to the Bear and Ragged-staff in Castle Street, 1663."³ In addition to the prologue, epilogue, and text, there is a short notice from the printer to the reader, which was retained, although the need of it had ceased to exist, in all subsequent editions.⁴ The same printer in the same year published the London

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 148.

2. *Transcript of the Registers of the Worshipful Company of Stationers: from 1640-1708 A.D.*, ed. G. E. B. Eyre (London, 1913-14), II, 339.

3. This edition is very rare. There is one copy in the Bodleian Library.

4. This notice sounds very much as if it came from the pen of the Matchless Orinda herself.

edition under the following title: "*Pompey. A Tragedy. Acted with great applause.* London, Printed for John Crooke, at the sign of the Ship in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1663."¹ It is exactly the same in all respects as the Dublin edition. These two are the only editions of *Pompey* in 1663.² When Herringman put out the complete works in 1667, he added with separate title-pages *Pompey* and the four acts (the fourth act lacks scenes 6 and 7) of *Horace* which had been completed by Katherine before her death. Prefixed to *Pompey* are some verses to the Countess of Cork which might have been written to accompany a presentation copy. The Countess is there hailed as the one whose orders brought the translation to light, so that she is probably that "excellent Lady" of the notice from the printer to the reader.³ In 1669 Herringman published another edition, the same as that of 1667, except that the fifth act of *Horace* by Sir John Denham is added. The edition of 1678, also by Herringman, is a reprint of the 1669 edition. The last printing of *Pompey* was for the complete poems put out by Jacob Tonson in 1710, an edition which varies from the former only in that Sir Charles Cotton's fifth act of *Horace* instead of Sir John Denham's is used, to allow the French original to be placed more easily on the

1. This edition is also rare. There are copies in both the British Museum and the Bodleian Library. Picot, *Bibliographie Cornélienne* (Paris, 1876), item 914, confuses this edition with the translation made by the "Persons of Honour."

2. Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 224, and the *D. N. B.* say that there were two simultaneous London editions. I can find no trace of a second edition. Picot, *Bibliographie Cornélienne*, item 913, notes also a second 1663 edition; but, as he says that the fifth act was done by Sir John Denham, he has no doubt confused *Pompey* with *Horace*.

3. "... And that no abuser of Transcribers (though they were ungenerous) could have prevail'd to send it to the Press, if that Person most concern'd had not fear'd to disobey an excellent Lady, who commanded this Publication. . . ." — The Printer to the Reader.

opposite page. The text of *Pompey* has always remained the same in spite of Orinda's earnest commands to Poliarchus to see that her improvements were carried out.

With her *Pompey* presented successfully on the stage and in the hands of the public, Katherine had little to fear from the rival translation done by the "Persons of Honour" in respect to time, but in respect to excellence she still had cause to worry. Would her translation be thrown into insignificance? Should she be made to appear ridiculous? The other translation is always in the background and she mentions it again and again. She wants to know "what Judgment the Town makes of the other Translation"; she desires the protection of the Duchess of York against "the Severity of all that have had a hand in the other Translation"; she hears a rumor that "the Confederate Translators intend to have theirs shortly acted, of which I would fain know the Truth." Her curiosity is great to know the members composing this club of wits that is about to outdo her. She knows that Waller is one, and she finds out later the names of the others. In January, 1662/3, she writes to her Poliarchus: ". . . I have laid out several ways to get a Copy, but cannot yet procure one, except only of the first Act that was done by Mr. WALLER. Sir EDWARD FILMORE did one, Sir CHARLES SEDLEY another, and my Lord BUCKHURST another; but who the fifth, I cannot learn, pray inform yourself as soon as you can, and let me know it."¹ The letters never name the fifth, but tradition has it that Sidney Godolphin was the man.² These were enough certainly to make Katherine regret that she ever entered into rivalry with them.

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 108.

2. Beyond the fact that Waller did the first act and Lord Buckhurst the fourth, there is little known of this translation. The other authors are not much

However, her confidence was reestablished by the appearance of their translation. She recognized at once that her own was better, and the world has thought so ever since. Her criticisms of her rivals' *Pompey* are among the most interesting and valuable passages in her letters; they form a complete statement of her theory of translation, and give the true criteria by which her own translations should be judged. Her theory is not unfamiliar. It is the same which, some twenty years later, Dryden made current by his two well-known essays, the *Preface to the Translation of Ovid's Epistles* (1680) and the *Sylvae; or, the Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies* (1685), and, curiously enough, Dryden expressed it in the same figurative language. Nothing could be more definite than Orinda's statement of purpose: "I think, a Translation ought not to be used as Musicians do a Ground, with all the Liberty of Descant, but as Painters when they copy; and the Rule that I understood of Translations, till these Gentlemen inform'd me better, was to write to CORNEILLE's Sense, as it is to be suppos'd CORNEILLE would have done, if he had been an *Englishman* not confin'd to his Lines, nor his Numbers, (unless we can do it happily) but always to his Meaning; or to say all, to translate as the Temple of Death is translated, where the Original appears in its own true undisfigured Proportion, and yet beautify'd with all the Riches of another Tongue." ¹ Katherine's ideal of good

more than traditional. Sedley is well known. Sir Edward Filmore is obscure. Sidney Godolphin gives trouble. Mulert, *Corneille auf der Englischen Bühne*, p. 38, doubts his existence, as the poet of that name died in 1643; but Canfield, *Corneille and Racine in England*, p. 56, points out that there was a man by that name, a nephew of the poet, living at that time. Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, p. 96, evades the question: "*Pompey* (L.I.F., 1664) written by Waller, Buckhurst and Sedley — perhaps a few others as well. . . ."

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 83.

translation was difficult to realize, and Poliarchus might well feel complimented to have his own *Temple of Death* held up thus as an example of perfection.¹

After Katherine had gone over the first, second, and fourth acts of the rival translation, applying the principles stated above, she wrote a keen and detailed criticism to Poliarchus. "I must then tell you," she says, "that Mr. WALLER's own act is not free in my poor Opinion from just Exceptions. The Word *Roman Blade* shocks me very much, his frequent double Rhymes in an heroic Poem, his calling POMPEY a Consul, when that was not in the Original, or the History, both the Consuls being with him at *Pharsalia*; *Pharsalian Kites* for *les Vautours de Pharsale*; I cannot relish his englishing *le dernier preuve* [*sic*] *de leur Amitie*, *their new Friendship*, and many Additions and Omissions of the Author's Sense. Then in the second and fourth Acts, (which are all I have) unless the Parts acted were much reform'd from this Copy, there are as many Faults as ever I saw in a good Poem; which, were I near you, I could much better ask your opinion of: only let me now inquire what you think of these Words,

*Ne me parlez donc plus de Tage & de Gange,
Je connoy ma portée, & ne prends point de Change.*

Which they have English'd thus;

*Talk not to me of Tagus, nor of Ganges,
I know my Right, and care not for your Changes,*

And the calling JUBA, SCIPIO and POMPEY's Sons, (for a Rhyme too) *daring Sprights*, making CLEOPATRA say she

1. It is stated elsewhere that this translation was by Poliarchus. See *Letters*, p. 62. It was never published, and is now unknown. The later translation of Phillippe Habert's poem by Mulgrave seems to have supplanted it.

courts CÆSAR, and adding ten or twelve Lines of *Rome's* becoming a Monarchy; for which, as there is no Ground in CORNEILLE, so I see not how it would have been proper for her to say at that time, when CÆSAR had just refus'd a Crown, being *pique d'honneur*, not to be thought *Rome's* Sovereign, tho' he was her Master." ¹ Katherine, it will be remembered, in her own translation had been very careful about such details as these.

Again in one other important passage in the letters Katherine criticizes her rivals. She repeats her idea of translation, and gives besides her idea of versification, an addition which makes complete the general principles necessary for an intelligent criticism of her work. In the first part of this passage she reiterates her disapproval of the liberty taken by the translators: "But I cannot but be surpriz'd at the great Liberty they have taken in adding, omitting and altering the Original as they please themselves: This I take to be a Liberty not pardonable in Translators, and unbecoming the Modesty of that Attempt: For since the different ways of writing ought to be observ'd with their several Proprieties, this way of garbling Authors is fitter for a Paraphrase than a Translation." And in the second part she discusses versification in a statement which ought to take its place in the history of the heroic couplet: "But having assum'd so great a Licence, I wonder their Verses are any where either flat or rough, which you will observe them not seldom to be; besides, their Rhymes are frequently very bad: but what chiefly disgusts me, is, that the Sense most commonly languishes through three or four Lines, and then ends in the middle of the fifth: For I am of opinion, that the Sense ought

¹ 1. Pages 81 ff.

always to be confin'd to the Couplet, otherwise the Lines must needs be spiritless and dull." ¹ It would be difficult to state Katherine's principles of translation more forcibly or more completely. Reduced to a few words, however, they come to this. The sense of an author must be followed exactly, the artifices of style being reproduced in so far as they do not require a sacrifice of the sense by their equivalent in English. The proprieties of the different *genres* will set the form; for example, in the case of a play by Corneille which is written in the French couplet, the equivalent in English, the heroic couplet, should be used.

With these principles of translation so clearly defined, it is not difficult to form an estimate of *Pompey*. Katherine herself has declared exactly what she set out to do; it remains to be seen how well she has performed her task.

To her major principle of close adherence to the sense of the original she is almost without exception true. It is therefore all the more remarkable that she has given a line-for-line, or rather a couplet-for-couplet, translation of Corneille.² She worked always in couplets. When she

1. Page 166.

2. She deviates in only two places: (1) Act IV, sc. iii. After "Than to dispute the Right of serving you," a couplet is omitted in the 1667, 1678, and 1710 editions. I am no longer able to consult the Dublin and London editions of 1663. The printer is probably in fault. (2) Act II, sc. ii. The later French editions of *Pompée* read:

La triste Cornélie, à cet affreux spectacle,
Par de longs cris aigus tâche d'y mettre obstacle,
Défend ce cher époux de la voix et des yeux,
Puis, n'espérant plus rien, lève les mains aux cieux. (537-540)

The 1644-56 editions, breaking the long speech, read in this way:

A ce spectacle affreux, la pauvre Cornélie . . .

CLEOPATRE

Dieux! en quels déplaisirs est-elle ensevelie?

ACHORÉE

Ayant toujours suivi ce cher époux des yeux,
Je l'ai vue élever ces triste mains aux cieux.

could, she preserved the sense of both lines; but if either line was doomed to suffer, it was the first. By maintaining the second line in all its balance and its aphoristic force, she effectively emphasized the closing of the couplet. Such was her regular procedure. Examples of her method may be taken from almost any page of *Pompey*; for instance, the following lines in Ptolemy's speech to Photinus (Act IV, sc. i):

Then let thy Justice threaten as it please,
'Tis I, must, with thy Ruine, *Rome* appease:
And of that cruel mercy vengeance take,
Which spares a King, but for his Sister's sake.
My Life and Power shall not exposed be
To her Resentment, or thy Levity;
Lest thou, to morrow, shouldst at such a rate
Reward her Love, or else revenge her Hate.

Tonne, tonne à ton gré, fais peur de ta justice:
C'est à moi d'apaiser Rome par ton supplice;
C'est à moi de punir ta cruelle douceur,
Qui n'épargne en un roi que le sang de sa soeur.
Et n'abandonner pas ma vie et ma puissance
Au hasard de sa haine ou de ton inconstance;
Ni souffrir que demain tu puisses à ce prix
Récompenser sa flamme ou punir ses mépris.¹

(1121-1128)

Katherine seems to combine the two readings. She breaks the speech, but she retains the thought found in the later texts. The point is of interest because in all other respects she has followed the 1644-56 text. Here is her treatment:

The poor *Cornelia* at the dreadful view.

CLEOPATRA

O Gods! What could she either say or do!

ACHOREUS

By woful shrieks, she try'd his life to shield,
Then hopeless up to Heav'n her hands she held.

1. I give the text of the 1644-56 editions, the text obviously which Katherine used, and the line numbering of the Marty-Laveaux edition of Corneille, Paris, 1862.

Or to quote a single couplet out of many (Act IV, sc. iii):

But yet my Passion its own harm procures,
For I must quit you, if I will be yours.

Mais, las! contre mon feu mon feu me sollicite:
Si je veux être à vous, il faut que je vous quitte.
(1329-1330)

Sometimes, though not often, she can preserve both lines of the couplet as in the following (Act III, sc. iv):

And witness be, how, after our debate,
I shall revere his Name, revenge his Fate.

Afin d'être témoin comme après nos débats
Je chéris sa mémoire et venge son trépas.
(1063-1064)

(Act V, sc. i):

To *Caesar*, *Ptolemy*, by base surprise,
Rome, of thy *Pompey*, made a sacrifice.

Ptolémée à César, par un lâche artifice,
Rome, de ton Pompée a fait un sacrifice.
(1473-1474)

First of all Katherine held to the sense. It would be difficult to find anywhere French Alexandrines so neatly and so accurately contained in the English heroic couplet.

These quotations show also that Katherine gave great attention to her secondary principle, the reproduction of rhetorical devices. She is careful to preserve as far as possible the balanced constructions of her original, and her success in this one respect was doubtlessly enough to bring her the great reputation for cleverness that she enjoyed in her own time. There is no need to multiply quotations; every page abounds in felicities. When she cannot retain the original balance, she gains the same effect by substituting another; for example (Act V, sc. i):

Love is concern'd in't too, and he does fight
In *Pompey's* cause for *Cleopatra's* Right.

L'amour même s'y mêle, et le force à combattre:
Quand il venge Pompée, il défend Cléopâtre.

(1549-1550)

Or (Act V, sc. ii):

Queen, you as Sister, I as Widow speak.

Reine, je parle en veuve, et vous parlez en soeur.

(1600)

With the same deftness, she is often able to retain the aphoristic force of Corneille. It would be useless to point out more than a few lines, and the two following, which are typical of many, may suffice (Act I, sc. i):

They fear no Conqueror, who the conquer'd strike.

Qui frappe le vaincu ne craint point le vainqueur.

(116)

(Act IV, sc. iii):

That frighted Nations may, at *Caesar's* name,
Say, He but came, and saw, and overcame.

Pour faire dire encore aux peuples pleins d'effroi,
Que venir, voir et vaincre est même chose en moi.

(1335-1336)

From these few examples from *Pompey*, it can readily be seen that Katherine could justly be proud of her accurate reproduction of the original and could criticize as she did the careless work of the "Persons of Honour." There must be few other translations which can compare with Orinda's *Pompey* in mere formal accuracy.

This translation is one of the best, if not the best, of all the verse translations of Corneille; yet it is not a great translation. It has many defects. The rhymes are sometimes bad, the phrasing is sometimes awkward, the lines

sometimes (twice, I believe) are defective in the number of feet. But these are small things and could be overlooked if there were great things to overbalance them. The truth is that Orinda's *Pompey* is lacking in poetical quality. All the fine subtleties of the French are lost, and Katherine has not compensation of her own to give, as Pope had when he translated the *Iliad*. It is almost pitiful, for instance, to find Corneille's magnificent couplet (Act IV, sc. iv),

Va, ne perds point le temps, il presse. Adieux: tu peux
Te vanter qu'une fois j'ai fait pour toi des vœux,
(1423-1424)

translated in this way:

Adieu, no time in this should wasted be,
Go then, and boast I once made vows for thee.

Although *Pompey* could never be called a great translation, it is not contemptible. There is much good work in it. The whole third act, Katherine's favorite in the French, is well done, and the scenes between Cleopatra and Caesar in the fourth act approach heroic eloquence. None need ever be ashamed of such a production, and it cannot be said after all defects have been emphasized that she has failed. If she did not make one of the great translations in English, the reason was that she was not a great poet.

The contemporaries of Orinda, however, appear to have been satisfied. They hailed *Pompey* enthusiastically as an improvement on the French, and looked upon it as one of the literary triumphs of the age. They read it eagerly, as the numerous editions attest, and they saw it with applause on the London stage, according to Langbaine and Ballard, as late as 1678.¹ It became so well known that it

1. Mulert, *Corneille auf der Englischen Bühne*, p. 26; Canfield, *Corneille and Racine in England*, p. 45. A list that is given in Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, p. 309,

furnished inspiration for the fifth act of Davenant's farce *The Playhouse to be Let*, which was acted after it when Langbaine saw it at the Duke's Theatre. The translation of *Pompey* was Katherine's first great success.

Although Katherine was active in the social and literary life of Dublin, she never lost contact with affairs at home, and she referred in almost every letter to some happening at London or at Cardigan, usually, of course, some event that concerned Antenor or Poliarchus. One of these, a mere trifle, gave her the occasion of entertaining many anxious thoughts and of writing many anxious words. She was informed by one of her sources of information, perhaps Rosania, that she was on the point of losing her Poliarchus forever; that Poliarchus, to forget the heartless Lucasia, was carrying on an affair with another lady. Her feelings hurt at hearing such news at second hand, she wrote reprimanding him for not confiding in her as he should. "But now I am boasting of a Friend," she complained on December 11, 1662, after speaking of Lady Roscommon, "I fear you will give me no cause to do so of you, if after all your Obligements you conceal your Amour from a Person so interested as myself in all that concerns you. I can hear in several Places of a Servant to a Lady who has 3000 Pounds a Year, and I could tell you his Name too, if I thought you were a Stranger to it."¹ And two weeks later (December 27), still without an answer, she asks for a report of this amour. At last, on January 10, she expresses her great pleasure at the answer she has received. Not that she objected to Poliarchus's falling in

shows that it (if there is no confusion with the *Pompey* of the Persons of Honour) was acted by the Duke's Company on March 28, 1671.

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 99.

love; it was his silence that disturbed her. She replies to him: "... I verily believed you as arrant a Lover as ever you were, till you undeceiv'd me afterwards, and gave me just reason to acquit you of the Unkindness I laid to your charge, in refusing to make me your Confident. I heard from several Persons that you were carrying on an Amour, and I could tell you the Lady's Name too; but since there is nothing in it, 'twill be best to say no more of it. . . ." ¹ Since Katherine had discovered the "marriage of a Friend to be the Funeral of a Friendship," it is no wonder that she was disturbed at the thought of Poliarchus's marriage to an unknown person.

However, it was the unknown person and not the marriage that she objected to; for, upon her return to England, she plotted with Rosania to bring about a match that would make sure of him forever. She wrote him then in a different tone: "ROSANIA would fain have you her Neighbor in *Northamptonshire*, by marrying a handsome rich Widow there, and a Cousin of LUCASIA's; she will tell you more of it: And really, Sir, I cannot approve the Austerity of your Resolutions against it, if a convenient Fortune and an agreeable Person may be had. . . ." ² The elegant Poliarchus, a rich and handsome widower, could not fail to be a problem to his admiring female friends. But it does not appear that he ever followed their advice.

Another event of much greater importance which received a full discussion in the letters was the election of Sir Charles to parliament for the borough of Cardigan. It was an honor by means of which Katherine designed to repay him for all that he had done in her service and

1. Page 104.

2. Page 85.

Antenor's, and, as its inspirer, she had its success much at heart. She waited until she was assured that it had taken place, and then she hastened to announce it with the greatest satisfaction. Her letter of April 18, 1663, gives a detailed account: "Give me leave, Sir, to tell you what I know you have heard from ANTENOR already, that he entreats you to accept of an Election to be Burgess for the Town of *Cardigan*, which he would not mention to you till 'twas past, because he was resolv'd not to expose you to a Repulse; nor had you ever been nam'd, but that he found himself able to carry it for you against all the World. You are chosen upon the Poll by 118 Votes, all of them allow'd by our Antagonists themselves to have right to elect. If any of the other Party should endeavour to insinuate that they quietly submitted to it, merely out of respect to you, pray let them know, that you are sufficiently inform'd, they did all they could to oppose you, and that it was carry'd purely by ANTENOR's single interest. I hope all those who were the greatest Sticklers against him will now be convinc'd, that after all their Contrivances to asperse his Person, and baffle the Election, he is not yet the despicable thing in his own Country that they would represent him to be. He hopes you will not despise this little Instance, since 'tis all his Misfortunes have left him capable to give, of his Esteem and Gratitude to you; for whom I am certain he has as profound a Respect and Veneration as for any Man living. I know you are not fond of being a Parliament-Man; yet since you are elected, so much without your seeking, that I am sure it was not so much as thought of by you; and since it was intended as a Testimony of the eternal Value and Friendship that ANTENOR and ORINDA must ever have for the noble POLIARCHUS, I

hope he will not be angry to be sent into the House without his own Consent or Knowledge. The truth is, ANTENOR and myself always intended it, but were not willing to tell you so, till we saw what Forces our Enemies were like to muster up against us; and had they been likely to have been too powerful for ANTENOR to cope with, your Name had been never mention'd: But when he saw the Affections of the Town so unanimous for him, he recommended you to them as a Person fit to be their Representative in Parliament; and, as I am inform'd by some who heard him, made a very handsome Speech in the face of the Country, and declar'd himself in such a manner as became a Gentleman, who neither could fear his Enemies, nor abandon his Country's Service. Since you have this Relation to a place where our little Fortune and Interest lies, I hope it will be a new Tie to our Friendship, and that ANTENOR will by this means have sometimes the Honour of hearing from you, which I know he will value as from the Man whose Acquaintance he most covets. And if any happy Providence make an Overture for our coming near you, he may then contract that Intimacy with you, which next to my own Happiness in your Conversation, which is now become absolutely necessary to the Satisfaction of my Life, is one of my most aspiring Wishes in this World. But now you are a Member of Parliament, woe be to you for Letters; for if possible, I will increase that Persecution, since you will have but half the Inconvenience of them to excuse, I mean, the Trouble, not the Charge: And to say truth I have mightily consider'd those two Points, have I not?"¹

The next six letters all have something to say about the

1. Pages 126 ff.

election. It seems that Antenor's evil star was still in the ascendant, for once more trouble arose. Sir Francis Lloyd, the man who had contested the former election, contested this one; and in spite of Katherine's boast about her husband's influence, she was worried. In vain she reassured herself by reiterating the absolute faith she had in Antenor's management of the business, and she refused to believe that Sir Francis Lloyd would go so far as to carry the dispute before the committee on elections. But he did. Katherine, however, is not even then downhearted. When Sir Charles writes that he is reluctant to assert his right, she urges him "not to give up the Cudgels" and to fight to the last, for Antenor must have been sure of himself when he acted. About the time for the hearing, there is a three weeks' silence from Antenor, and Katherine guesses correctly that he has gone to London to work with the committee. In the end Antenor and Poliarchus were victorious, and Orinda rejoiced beyond measure. She wrote to Sir Charles: "I am overjoy'd to hear of the Victory you have gain'd at the Committee, tho' I could foresee no less both from the Equity of your Cause, and the Interest you had to support it; but what pleases me most is, that the Proofs were so clear, that even Mr. VAUGHAN with all his Cunning was forc'd to second whom he could not resist. I am very glad too that ANTENOR was present; for though I knew he would never decline any thing that might tend to the Service of so dear and noble a Friend to us as POLIARCHUS, yet I was not certain what Impossibilities he might meet with in that Attempt, thro' want of Health, or somewhat of that nature. Sir FRANCIS has now made himself as ridiculous in *London*, as he is in the Country; and done you and ANTENOR all the Right he could have

study'd to do you." ¹ Sir Francis, indeed, was beaten so completely that Sir Charles remained peaceably in his seat for the next fifteen years.

While the election in England was being decided in favor of Poliarchus and Antenor, Katherine's own business in Ireland was slowly drawing to a conclusion. On May 23 she wrote back that the hearing of two of her claims had been set for June 10, and that soon after she hoped to be hastening home. The trials seem actually to have taken place on the appointed date,² but the time was so short and the law so involved that a decision was reached on only one case, the other, "for the thirds of a small Estate for an old Woman's Life," being postponed until another day. Victorious and in very good humor, she sat down immediately to inform Sir Charles of her good fortune. She promises she will not bore him with any "tedious narrative" of law business, and passes on to tell what she knows will be more amusing, the story of Sir Nicholas Armourer's waggish behavior in court. "I must now tell you," she writes, "a pleasant Adventure of your Grandfather,³ who having manfully conducted me into the Court, and offer'd his whole Company to be my Affidavit-Men, if I had occasion for them, no sooner laid Eyes on my Adversary, who is indeed a pretty Woman, than he was smitten to the Heart, and forsook me in the Eyes of the whole World, making his Addresses to her publicly in the Court; and to

1. Page 156.

2. Page 151. Letter XXXIV is not dated, but it was written not many days after June 10. Katherine says: "I have receiv'd your kind Letter, tho' not timely enough to the tenth of *June*, yet before the absolute Determination of my Business; for by the great Goodness of the Commissioners we had a farther Day allow'd us. . . ." Letter XXXV was written after the "farther day."

3. See p. 159. Sir Nicholas Armourer was called "grandfather" by Sir Charles.

complete all, gallanted her home in his Coach, and left me to shift for myself, and get away as I could. Judge if he have not taken full Revenge for the *Rebus* I made of him." ¹ But Katherine had at least the small revenge of winning her cause.

The case of the thirds for the old woman did not end so successfully. When Katherine writes back about it, she is vexed, because it was only through the "Negligence of Persons nearly concern'd" in not having witnesses ready that she lost at all. The court was called upon to judge "whether the Husband's Guilt debarr'd the Wife of her Dower," and decided in favor of the wife. "So," Katherine adds after a long explanation, "we must be bothered with this old Woman's Thirds during her Life" ² — an honest remark that gives small promise of the imminent sentimentalism of the eighteenth century. With this case, Katherine's business in Ireland came to an end, and there was no longer any reason, not even Lucasia, for her to remain away from Antenor.

The time had come to depart. "But oh! That there were no Tempests but those of the Sea for me to suffer in parting from my dear Lucasia!" she exclaims at the very thought of the final separation. Still she must go. Duty and Antenor call. And so, after a year in Ireland, a year that was to be the most brilliant of her life, she sailed on July 15 for Milford, where she was to find Antenor waiting for her.

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 152.

2. Page 158.

CHAPTER VII

The Last Year

EXCEPT for a few months in London, Katherine spent the last year of her life in Cardigan among the "beloved rocks and rivers" which she had formerly considered her "best entertainments." There, far away from her friends and the intellectual stimulus of courtly society, she could enjoy no company of brilliant wits, no literary activity, no theatre; she could find only the simple pleasures of the innocent country life, which once she had advocated so strongly, and the agreeable sense of an unqualified acceptance of duty, which she had always acknowledged as her highest aim. The year in Cardigan was one of quiet and of solitude, a year that in almost every respect was the exact opposite of that she had just passed in Dublin. The contrast was not a particularly happy one for her. Perhaps she was in part to blame, for she had been spoiled no doubt by the attention that she had received in Ireland; but only in part, for she missed in Cardigan the pleasures that she had once enjoyed. Lucasia was no longer at Landshipping to shine with her soft light on the harshness of daily life, and Antenor could no longer take her to the metropolis for the parliamentary season. And so, almost like an exile in a strange country, Katherine dwelt in Wales for nearly a year, dreaming of her native London. She looked forward

only to the time when she should be there again, happy once more in the conversation of her friends.

If Katherine ever described for Sir Charles her voyage back from Ireland and her meeting with Antenor, the information has now been lost, for the first letter from Wales is dated September 17, 1663, two months after the note that announced her departure. It is not difficult, however, to imagine that she must have approached home with a good deal of anxiety. When she had left for Ireland, Antenor was still in the depths of that depression which had followed the collapse of his fortunes. Would she still find him so? On October 2, she writes that she is delighted with the change that has taken place, and gives a full account of Antenor and his affairs: "He is now putting his shatter'd Affairs in some new Model, in order to leave his little All as clear as he found it: and I believe it will require the best part of this Winter to reduce his long-neglected Business into such a Method, as will admit his Absence from thence. His late Indispositions and other Accidents, that threw him into some Remissness of his own Concerns, have brought them into such a Disorder, as will not easily be regulated. Several successive Crosses had so unhing'd his Care and Industry, that his Enemies insulted over him, as if his Heart had been quite broken, and his Tenants and Servants us'd him as they pleas'd. But I thank God, I find him now quite another Person than when I came last from *London*. The good Fortune he had to carry the Election for you, was the first time that any of his Relations took notice, that he began to resume his former Heart and Resolution, which he has ever since preserv'd, by doing all things with his wonted Care and Courage; so that I make no question but God has some Blessings in store for us,

since he has been pleas'd to put him again into the Humour and Capacity of Business, for which no Man is more naturally fit than himself." ¹ With Antenor once more his normal self, Katherine laid aside her worst fears, and settled down to life in Cardigan, eager to help in any way she could, but hoping that the best way would require her presence in London.

She was always at the mercy of an internal conflict between her duty to Antenor and her longing to be with her friends. It was so when she went to Ireland; it was the same now that she had returned. She wanted to do her part in the reconstruction of the "new model" into which Antenor was putting his affairs, but she wanted at the same time to be in London enjoying the conversation of Rosania and Poliarchus. Obviously she could not gratify both of these desires unless she could combine the two, unless she could in some way make a sojourn in London become necessary to the advancement of Antenor's concerns. She met the problem, and solved it without the slightest difficulty. She would make the obtaining of a government post for Antenor her excuse for going to town. Even before she left Ireland, she had laid her plans, and had made Lady Cork her ally. She had written as early as May 2 to Poliarchus, whom she knew she could depend upon: "My Lady CORK says she will have me in *London*, and in order to that will, when she comes up, consult with you about the Methods to bring it to pass." ² And then she had named these two, together with Rosania and the Trojan (Hector Philips), as a committee that was to "contrive some way to bring her among them, that may not be prejudicial to ANTENOR's Affairs, nor thwart her willing

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 172.

2. Page 134.

Compliance with his Fortunes.”¹ As the time came for her to embark, she had still thought more of getting away to London than of going to Cardigan, and almost her last words had been to urge Poliarchus to use all of his endeavors to facilitate her coming there and to confer with Hector Philips, who knew the proper procedure of approaching Antenor.² Thus, plotting for her trip to London, which did not take place until a year later, Katherine had sailed from Ireland to Wales.

Once in Cardigan, Katherine could not have promised, like Dorimant in the play, “never to send one thought to London.” On the contrary, she increased rather than diminished her efforts to bring about her visit there. London became her only thought, and, for a whole year, she wrote to Poliarchus scarcely a letter that did not speak of it. In the first that she sent from the Priory (September 17, 1663) after her return, she discusses her plans at length, and thanks Sir Charles for his promised aid in helping Antenor to “so advantageous a Post, as might help to disengage his Estate and countenance our Journey to a Place, which tho’ it be my native one, is not so dear to me on that account, as because it will give me an Opportunity to converse with some few worthy Friends, of which number POLIARCHUS may be assur’d he is one of the first.” Then she goes over the entire scheme once more. She must have an excuse for her journey that will not be prejudicial to her dear Antenor. She has high hopes now that Poliarchus has promised his generous assistance, and she knows that my Lady Cork, if only she can be consulted, will give aid. Rosania, too, she is sure, will lend a helping hand. Some

1. Page 140, May 15, 1663.

2. Letter XXXV. This letter is not dated, but it was written just before Letter XXXVI, which is a short note announcing Katherine’s departure.

measures proper to be taken in this matter can surely be effected.¹ In the next letter (September 25) she says she has heard from Rosania, who writes that "POLIARCHUS and she must lay their Heads together to contrive some way to see ORINDA."² But however much she desires to go, she is afraid she must remain in Cardigan through the winter, Antenor's affairs being in such bad disorder that they require constant attention. Upon no account will she leave her dear Antenor at such a time.³ This determination, however, does not prevent her from persisting, and, as soon as she hears that Lady Cork is in town, she writes Poliarchus to make a visit of consultation about the London project. Rosania, too, she thinks, is there by this time. The three can decide her fate.⁴ A week later she is again talking of her trip and urging Poliarchus to advise with the Trojan concerning what is to be done.⁵ Although she refrains from stating flatly any propositions, she seems to imply something like this: Find a government place for Antenor, and I shall come to London to help in the final negotiations. If you can't, I must remain in Cardigan. Surely Poliarchus, the Master of Ceremonies, Lady Cork, the wife of one of the most powerful nobles in Ireland, and Rosania, the wife of one of the most prominent lawyers in London, can do something. A place not only will repair Antenor's broken fortunes but will make it possible for me to live in London. Katherine was not a bad politician. She gave her friends no rest.

In the meantime, while the committee was at work on the London journey, Katherine was leading a life of inac-

1. Page 163.

2. Page 170.

3. Page 174, October 2, 1663.

4. Page 178, October 13, 1663.

5. Page 79, Letter XIX. This letter, which is the only addition to the second edition of the *Letters to Poliarchus*, is out of place.

tivity at Cardigan. She appears to have had few entertainments except her correspondence with her friends, but, as long as she was full of hope for the future, she would have had no complaints to make if that one pleasure had not been seriously threatened by the misconduct of the postal service. Already, when she writes after her return the first letter that has been preserved, she has reached the end of her patience, and she delivers her grievances to her Poliarchus almost as if she were addressing him in his official capacity of Member of Parliament. "I take an Opportunity of writing to you by a private Hand," she says, "because the Post is so very unsafe, that I fear many of mine, and yours too, which are of ten times more Importance, have miscarry'd: but because we have no other way to depend on constantly, I must beg you to make so effectual a Complaint, as may not only produce a greater Conveniency and Ease to our Correspondence, but be likewise a Help to the whole Country; for the Grievance is now become so general, that the Grand-Jury at *Carmarthen*, have presented Mr. ONEALE, the Post-Master General, for his Misdemeanours in that Office, by which several trading Persons have been almost ruin'd; for their Letters either miscarrying, or coming too late to their hands, have put them to such streights in their Business, that they have been undone by it. The Persons who keep the Stages on the Roads complain they are not paid; if that be true, who can blame them for being remiss in their Duty? If it be objected that the *Milford* Post will not clear Charges, you may answer, that their own Neglect is the cause of it; for the Country is so discourag'd by the Uncertainty and Neglectfulness of the Post, that they chuse rather when they have any Business of Moment, to send a Messenger

on purpose to *London*, than trust the Post with it; and this has been often observ'd to be even a more expeditious Method. We had rather pay more for our Letters, than be us'd at the scandalous rate we are now; and therefore, Sir, pray give Mr. ONEALE no rest, till this Abuse be thoroughly reform'd; and if you find no Redress from him, acquaint the Duke of YORK with it, who I am sure will not suffer us to be thus abus'd by his Officers, and whose Revenue suffers by it in the main." ¹

Nothing could have been worse to Katherine than to have her letters delayed, even lost, by the post. Her formal complaint may have done some good, but its effects were slow in being perceived. In subsequent letters she laments again and again the havoc played with her mail. On October 13 she writes that she has only received five letters from Poliarchus since her return from Ireland, and she has written to him six times. "And yet," she says, "the *Trojan* tells me you have had but two, and are grown so stout that you will write no more: But pray where's the Justice of revenging on me the villainous Neglects of the Post?" ² On October 26 and November 13 the post still commands her attention. On the latter date, she complains that she has not heard from Poliarchus for over a month. Is it the post? Or is her Poliarchus grown tired of her correspondence? She admits that at such a thought she is driven into melancholy considerations. She says: "Sometimes I am melancholy enough to fancy that I gave you too much Trouble about our private Affairs, and us'd you with too much Familiarity for you to pardon; and that from hence proceeds this your unusual Silence. If so, you may be assur'd that I have suffer'd enough by this dumb way

1. Pages 161 ff., September 17, 1663.

2. Page 177.

of Punishment, and therefore let me intreat you to write now, even tho' it be to chide, rather than be silent any longer." ¹ Almost as soon as she had written these words, she must have received a letter from Poliarchus to make her regret them; for, in her next of November 28, she acknowledges his of November 2. The post remained her greatest worry for another month, but at last, on December 24, she could write that it had become so honest as to bring letters in six days. "Pray God keep them in that good Mind," she exclaimed, and then dropped the subject for ever.

At the time of this "villainous neglect of the post," Katherine was carrying on an extensive correspondence. She was writing not only to her old friends — Poliarchus, Rosania, Lucasia, and the Trojan — but also to her new friends of the Irish visit. Her adored Valeria (Anne Boyle) and her lovely Celimena (Elizabeth Boyle), who had been so kind to her in Dublin, had not yet forgotten their vows, and she acknowledges the receipt of letters from them, which had been forwarded to her by Poliarchus, on October 2 and November 13. The admired Orrery also sent her a "most kind letter," in which he repeated his preference for her *Pompey* over the *Pompey* of the Persons of Honour.² The godfather, it appears, remained faithful to the last.

But these were not all. There was another person with whom Katherine corresponded, one whose name she never mentions in her letters to Poliarchus but whose friendship she must have owed to the Irish visit — Dorothy Temple, the wife of Sir William Temple. Since she was one of the most extraordinary women of the seventeenth century and

1. Page 181.

2. Page 206, January 19, 1663/4.

perhaps the only woman of that century who can outshine Orinda as a letter-writer, the connection between the two is of great interest. It is not clear when they became acquainted, but it seems probable that they met in Dublin, where the Temples were living throughout the time that Katherine was there.¹ Only one letter² to testify to this friendship has been preserved, and it is not of a tone intimate enough to justify the supposition that they had known each other for a long time or that they had known each other intimately. It is a letter from Orinda to Mrs. Temple, written on January 22, 1664, and addressed to "my highly honour'd Mrs. Temple att her lodgings at Mr. Winn's house neare the horse-shoe in St. Martin's Lane, London." Except for the loquacious and redundant beginning, it is as follows:

"I believe ere this you have seen the new Pompey either acted or written and then will repeat your partiality to ye others, but I wonder much what preparations for it could prejudice Will Davenant when I hear they acted in English habits and yt so a propos yt Cesar was sent in with a feather and a staff till he was hissed off ye stage and for ye scenes I do not see where they could place any that are very extraordinary but if this play hath not diverted the Citizens wives enough Sr. W. D. will make them amends for they say Harry the 8th and some later ones are little better than puppet plays. I understand ye confederate translators are now upon Heraclius and I am contented that Sir Thos. Clarges who hath done that last

1. William Temple was a member of the Irish Parliament at the time. He did not remove to England until 1663.

2. *Martha, Lady Giffard; her Life and Correspondence (1664-1722)*, ed. Julia G. Longe (London, 1911), pp. 38-42. Lady Gifford was a sister of Sir William Temple.

year, should adorn this triumph in it as I have done in Pompey, for I defy Heraclius and all his works, having so unfortunately piqu'd Mr. Waller yt he was pleased to speak of me with as little generosity to ye King as he once did of Sacharissa to ye Parliament and I fear his displeasure is no whit abated since ye King's and Queen's so gracious reception of those verses you mention upon her majesties recovery and though this advantageous opinion might have given me some vanity yet Ile assure you Madam yours gave me more and though I never writt anything with more distrust of myself yt [*sic*] since you think them worthy of so favourable a mention I will submit my judgement to you and rather think it possible that I might hit something in them not unluckily than that you could be unsincere to one you are pleased so generously to own. You see how much I depend upon what you say and therefore you ought in honour never to use me with compliment.

"I am glad of the news of ye Duchesses recovery and the other victory you mention at Court for though it be but changing our pack of cards for another yet time and inconstancy together may at last fix yt passion where it ought to be. I think the conquered rivall has done well in the change of her principles, for I wonder all ladies of her morality are not of a religion which provides them soe many shorter ways to heaven than repentence and when at the wane of their fortune they may retire into a Cloyster and persuade ye worlde yt the shame of their disgrace is only ye devotion of their souls and soe make a virtue of necessity. I am much obliged to anybody for enquiring where I am and indeed if I could give any account of what I doe here I should be better satisfy'd but I am good for

Dear Madam

16th Feb 1667
Jan. 22th 1667

You treat me in your Letters so much to my advant-
age, & above my merit that I am almost afraid to tell you how exceedingly
I am pleas'd with ~~you~~ them, but you should attribute of contentment to God's
light I take in being pleas'd, whereas I am extremely desir'd if that is the
ground of it, though I confess it is not free from vanity, I cannot dispute
the pride of being arriv'd to so valuable a person as you are, & one whom all
my inclinations carry me to honour, & love as a very great safe, & your
kind by the mouth I last gave you of this kind how impossible it not be
for you to be rid of an importunity which you have so much encourag'd
& how much your late silence alarm'd me, it is so much concern'd for
honour you give her in allowing her to hope you will frequently let her
know she hath some room in your particular favour, I hope you have
pardoned me that complaint, & allow'd a little digression to the great pos-
sion I have for you, & then I shall with some more assurance come to
thank you for this last favour of the 12th Instant, ~~as you~~ must be
you to believe that if my Convent were indeed in Calagua, & I a Knight
by now to it, yet I should never attain satisfaction enough to be able
willingly to lay my self the great entertainment of your correspondence
which seems to remove me out of a solitary religious house on y^e hon-
ours, & places me in the most advantageous prospect upon foot-
stools, & gives me sight of a better place than of riches, & that, Madam
is your friendship which is so great a benefit that there is but one way
of making it more valuable, & that is by making it be ceremonious visits
me with a freedom that may give me more access to your heart, & that
I beg from you with a great earnestness & will promise you of whatever
liberty of that kind you allow me, yet I will never so much abuse y^e
goodness as to push my own advantage farther than you shall permit
to, after any of the respect I owe you by the best formal approaches
I desire to make to you, when though I turn above most of your words, yet
I love yet more, I think ere this you have seen the new Complex
either added, or within & her will speak your particularity to y^e other, but
I wonder much what preparations for it, could prejudice with Barons
when I hear, they act in English habits, & it is a proper y^e day

LETTER FROM KATHERINE PHILIPS TO DOROTHY TEMPLE

From the original in the possession of the Rev. John Charles
Longe of Spixworth, Norfolk

nothing everywhere and you will have a hard task to prove there is better company where there is neither ye conversation of towns nor ye innocency of ye fields but a certain kind of busy drudgery to ye world of Fashion for that pittiful nothing that men call pre-eminence with the combined incursions of people who can neither speak nor hold their tongue and yet I could endure the sight of all this here rather than be any more embarquee dans une affaire si mechante as ye combatting gyants, and seeing them devour ye reputations of ye innocent, if I did not consider that by coming to the place where these things are I shall be nearer ye conversation of some particular excellent friends (among whom I assure you Mrs. Temple has a most eminent room) which may both improve and delight me and they so much (byass) my inclination that I cannot but wish Mr. Philips his occasions may permit him to give me yt opportunity this spring and if they doe you are sure to be tormented with me soe much yt I think you are concerned to wish they may not, but in earnest for aught I perceive, I must never show any face there or among any reasonable people again, for some most dishonest person hath got some collection of my Poems as I heare, and hath deliver'd them to a Printer who I heare is just upon putting them out and this hath soe extreemly disturbed me, both to have my private folly so unhandsomely exposed and ye belief that I believe the most part of ye worlde are apt enough to believe yt I connived at this ugly accident that I have been on ye rack ever since I heard it, though I have written to Col. Jeffries who first sent me word of it to get ye Printer punished, the book called in, and me some way publickly vindicated yet I shall need all my friends to be my champions to ye criticall and mallicious that I am soe inno-

cent of this pittiful design of a knave to get a groat that I never was more vexed at anything and yt I utterly disclaim whatever he hath soe unhandsomely expos'd. I know you have goodness and generosity enough to doe me this right in your company and to give me your opinion too how I may best get this impression suppressed and myself vindicated and therefore I will not beg your pardon for troubling you with this impertinent story nor for so long an harangue as this, the truth is I would fain by example if I cannot by importunity, induce you to that freedom which is begged of you as soe necessary to ye happinesse of

“my D: deare Madam, Your faithful servant

ORINDA

“To Mr. Temple my humble service I beg.”

This letter is of interest in at least two ways. First, it is what the letters to Poliarchus probably are not — a genuine transcript. It is therefore a true example of Katherine's spelling, punctuation, and diction. A summary comparison shows that it is not impossible that the letters to Poliarchus may sometimes have been tampered with. For example, the sentences in the letter to Mrs. Temple are on the whole longer, more rambling, and more involved. But the letters to Poliarchus are none the less real; their authenticity need never fall under suspicion. Whatever changes were made are but slight and of small importance. Secondly, this letter is a true picture of Orinda's mind at the time. It introduces one after the other almost all of the subjects that were then engaging her attention.

As might be expected, Katherine was following with great interest the literary activities of London, especially the outcome of the rivalry between the two *Pompeys*. Her

own, she is forced to admit, has not been received in London with the unqualified applause that it had received in Dublin, but she has at least the satisfaction of thinking that Davenant, who put it on in English costume, is to blame. However, she makes light of this small discomfiture, apparently enjoying her position of honor in the wits' triumph, and takes some comfort in imagining that Sir Thomas Clarges, the messenger who bore the invitation of return to Charles II, is doomed to succeed her if the Persons of Honour translate *Heraclius*, a play that he had already translated a year before.¹ She is modest about her deserts, and disguises her inward satisfaction with a decorous acknowledgement of the rout of her poor *Pompey*. But she writes in another vein to Poliarchus when she lets loose the dogs of criticism in her letters on translation that she sends him at this same time.²

She was also carrying on to a limited extent her own literary work. Her life at Cardigan with its burden of troubles was not encouraging and her great distance from the occasions of heroic verse was not inspiring, but, when Poliarchus furnished her with a subject and laid her under commands to adorn it, she did the best she could, and produced the poem "To the Queen's Majesty, on her late Sickness and Recovery."³ In his letter of November 2 he described for her the occasion that he considered so favorable to the exercise of heroic pathos — how the Queen had fallen ill of a fever that came very near extinguishing her life, and

1. Katherine probably speaks with authority. Sir Thomas Clarges was placed on the Irish Privy Council by his brother-in-law, General Monck, then the Duke of Albemarle, and was in Ireland while she was there. His play was never published.

2. See p. 197. Also Letters XXXVII (September 17), XIX (October 26), and XLII (November 28).

3. *Poems* (1678), p. 121.

how Charles, giving way to one of his few expressions of emotion, had wept over her, and had besought her to live for his sake. In her letter of the twenty-eighth, Katherine sent her verses with these words: "I Purposely neglected to answer yours of the second of *November* by last Post, hoping that your Commands would inspire me with something worthy your Perusal; but I find upon Trial, that I am grown so dull, so heavy; and, in a word, so good for nothing, that neither my Importunities, nor your Intercessions, will prevail with the Muses to be kind to me in any Attempt of the nature you prescribe. But because you shall see how great a Power all your Desires have over me, I am contented to expose my self, as you will find by the enclos'd Copy of Verses."¹

These were the verses that Katherine speaks of in her letter to Mrs. Temple. At the time she wrote them, she had had no thought of treading once more on Waller's toes. Imagine, then, with what consternation she heard that the great wit had written a poem on the same subject! Imagine with what eagerness she awaited a copy of his poem for comparison with her own! At last, when it came, she was happy to find that she could still hold up her head, nay more, that she could exult; for both Sir Charles and the King passed judgment in her favor. "And now," she wrote to Poliarchus on December 24, "give me leave to quarrel with you heartily, for presenting the Copy of Verses to the Queen, and that too without making any Alteration in them, contrary to the Request I made you, when at the same time you knew very well that Mr. WALLER had employ'd his Muse on the same Subject. I protest I never writ any thing with more Distrust of my

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 184.

self, but am resolv'd to give you now a greater Proof of my Complaisance, than I did then of my Obedience, by altering my Judgment by yours, and rather believing it possible that I could say something in those Lines not unluckily, than that you could be so much mistaken as to believe so, if it had been altogether otherwise. And indeed Mr. WALLER has, it may be, contributed not a little to encourage me in this Vanity, by writing on the same Subject the worst Verses that ever fell from his Pen. I could be an outrageous Critick upon them, if I were not restrain'd by other Considerations: But sure he, who is so civil to the Ladies, had heard that I design'd such an Address, and contenting himself with having got so much the Advantage of me in POMPEY, was willing to yield me this Mate at Chess, and to write ill on purpose to keep me in Countenance. I remember I have been told that he once said, he would have given all his own Poems to have been the Author of that which my Lady NEWCASTLE writ of a Stag: And that being tax'd for this Insincerity by one of his Friends, he answer'd, that he could do no less in Gallantry than be willing to devote all his own Papers to save the Reputation of a Lady, and keep her from the Disgrace of having written any thing so ill. Some such Repartee I expect he would make on this occasion; but I fear I have lost his Favour for ever, in having twice trod in his Steps by writing on Subjects he had chosen; and if the King decided this last so much to my Advantage, as you represent, I am confident Mr. WALLER will never forgive me his Misfortune. . . ."¹

Well might Katherine look upon Waller's resentment as a thing to be feared. He was one of the greatest wits at

1. Pages 188 ff.

a witty court, and his remarks, which were caustic as often as they were gallant, were not soon forgotten. When her *Pompey* came out, the solicitude with which she enquired about Mr. Waller and the pleasure with which she received the assurances "of his good will" gave evidence both of her anxiety and of her relief.¹ She had braved the lion once with impunity. But could she do it again? The repartee that she feared was not slow in coming. The distinguished courtier took a mean revenge by speaking of her "with as little generosity to the King as he once did of Sacharissa to the Parliament." That seems to have been Waller's way.²

The commendations of the King, the Queen, Sir Charles Cotterell, and Mrs. Temple, to say nothing of the resentment of Waller, give promise of an excellence in the poem that the poem itself does not possess. On the contrary, Katherine was correct in her first judgment of it. It is thoroughly mediocre. It is the usual thing — ingenious turns in well-stopped couplets. It nowhere approaches encomiastic grandeur. To say that it is better than Waller's is not to say much, and it would scarcely be worthy of attention if it did not display a curious similarity with its rival. Strangely enough, the two writers hit upon the same turn of thought. Katherine says:

1. Page 149. Katherine says: "Mr. WALLER has assur'd me, that he is so far from resenting my having undertaken the Translation, that if the Act done by him ever come upon the Stage, he will borrow some of my Lines to mix with his own. A Compliment I can never deserve, but becoming his great Civility, and which I would acknowledge if I knew how." This last sentence goes against Gosse's conjecture that Orinda wrote to Waller on this occasion. See his *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 224.

2. Cf. Edmund Waller, *Poems*, ed. George Thorn-Drury (London, 1893; *Muses' Library*), p. lxvii.

But all our zealous Grief had been in vain,
Had not great *Charles's* call'd you back again:
Who did your suff'rings with such pain discern,
He lost three Kingdoms once with less concern.
Lab'ring your safety he neglected his,
Nor fear'd he Death in any shape but this.
His *Genius* did the bold Distemper tame,
And his rich Tears quench'd the rebellious Flame.

Waller says:

He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserved for you, more dear,
More prized, than all those kingdoms were!
For when no headlong art prevailed,
When cordials and elixirs failed,
On your pale cheek he dropped the shower,
Revived you like a dying flower.

Katherine and Waller could have had no knowledge of each other's work. Waller's poem was written for the Queen's birthday and was presented to her on that occasion, on November 25; Katherine's poem was not sent to Sir Charles until November 28.

This poem to the Queen is the only occasional verse, but not the only verse that Katherine wrote during this year at Cardigan. In spite of her repeated statements about the defeat of her *Pompey*, she seems to have had enough faith in the judgment of her friends and enough confidence in her own powers to take up a similar task — the translation of Corneille's *Horace*. Month after month she worked quietly on this, and said nothing about it even to Poliarchus. Indeed, she carried her policy of secrecy so far that she did not tell him that it was under way until he had heard of it from another source and had charged her with disingenuousness. And then, at the end of a long dis-

course on her trip to London, she said only this: "I must now inform you, that 'twas not Neglect or Reservedness, but meerly Forgetfulness, that made me conceal from you what I have begun to translate from the HORACE of Monsieur CORNEILLE; if you will lay your Commands on me to send it you, I will be sure to obey you. . . ." ¹

Katherine did not live to finish this translation. *Horace*, as it was printed in the 1667 edition of her works, ends with the beginning of the sixth scene of the fourth act. It was later completed by Sir John Denham, whose sixth and seventh scenes of the fourth act and entire fifth act were added in the 1669 and the 1678 edition. But Sir John Denham was not the careful worker his predecessor had been, as Jacob Tonson found out when, in the 1710 edition, he wanted to place on the opposite page the French original. He had, therefore, to go to Charles Cotton's translation, which, superior to Denham's in every way, is probably the only translation from Corneille that can rival those of Orinda.

With Denham's continuation, *Horace* appeared on the stage, where it enjoyed a continued, though not an extraordinary, prosperity. It was presented at the Theatre Royal in 1667/8 and 1668/9. Evelyn, who saw a performance in the earlier year, gives an account of it in his diary under February 4: "I saw the tragedy of *Horace* (written by the *virtuous* Mrs. Philips) acted before their Majesties. Betwixt each act a masque and antique dance. The excessive gallantry of the ladies was infinite, those especially on that . . . Castlemain, esteemed at 40,000 *l.* and more, far outshining the Queen." ² Three persons —

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 199.

2. *Diary and Correspondence*, ed. William Bray (London, 1862-63), II, 35.

Evelyn, Mrs. Evelyn, and Pepys — mention performances in the later year. Pepys, as usual, gives interesting information. Under January 19, 1668/9, he has this entry: “. . . To the King’s house, to see ‘Horace’; this the third day of its acting — a silly tragedy; but Lacy hath made a farce of several dances — between each act, one: but his words are but silly, and invention not extraordinary, as to the dances; only some Dutchmen come out of the mouth and tail of a Hamburgh sow. Thence, not much pleased with the play. . . .”¹ Evelyn notes down on February 15 that he has been to another performance; and his wife, in a letter of February 10 to “Mr. Terryll in Ireland” (evidently the Tyrrell whom Katherine knew, and probably the James Tyrrell who lamented her death in pindarics),² confirms Pepys’s statement about Lacy. “The censure of our plays,” she writes, “comes to me at the second hand. There has not been any new lately revived and reformed, as Cataline . . . Horace, with a farce and dances between every act, composed by Lacy and played by him and Nell.”³

Like *Pompey*, then, *Horace* had music and dances between the acts. But there was a great difference. The songs of *Pompey* were written by Orinda herself, who tried to reach a tone of heroic dignity that would not be inharmonious with the eloquent heights of tragedy; and the dances, although they were composed by John Ogilby, were forced no doubt to pass the censorious eye of the author. The entertainments for *Horace*, on the other

1. *Diary*, ed. Wheatley, VIII, 192. See also Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, p. 306, who prints a play list that shows *Horace* to have been acted on January 16 and 21.

2. *Letters* (1729), p. 118.

3. Evelyn, *Diary*, ed. Bray, IV, 14.

hand, were built up on a principle of levity that Katherine would have disapproved of. They were done by John Lacy, the comedian, who had no fear of breaking the tragic atmosphere. How well they pleased the audience, that Frenchified, sophisticated audience, which, in spite of all, retained its deep-rooted enjoyment of English horse-play, can be seen from the details that Pepys chooses for remembrance — that Hamburg sow with Dutchmen coming out of its head and tail.

In almost every respect, *Horace* is like *Pompey*. It has the same virtues and the same defects. It gives in much the same way the sense of Corneille couplet by couplet, and retains the rhetorical devices of the original. It shows the same knack for vigorous and bold antithesis and strong, even clever, epigram. Its method is the method of *Pompey*. There is no improvement except perhaps that Katherine is less troubled by the strict rules of translation that she laid out for herself, and consequently she is more at ease in her manipulation of the speech as a whole. But again, as in *Pompey*, she fails to make a first-rate translation, and again she fails for the same reason — her limitations were too great and her powers too small.

Whether she deserved it or not, Katherine had attracted the attention of the literary world. She was no longer the unknown person of a few years before who wrote verses on friendship for her friends; she was now the author of *Pompey* and the admiration of Orrery and Roscommon and Sir Charles Cotterell. It was natural, therefore, that the interest that she had aroused by the success of her *Pompey* should begin to extend to her early poems and that an enterprising publisher should attempt to collect them for printing. When she heard that such a project was under

way, she was full of indignation, and treated it as a conspiracy against her peace of mind. Had she not always been careful to avoid blazing her name before the mob? When she was compelled to print *Pompey*, she had not even allowed her initials to appear on the title-page. Were not most of her poems written to her friends? What would they say? And now it had come to this, a complete edition of her follies! She was vexed above all things to think that people might say that she had been sitting in Cardigan winking while a surreptitious edition was being printed. The surreptitious edition printed without the consent of the author is an old game, but probably the anxiety that Katherine displayed can be accepted as genuine enough to take away any suspicion of double-dealing. It was this dire accident that formed so large a part of the letter to Mrs. Temple.

As soon as she heard the news, Katherine became active in taking measures to suppress the volume. She wrote to Poliarchus on January 29, a week after she had written to Mrs. Temple: "I am so oblig'd to you for the generous and friendly Concern you take in the unfortunate Accident of the unworthy publishing of my foolish Rhymes, that I know not which way to express, much less to deserve the least part of so noble an Obligation. PHILASTER gave me a hint of this Misfortune last Post, and I immediately took an Opportunity of expressing to him the great, but just Affliction it was to me, and begg'd him to join with you in doing what I see your Friendship had urg'd you both to do without that Request; for which I now thank you, it being all that could be done to give me Ease: but the Smart of that Wound still remains, and hurts my Mind." ¹ Poli-

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 201.

archus had asked her to reply to this affront by some stinging verses against the publisher and to come to town to publish a true copy of her poems, but Katherine could not do the one and would not do the other. As she puts it, "I could not be so soon reconciled to Verse, which has been so instrumental to afflict me." Instead of verses she sends him a letter in prose for her vindication, the one which was later printed in the preface to the 1667 edition of the poems. In it she tells what she has already told Poliarchus and Mrs. Temple, only she speaks in the grand style. "But is there no Retreat can shield me from the Malice of this World?" she exclaims. "I thought that Rocks and Mountains might have hidden me, that 'twas free for all to beguile their Solitude with what harmless Thoughts they pleas'd, and that our Rivers, though they are babbling, would not have betray'd the Follies of impertinent Thoughts that were produc'd on their Banks. But I am the only unfortunate Person who cannot so much as think in private, who must have all my Imaginations and idle Notions rifled and expos'd to play the Mountebank, and dance upon the Ropes to entertain the Rabble; to undergo all the Raillery of the Wits, and all the Severity of the Wise; to be the Sport of some that can, and Derision of others, that cannot read a Verse. This is the most cruel Accident that could ever have befallen me, and has already made a proportionate Impression on me; for it has cost me a sharp Fit of Sickness since I heard it; and I believe would have been more fatal, but that I consider'd what a Champion I have in you. . . ." ¹ So did the Matchless Orinda,

1. Page 210. This text differs considerably from the text found in the preface to the poems. Since it is smoother and more polished, the suspicion again arises that the letters to Poliarchus have been tampered with.

the reader of romances, write the letter for the most noble Poliarchus to show to all those who might question her ingenuousness.

All this was not idle talk. The volume was really suppressed. Philaster¹ and Poliarchus manœuvred with such advantage that the printer, Richard Marriot, was fain to publish in the London *Intelligencer* for January 18, four days after he had announced the publication of the poems,² the following advertisement: "Publication being made upon last Thursday of the Poems of Madam *Catherine Phillips* newly Printed for *Richard Marriot*. It is now the desire of the said *Richard Marriot* to Notify, that whereas he was fully persuaded, both of the Correctness of the Copy, and that Ingenious Lady's Allowance to have them printed; that now he finds neither the One, nor the Other, according to his Expectation; which is a double Injury, and that he intends to forbear the sale of them, being not without hope, that this false Copy, may produce the true One." However good Marriot's intentions were, it is not

1. It is not unlikely that Col. Jeffries is Philaster. In the letter to Mrs. Temple, Katherine says, "I have written Col. Jeffries, who first sent me word of it to get the Printer punish'd." In the letter of January 29, she says, "PHILASTER gave me a hint of this Misfortune last Post and I immediately took the Opportunity of expressing to him the great, but just Affliction," etc. Facts about Col. Jeffries are few. He is perhaps the Col. Jeffries so often mentioned in the Ormonde MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Com.*, *MSS. of the Marquess of Ormonde, passim*), and may be the same person as Col. John Jeffries of Abercynrig, co. Brecon, who fought with the King during the Civil War (J. R. Phillips, *Civil War in Wales*, I, 338, 347). The J. N. who calls himself Philaster in Mrs. Jane Barker's *Poetical Recreations* (1688) is probably a usurper of the name, belonging to the younger generation.

2. The volume was entered in the Stationer's Register on November 25, 1663. Marriot had a notice under "Advertisements of Books" in the *Intelligencer* for January 14: "There are newly published the Poems of the incomparable Madam *Catherine Phillips*. Sold by *Richard Marriot* at his shop under St. Dunstan in *Fleetstreet*."

to be believed that he lived up to them. At some time or other he probably disposed of his entire stock.¹

This edition of 1664 is an interesting book. It bears the following title-page: "*Poems*. By the Incomparable, Mrs. K. P., London, Printed by J. G. for Richard Marriot, at his Shop under S. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-Street, 1664." There are only two commendatory poems, one by Cowley and one by a certain H. A.,² preceding the seventy-four poems by Orinda. Then, as if it had been a late discovery, there is added the Pindaric ode on Abraham Cowley's retirement. The volume is really not so bad as the repeated horror expressed over the falseness of the copy would lead one to expect. True, in many ways, it differs from the later editions; but it is as often correct as they are, so that it would be difficult to accept either as the only and true copy. Sometimes the variations are important. For instance, the 1664 edition gives additional couplets which are well worth preserving, and offers in its headings clues to the identity of the persons addressed. As a matter of fact, the Matchless Orinda never received the grace of an accurate printing. The English printers of the seventeenth century were but poor ones, and Orinda's poems were not treated with any extraordinary tenderness.³

1. The writer of the preface of the 1667 edition asserts that "many of the Books were privately sold." Besides, Katherine died a few months later, and the printer would probably have felt released from his promise to withhold the books. The volume is now very rare.

2. Cowley's poem beginning, "We allow'd you Beauty," etc., is repeated in subsequent editions. It seems to have been made for the occasion. H. A.'s poem is omitted in all other editions.

3. The edition of 1667 forms the basis for all the following editions of 1669, 1678, and 1710. It contains 116 poems against 74 in the 1664 edition, and adds five minor translations besides *Pompey* and *Horace*. The introductory matter is also increased. It contains the preface, usually supposed to have been written by Poliarchus, Orrery's poem on *Pompey*, Roscommon's imitation of Horace, 1, 12,

While she was occupied with these literary interests — the verses to the Queen, the translation of *Horace*, and the printing of the poems — Katherine never ceased to hope for her desired trip to London and to contemplate the means for bringing it about. In January she reopened her campaign. She had expected much from the meeting of her committee, so that it came to her almost as a down-right betrayal to be informed that the committee had met, and had thought of no expedient. Her sensitive mind, always ready to receive a cause for worry, construed Poliarchus's honest frankness into an insinuation that she was out of grace with the Cork family. She wrote on January 8: "I find your Committee has met at last, and that you could not then pitch upon any thing to promote the Desire I have of being among you; and not only so, but methinks you speak as if there were something more in it than the only missing to find a present Expedient to that Purpose. . . . But whether it be my Melancholy, or what other Reason I have for it I cannot tell, yet something there is that whispers me, that at your meeting you foresaw some greater Difficulty in that Affair than before; and whence that could proceed, I know not, unless you discover'd in one another an Indifference and Coldness towards me." ¹ And then she enquired particularly about

Philo-Philippa's commendations, and Pindaric odes by James Tyrell, Thomas Flatman, and Abraham Cowley. Katherine Philips has one apocryphal work. James Bramston published a parody of John Philips's *Splendid Shilling* with a learned preface, in which he claims that the *Splendid Shilling* is spurious, that it was not written by John Philips at all but by literary drudges who touched up the original of a poem by Katherine Philips. He prints the original under the following title: *The Crooked Six-pence; With a Learned Preface found among some Papers bearing the Date of the same year in which Paradise Lost was published by the late Mr. Bentley, London, 1743.*

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 194.

my Lady Cork, who in Ireland had sworn she would bring about this London visit. Poliarchus, of course, had to write back immediately many assurances of the steadfastness of Lady Cork; and Katherine, delighted, replied to him on January 29 that her affliction over the publishing of her poems had been much relieved by the thoughts of my Lady Cork's esteem.

To be assured of my Lady Cork's esteem was all she needed for the furtherance of her design. The committee had failed, but Katherine had not. She was able to inform her Poliarchus that the Trojan had found out something for Antenor that Antenor himself so much approved that he was willing to consent to her journey. At last she had attained her desire. But she was still unsatisfied. She was going to London on business, and she meant to bring that business to a successful close. She wanted Antenor to be sure of her, and she wanted on her own part to be sure of her friends. And therefore she set about, perhaps not without some guile, to make Poliarchus and Lady Cork commit themselves to her interests. On the pretext that she desired to convince Antenor beyond any doubt of the wisdom of her move and so hurry her departure, she wrote to Poliarchus as follows: ". . . I think it very necessary that in a Letter to him [Antenor] you should repeat the Assurances you have formerly given him, of your generous Friendship, and acquaint him that I ought to hasten to Town as soon as possible, in order to sollicite for him the Affair the *Trojan* has found out; which you may likewise represent as an Advantage easy to be obtain'd, by promising him all the Assistance you have so often assur'd me of, and which he already doubts not but he shall receive

from you. Such a Letter from you will be more prevalent with him, than the Persuasions of all the World besides, for he honours no Man so much as your self, nor with so much Justice. You see, Sir, how plain I am with you, and I hope you will by this Freedom measure the Friendship I have for you, and the Confidence I repose in you; for certainly I could never make this Request to any but your self, and yet I must make another to you, that will be little less confident; and that is, that if my Lady CORK continue her Resolution of writing to me, you would prevail with her, as from your self, not from me, to do it in one inclos'd in your next; and therein if she please to express her self after her accustom'd obliging manner, by assuring me of her Friendship, and giving her Opinion that my coming may be advantageous to my self, and will not be unacceptable to her, I will shew her Letter to ANTENOR, who, I believe, will look on it as a new Motive for my Journey, and be highly oblig'd by it." ¹ Katherine understood well the offices of friendship as they were expounded by Jeremy Taylor, who proved to the satisfaction of everybody that friends were to be used.

As soon as Antenor could make arrangements for the trip, Katherine was to go. But delays once more controlled her destinies, and she did not leave until the middle of March. There are only two letters between the one quoted above and the date of her departure. The first, which was written on February 21 from Landshipping, where "a great deal of company" was gathered, records an incident that Katherine held to be a happy example of the concern that Fate was wont to display with the fortunes of Poliarchus and Orinda. On St. Valentine's Day,

1. Pages 204 ff.

Orinda drew from among a dozen names that of Poliarchus. And then she wrote to her Valentine: "Our Company afterwards drew Motto's, and I happen'd on one that so well describ'd you, that I began to cry Fortune, Mercy, that I had ever call'd her blind: 'twas this, *he dances well, and fights well*; I might have added, *and obliges well too*; for certainly never Man did so more, or with a better Grace."¹ Her addition to the motto refers particularly to the fact that Poliarchus has fallen in with the plot, and has written Antenor, who has resolved finally to hasten his wife to London as fast as he can "to put his fortune to the trial." The other letter is written on March 12 from the Priory, and announces the final departure for London. This is the last letter that Katherine ever wrote from her home in Cardigan. It shows her continual struggle between desire and duty at fierce encounter even in the moment of triumph; it contains her own justification for her desertion of Antenor for the pleasures of the town. Here it is in full:

"I told you from *Landshipping* I would write wondrous Matters to you when I came home, and you may now justly expect, not only in performance of that Promise, but in Return of your last obliging Letter, that I should say much more to you, than my present haste will allow me to do: But when I have told you that this hurry is occasion'd by my beginning my Journey to *London*, I know you will the more easily forgive it, for you have too often discover'd a Willingness to be troubled with your Valentine's ill Company there, for me to suspect you will be sorry that the time now approaches when you will once more be

1. Page 218.

tormented with her impertinent Conversation. But to make you support it the better, let me assure you, that the next Satisfaction I propose to my self after the Hopes of doing something for ANTENOR's Service, is to enjoy the excellent Company of some very few Friends, among whom POLIARCHUS may be assur'd he holds the chiefest Rank. Nor could I have thus long deny'd my self the Happiness of his excellent Conversation, would I have listen'd to the Dictates of my own Desires, that continually prompted me to purchase it by a Forgetfulness of my Duty to ANTENOR. But had I done this, I had not only lost my own inward Content, but forfeited that Friendship I should indeed very little deserve, if I could have hoped for it on such unworthy Terms. But ANTENOR is now so satisfy'd that my going may be for his Advantage, that he hastens me away as fast as he can, and I hope God will enable me to answer his Expectations, by making me an Instrument of doing him some handsome Service; which is the only Ambition I have in the World, and which I would purchase with the Hazard of my Life. I am exceedingly oblig'd to my Lady CORK for remembring me with so much Indulgence, for her great Desire to be troubl'd with my Company; but above all, for the readiness to assist my Endeavours for ANTENOR, which is the most generous Kindness can be done me; and I will never abuse the Goodness of those that offer it, by expecting or desiring any thing improper or unreasonable, and whereof I will not make you Judge and Confident, who have already engag'd yourself to be an Assistant. I am call'd away, and can only assure you, that to make you the highest and truest Expression of my Esteem and Friendship, I profess that I am more indebted to you on the Score of your own Merit, than of

my infinite Obligations to you, though the latter have such a Tie upon me, that nothing but the former can make a greater Impression on the Soul of, &c.

“ORINDA

“Cardigan Priory,
“Mar. 12, 1663/4.”

So it was that at last, after a year of plotting, Katherine found herself in London. Probably she arrived there sometime about the last of March, and probably she took up her headquarters at the house of her brother-in-law, Hector Philips. Then, blessed with the privileges of fame and the conversation of her friends, she enjoyed three happy months of triumphant life before the inexorable small-pox came upon her.

She resumed two friendships that dated back to the days before the Restoration. One of these was with a certain unidentified great lady who went under the name of Berenice. In a collection of letters that was published in 1697, there are four letters from Orinda to this Berenice.¹ The second and third, which were written on November 2 and December 30, 1658, suggest that the first, which bears merely the date June 25, is also of that year. The fourth comes obviously from the time of this last visit to London; according to the editor, it “was writ but a Month before Orinda died.” It expresses the great pleasure that Katherine feels in renewing those relations with Berenice that had been so unfortunately broken by the sea, which had separated their persons, and by the many accidents that had

1. *Familiar Letters: written by the Right Honorable John late Earl of Rochester, and several other Persons of Honour and Quality. With Letters written by the most Ingenious Mr. Thomas Otway, and Mrs. K. Philips, etc.* (London, 1697), pp. 138-155.

made her ladyship's residence uncertain. It urges Berenice to come down to London from Kew. That is all. The four letters to Berenice are pervaded with a formality that stifles the imagination. They give no life to the friendship that they commemorate; they discover no comment on Orinda's affairs. All that is plain is that Berenice was once invited to Wales and was entertained with a long disquisition on the country life, that she knew Lucasia and was an adept in the services of Friendship. After the letters to Poliarchus, they are too affected to be very pleasing. They are unlike the other productions of the free and ingenuous Orinda.

The other friendship that Katherine resumed was with the poet Cowley. Apparently, she had known him for several years. She had mentioned him as one for whom she had the right to feel some concern in a postscript to the first letter to Berenice, saying, "I am very glad of Mr. Cowley's success, and will concern myself so much as to thank your Ladyship for your Endeavour in it";¹ and, upon the occasion of his retirement from court in 1663 as the "melancholy Cowley," she had addressed him in an ode written in his own style.² Now that she was again in London, she seems to have taken the opportunity of visiting him at his retreat. Such, at least, is the inference to be drawn from her short poem, "Upon the Graving of her Name upon a Tree in Barn-Elms Walks."³ Like her friendship with Vaughan or with Taylor, her friendship with Cowley rests almost entirely on a few poems and the

1. Page 143.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 122.

3. Page 137. Cowley was living at Barn Elms at this time. Evelyn, in his diary, mentions visiting him there on May 14, 1663, and June 2, 1664.

association of the names. There appears to be no evidence of any kind that the two ever corresponded.¹

Katherine joined also the circle of her Irish acquaintances, and took up again her old place in the affections of the Cork family. Two of her poems that were written during her London visit celebrate events in the annals of that family — a marriage and a death. On April 11, 1664, Elizabeth Boyle, Orinda's "lovely Celimena," married Nicholas Tufton, the Earl of Thanet.² Once more marriage had come with its withering breath to spoil the growth of perfect friendship, and once more Katherine was called upon to exalt the despicable victory. Her poem, "To the Countess of Thanet, upon her marriage,"³ is no better than those written upon a like occasion for Lucasia and Rosania. Like them, it is formal and correct rather than poetical, and it has little to recommend it but the honest goodwill that softens the commonplaceness of its ingenuity. The other event on which Katherine employed her pen was the death of Charles Rich, the only son of the Earl of Warwick, who died on May 16, a promising youth of nineteen years. His mother, Mary Rich, who is known to students of literature from her *Meditations*, was a Boyle, one of the daughters of the great Earl of Cork, and therefore an aunt to Elizabeth and Anne Boyle, Katherine's two friends. On this account, no doubt, Katherine was led to write her poem, "On the death of my Lord Rich, only Son to the Earl

1. See Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 198: "It must have been about this time [1661-1662] that he [Cowley] made the acquaintance of 'the matchless Orinda,' Mrs. Katherine Philips, with whom he corresponded at great length. . . ."

2. Robert Pocock, *Memorials of the Family of Tufton, Earls of Thanet* (Gravesend, 1800), p. 71.

3. *Poems* (1678), p. 132.

of Warwick, who dyed of the small Pox, 1664."¹ It is of interest because only a little more than a month later she herself was stricken down by that same disease, which she there calls

That fierce Disease, which knows not how to spare
The Young, the Great, the Knowing, or the Fair.

The celebration of these two events shows that Katherine continued to be in intimate relations with the Cork family.

Her new Irish friends seem to have called forth the old Orinda. They made her forget the disappointments that she had suffered in the cause of Friendship, and inspired her with an enthusiasm that, if life and a continued residence in London had been granted her, might have led to something like a revival of the Society of Friendship. At any rate, one poem from this time compels comparison with one of the early poems to Lucasia; it is called "To my Lady M. Cavendish, chusing the Name of Polycrite."² Lady Mary Cavendish was another of Katherine's Irish friends. She was Mary Butler, the daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, who, on October 26, 1662, while Katherine was in Ireland, had married William, Lord Cavendish (later the first Duke of Devonshire), the son of the Earl of Devonshire. At the time of the marriage the bride was only sixteen, and at the time of the poem not yet eighteen; she must have been therefore the youngest member of the group. In the poem, Katherine is a bit dazzled by the high position of her new conquest, but she stands forth again her old self, a very Britomart wearing Friendship's token. She sings the birth, the beauty, and the mind of her new friend, and immortalizes the condescension that allows

1. Page 135.

2. Page 142.

the intimacy of a pseudonym. She says in a happy moment:

But since your boundless mind upon my head,
Some rays of splendor is content to shed;
And lest I suffer by the great surprize,
Since you submit to meet me in disguise,
Can lay aside what dazles vulgar sight,
And to *Orinda* can be *Polycrite*.

And she boasts of her power of friendship:

But I can love, and love at such a pitch,
As I dare boast it will ev'n you enrich;
For kindness is a Mine, when great and true,
Of Nobler Ore than even *Indians* knew;
'Tis all that Mortals can on Heav'n bestow,
And all that Heav'n can value here below.

This poem is one of the last that Katherine ever wrote. It shows that she remained the same until the very end, that, in spite of the vicissitudes of ten years, she was still the poetess of Friendship. It shows too that she was never better than in this vein, that she had a truer gift for the light and superficial than for the heroic and the eloquent in verse.

What joys Orinda found in the conversation of her noble Poliarchus, to whom she had applied the words of Guazzo, "You have render'd my Taste so delicate by the wonderful Charms of your Conversation, that all other Company seems to be dull and insipid,"¹ must be imagined. Superlatives, certainly, could not be adequate. The last letter, written on May 17, is the only relic of the London visit. It invites Sir Charles to add one more link to the chain that bound him to the Philips family by becoming the god-

1. *Letters* (1729), p. 206.

father to Orinda's new-born nephew, the son of Hector Philips. Written in her most flowing and gracious manner, it might well be taken as a model for all such letters. Here it is:

"My Brother has a very great Ambition to have so noble and worthy a Friend as your self responsible for the Christianity of a Son that God has bless'd him with since he saw you; but he is much out of countenance to desire this Favour of you; the more too, because his Wife's Fondness of his Name is so great, that she has engag'd him to call the Child by it. And it being also his Father's Name, it is thus become that of the Family. I have undertaken that you will pardon the rudeness of asking you to be God-father without giving it your Name, which he and I would much rather do, were it not for an unavoidable Obligation to the contrary. If I am not mistaken in your Goodness, be pleas'd to come hither this Afternoon a little before Three, where it will be privately christen'd, and where you shall find, &c.

"ORINDA

"May 17, 1664."

Katherine's last verses were addressed to Gilbert Sheldon, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is perhaps better known for his donation of the Sheldonian Theatre to Oxford than for the many services that he did the English Church. How Katherine came to know him, or how well she knew him, must remain a mystery. Her poem, which is entitled "To his Grace Gilbert, Lord Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, July 10, 1664,"¹ is one of the best that

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 166. There is a mistake in the title. Katherine died on June 22, so that July 10 must be wrong. It is easiest to take July as a slip for June as Gosse does. See *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 226.

she ever wrote in the complimentary vein. She begins by way of introduction with a reference to the printing of her poems, which suggests that a good reception has softened her resentment into a coy acceptance:

That private shade, wherein my Muse was bred,
She alwaies hop'd might hide her humble head;
Believing the retirement she had chose
Might yield her, if not pardon, yet repose;
Nor other repetitions did expect,
Than what our Ecchoes from the rocks reflect.
But hurry'd from her Cave with wild affright,
And dragg'd maliciously into the Light,
(Which makes her like [the] Hebrew Virgin mourn
When from her face her vail was rudely torn)
To you (my Lord) she now for succour calls,
And at your feet, with Just Confusion falls.

And then Katherine swings into her real subject, the Archbishop's virtues. She has much to say about the troubles through which the Church has passed, but there is not a syllable that reflects her early training. The sight of such serene goodness in a churchman, she says, will reform the schismatic:

This shall those Men reproach, if not reduce,
And take away their fault, or their excuse,
Whilst in your Life and Government appear
All that the Pious wish, and Factious fear.

The poem contains some of Orinda's best couplet writing. It displays a growing mastery of the antithesis and the epigram, whose secrets she had learned at least in part from her translations of Corneille. There is little doubt that, if she had lived, she would have continued to progress in the art of versification. This last poem of hers is interesting not only as an expression of her mind but as a promise of the future.

The end came suddenly. The trip to London, which had been the cause of so much plotting and the object of so many desires, proved fatal. The Matchless Orinda was attacked by "that fierce disease," the small-pox, and, on June 22, 1664, only twelve days after she had written her poem to Gilbert Sheldon, she was dead. She was buried in the church of St. Benet Sherehog with her grandfather, her grandmother, her father, and her son.¹

Thus, in the midst of her friends and at the height of her fame, Orinda died. At once, her reputation was exalted to the very skies, and her memory was lamented in extravagant tributes by her friends. James Tyrell, Thomas Flatman,² and Abraham Cowley addressed her in redoubtable Pindarics, and William Temple in poor couplets, called forth by the desire of his wife.³ A certain unidentified J. C. even published a broadside in her honor.⁴ The Matchless Orinda became the common example of feminine excellence — the woman-laureate, says Cowley, whom Apollo would choose in the face of Sappho and the famous nine; the friend, whose friendship with Lucasia would become classic; the saint, whose love of virtue and hatred of vice was unrivalled. The portrait may seem overdrawn, but it is the portrait that lived for more than fifty years,

1. Aubrey, *Lives*, ed. Clark, II, 154. The church of St. Benet Sherehog was burned down in the Great Fire and never rebuilt. The parish was joined to that of St. Stephen Walbrook.

2. There is no evidence beyond this poem that Flatman was acquainted with Orinda. See F. A. Child, *The Life and Uncollected Poems of Thomas Flatman* (Philadelphia, 1921), p. 13.

3. The Pindarics are to be found in the 1667 edition of Orinda's poems, the couplets in John Nicols, *A Select Collection of Poems* (London, 1780-82), II, 50.

4. Reprinted by George Thorn-Drury, *A Little Ark containing Sundry Pieces of Seventeenth-Century Verse* (London, 1921).

becoming even more ideal as Mrs. Behn and her fellows corrupted the position in literature that Orinda had made for women. For this reason, she was called by Evelyn "the virtuous Mrs. Philips," and was commended by Richard Baxter.¹ She had won an enviable place in the esteem of her contemporaries.

The true Orinda behind these idealized and exaggerated portraits was quite different. Aubrey says on the authority of Rosania (his "cozen Montagu") that she had a "read pumpled face," and, on the authority of Mrs. Blackett, that she was "pretty fatt, not tall, reddish faced."² Fortunately for her, her pictures temper the disagreeable suggestion in Aubrey's words. There are three of them. The first, an engraving by Faithorne, which was described in the preface of the edition of 1667 as "only a poor paper-shadow of a statue made after a picture not very like her, to accompany that she has drawn of herself in these Poems,"³ is too far removed from the original to be depended upon. The second, a fine mezzotinto by Isaac Becket,⁴ which appears to have been derived from the same source, is unsatisfactory for the same reason. The third, a portrait by an unknown artist in the Sackville collection at Knole,⁵ is undoubtedly the best, the only one of the three that gives the impression of a true portrait. It

1. Sir Egerton Bridges, *Restituta* (London, 1815), III, 187.

2. *Lives*, ed. Clark, p. 154.

3. A smaller engraving of this same bust, made by Vandergucht, appears in Cowley's *Works* (1707) and Katherine Philips's *Poems* (1710), both of which were printed by Tonson.

4. J. C. Smith, *British Mezzotinto Portraits* (London, 1883), I, 47, notes only three of these. There is one in a volume of the 1678 edition of Orinda's poems (11626.9.10) in the British Museum.

5. See frontispiece. A bad engraving of this portrait was published in *Effigies Poeticæ* (London, 1824).

shows the long oval face of the seventeenth century, thick but sensitive lips, long nose, large eyes, broad brow, and rounded forehead — a face which suggests that its possessor was a woman of fine feminine charm. Orinda, not tall, red-faced, and with a tendency to stoutness, was probably not a beauty, but neither was she the plain and unattractive figure that Aubrey's few adjectives might imply. Her easy conquest of so many friends points definitely to a gracious personality, to the presence of a persuasion and an amiability that could overcome the disadvantages of an unalluring exterior.

The writer of the preface of 1667 spoke the truth: the pictures of Orinda are but poor paper shadows of the picture that she has drawn of herself in her poems and letters. There is no need to be blinded by the precious affectations that surround her every emotion; they are the affectations of her time, and perhaps no worse than the affectations of any other time.¹ The figure of Katherine Philips remains distinct behind them. She was a woman keenly alive to the pleasures of life, but so well balanced that the pleasures never became life itself. She could apply the Science of Friendship to her friends, and still have the friends remain real. She could perfect herself in the art of conversation, and still be content with her homely position by her husband. She could write her verses, and still dislike a general applause. All of her affectations were on the surface. She was always loyal — loyal to her friends in spite of politics, loyal to her religion in spite of family, loyal to her husband in all changes of fortune. And she was genuinely honest, whether in her true admiration of Antenor, her great love for Lucasia, her fervid compliments to Sir Charles Cot-

1. Cf. Saintsbury, *Minor Caroline Poets*, I, 487.



MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS

*From a mezzotinto by Isaac Becket in a volume of the 1678 edition of
Katherine Philips's poems (11626.9.10) in the British Museum*

terell, or her childlike wonder at the great ones of the earth. These are all virtues that far overbalance her faults, one of the greatest of which was her indefatigable persistence in demanding from her friends as much as she herself was willing to give. Still, even in this, she may be forgiven, for she was always graceful. The daughter of a Puritan and the wife of a Puritan, she had the heart of a Cavalier. Her sound morals were her inheritance; her gracefulness, her own fortune. To those who followed her she became a tradition, so that, when the world came to know the professional literary woman and the learned lady, it remembered with regret the loss of all the worth, the humility, and the seriousness that had distinguished the Matchless Orinda.

CHAPTER VIII

The Poetess Orinda

TO BEGIN an essay on Orinda's poems after most of them have been considered already in the body of the work and after the poetess herself has been placed in her tomb at St. Benet Sherehog may seem superfluous, and may give just ground for a certain feeling that a resuscitation has taken place. But all that could be said has not been said. The personal nature of the poems has led perforce to a treatment that, while it has offered advantages in allowing a more vivid discussion of each poem separately, has limited to a great extent the opportunities for generalization on the poems as a whole. Until Orinda is seen not only as a person but as a writer in contact with the literature preceding and following her, she is not completely understood. Her personal character is apt to be so attractive that any real significance that she possesses as a writer tends to be forgotten. This chapter, therefore, leaves Orinda for Orinda's verse. It will be seen that, even if she is a minor poet among minors, she is not without her mite to contribute to the history of literature.

.

The difference between the earliest and the later poems of John Dryden is always striking. During the years that

separate the lines upon the death of Lord Hastings (1649) and those addressed to his friend Hoddesdon (1650) from the heroic stanzas on Cromwell (1658) and the *Astraea Redux* (1660) a great change has taken place. In the first poems, Dryden, not yet twenty years old, was an imitator of the old school of wits, who held ingenious conceits to be the most desired ingredient of elegant verse; in the second two, he was a follower of the new school of neo-classicists, who were striving for clearness of thought in smooth and even versification. In other words, in 1649, in spite of the work of Denham and Waller, the poet was hesitating to adopt the new style of writing; in 1658, he had accepted it entirely as the style that forever after was to be his own. The decade during which this transformation was accomplished is a dark one in the history of English literature. The course of poetry before and after is visible and clear, but it is lost in the confusion of the years between. Katherine Philips belongs to these years. Born in the same year as Dryden, she began writing at almost the same time (1651); but, while the great poet was silent, she continued to write, pouring forth her poems in honor of Friendship to Rosania and Lucasia. At least one half of her poems fall within this dark period, and consequently, as a minor poet and entirely the product of her times, she becomes a person of great interest in the study of Commonwealth poetry. No critic would, or probably ever could, claim for her a very high rank among poets, but no historian of literature should neglect the light that her works throw upon the development of poetry during the ten years preceding the Restoration.

The first of her poems to be printed was the one prefixed to the volume of Cartwright's works that appeared in

1651,¹ a year that might be considered the last poetical year before 1660, for it saw not only the publication of Cartwright's poems and plays but also of Davenant's *Gondibert*, Cleveland's *Poems*, and Vaughan's *Olor Iscanus* — poetry equal in amount to the output of the press for the entire nine years that followed. There is therefore an excellent opportunity for observing the state of poetry at the time that Katherine began to write.

These four men whose works are mentioned above illustrate very well the poetic tendencies of the year 1651. With a small allowance of freedom in generalization, they can even be taken as representatives of four groups of poets formed by those tendencies and capable of including almost any writer of the time. The first group, of which Vaughan is a not unworthy member, consisted of men too original to be under the absolute mastery of poetic fashions, even though, like all men, they owed much to their age. Milton, of course, is the greatest. The second group, headed by Cleveland, included the metaphysical poets, the "die-hards," who still thought of Donne as the

... king, that ruled as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit.

The third group, reflected in Davenant, was made up of a small circle of friends who were struggling to establish the new poetry. *Gondibert* itself was introduced to the world under the encouragement of Waller, the actual leader, and Protean Cowley, who, in his conservative moments, still clung to the metaphysicals and, as often again, emulated

1. Other poems whose date can be placed with certainty belong to this year: "On the 3. of September, 1651"; "To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her receiving the Name of Lucasia, and Adoption into our Society, December 28, 1651"; "To the Truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen, on my first Approaches."

the lyricism of the Cavaliers.¹ These reformers of the couplet and favorites of the heroic Muse, when once Dryden had joined their forces, swept all before them. The fourth and last group, which marched under the courtly banner of Cartwright, was really a combination of the two preceding. It was influenced by the reformers in so far as it accepted a purified versification and by the metaphysicals in so far as it reserved an important position for ingenuity, but it was set apart from either by the addition of a quality that, since it arose out of the new elegance of the court of Charles I, might be called, for lack of a better term, gallantry.² The French wife of Charles I had helped to make fashionable the *préciosité* that had had its beginnings not long before in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and, by fostering its spirit among the courtiers, she had been instrumental in bringing about the atmosphere in which the Cavalier lyrists sang their songs. Cartwright and the other Cavalier poets dated back to the days before the Civil War, but they continued for a long time to be read by the lovers of poetry, who kept their tradition green until England once more had a court. These four groups of poets can only with difficulty be kept distinct, for they tend always to merge, especially the latter two, into varying combinations. Nevertheless, they mark out with convenient exactness and essential truth the tendencies that were then at work in poetry.

It is apparent at once that Katherine belonged to the fourth group. By taste and by inclination, as if to outbrave her education, she was drawn to the Cavaliers. She was fond of Suckling, whom she read in a copy of the *Frag-*

1. See their commentary poems prefixed to *Gondibert*.

2. Waller, in his songs and lighter pieces, belongs to the Cavaliers.

menta Aurea (1648) that is now in the Harvard Library and whom she quoted once in one of her letters. She admired Cartwright, her "much valued friend," and honored his memory in a poem that heads the long series prefixed to the 1651 edition of his works. There is a significance in the fact that her first published verses should be associated with his name. Katherine was in reality Cartwright's disciple.

"The Prince of Phancy," as she called him, was the person who, above all others, influenced the young Orinda.¹ She imitated his manner and borrowed his matter. How much she owed him for her manner, her own verses to him will show:

Stay, Prince of Phancy, stay, we are not fit
To welcome or admire thy Raptures yet:
Such horrid Ignorance benights the Times,
That Wit and Honour are become our Crimes.
But when those happy Pow'rs that guard thy dust
To us, and to thy Mem'ry shall be just,
And by a flame by thy blest Genius lent,
Rescue us from our dull Imprisonment,
Unsequester our Phancies, and create
A Worth that may upon thy Glories wait:
We then shall understand thee, and descry
The Splendor of restored Poetry.
Till when let no bold hand profane thy Shrine;
'Tis high Wit-Treason to debase thy Coin.²

There is much to be learned from this poem. It is written in good couplets; it is slightly ingenious; it has a tone of courtly panegyric. Compared with Dryden's lines on Lord Hastings, it is far advanced in clearness of thought and

1. Kathleen M. Lynch, *Social Mode of Restoration Comedy* (New York, 1926), pp. 113-115, notes also the similarity between Cartwright and Katherine Philips.

2. *Poems* (1678), p. 71.

smoothness of versification; but then Dryden's lines are probably inspired by the tortuous verses of Cleveland on the death of Edward King. Another early poem that shows Orinda in a more ingenious mood and challenges comparison in wit with Cartwright is the one addressed to Francis Finch, the excellent Palæmon. The beginning will be enough:

This is confest Presumption, for had I
 All that rich stock of Ingenuity
 Which I could wish for this, yet would it be
Palaemon's blot, a pious Injury.
 But as no Votaries are scorn'd when they
 The meanest Victim in Religion pay;
 Not that the Pow'r they worship needs a Gum,
 But that they speak their thanks for all with some:
 So though the most contemptible of all,
 That do themselves *Palaemon's* Servants call,
 I know that Zeal is more than Sacrifice,
 (For God did not the Widow's Mite despise)
 And that *Palaemon* hath Divinity,
 And Mercy is his highest property:
 He that doth such transcendent Merit own,
 Must have imperfect Off'rings or none.¹

This is not "Clevelandizing." There is plenty of ingenuity, but there is not a discordant impropriety that leads to shocked astonishment. The tone is rather one of gallant sporting. The courtier dilettante and not the scholar wit is speaking. Let these suffice. There can be no doubt of Katherine's indebtedness to Cartwright, and it would be useless to multiply examples.

Cartwright was in every sense Orinda's master, her master not only in manner but in matter. In him she found expressed completely the one distinctive theme forever to be associated with her name, the theme of Platonic Friend-

1. Page 72.

ship. Platonic Love and Platonic Friendship were by no means new in 1651. They had been, as everybody knows, common subjects for poetry since the time of Petrarch. But between the Platonism of the Renaissance and the Platonism of the Commonwealth there was a vast difference. The spirit of Petrarch, which had ruled for so long, had given way to the spirit of a *précieuse* France, which had taken the world by storm and had passed into England to be the inspiration of the friendship between Orinda and Lucasia. The new set of Platonics, as they were called, sprang up in the thirties, probably under the encouragement of Henrietta Maria, who, a frivolous young woman not long from France, had undergone the refining influences of the Hôtel de Rambouillet.¹ The first definite reference to the new fashion is to be found in one of Howell's letters, written on June 3, 1634, to a friend in Paris: ² "The Court affords little news at present, but that there is a love called platonic love, which much sways there of late. It is a love abstracted from all corporal gross impressions and sensual appetite, but consists in contemplations and ideas of the mind, not in any carnal fruition. This love sets the wits of the town on work; and they say there will be a mask shortly of it, whereof Her Majesty and her maids of honour will be part."³ The "mask" here mentioned is probably Davenant's *Temple of Love*, which was acted by the Queen and her ladies at Whitehall on Shrove Tuesday, 1634. This love did indeed set the wits at work.

1. J. B. Fletcher, "Précieuses at the Court of Charles I," *Journal of Comparative Literature*, 1, 120-153; Lynch, *Social Mode of Restoration Comedy*.

2. James Howell, *The Familiar Letters*, with an introduction by A. Repplier (Boston and New York, 1907), II, 204.

3. Platonic Love of the French variety was not unknown before this date. D'Urfé's *Astrée* had been translated as early as 1611 and again with the newly printed third book in 1620.

All the poets about the court bowed before it and its possibilities. Habington, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Waller, Cartwright — all celebrated its ethereal purity and ideal loveliness, and then turned round, at least those who were not without a sense of humor, and made sport of the very absurdities that they had before exalted. The drama, as much as poetry, felt its spell, and heroes and heroines from the romantic Orient of sweet-flowing names conversed and sighed in a gallant system of love. Davenant, who was always at the very heels of fashion, wrote not only the *Temple of Love* but also *The Platonic Lovers* (1638), *The Fair Favourite* (1638), *The Unfortunate Lovers* (1638), *The Distresses* (1639), and *Love and Honour* (1639). Lodovick Carlell, a writer less known, has seven tragi-comedies to show the prevalence of the new fashion. Suckling, with all his flippancy, did not disdain in *Aglaure* (1637) and *Brennoralt* (1639) to give a serious exposition of the Platonic Love Code, and Cartwright established his reputation as an ingenious and courtly poet by his three tragi-comedies, *The Lady Errant* (1635), *The Royal Slave* (1636), and *The Siege, or Love's Convert* (1637), all three full of the new wonder.¹ Platonic Love was so much a part of the Cavalier poetry that to neglect it is to fail to understand the poetry itself; it is an index to the Cavalier mind, a key to Cavalier gallantry. Platonic Love, which came in as a fashion, continued to exist throughout the uncongenial days of the Commonwealth, guarded carefully as a tradition of courtliness that should not be smothered by the dull righteousness of Puritan morality.

1. There were also other plays of less note: Habington's *Queen of Aragon* (1640) and the tragi-comedies of Henry Glapthorne, Sir William Berkely, Jasper Mayne, and Thomas Killigrew. See Lynch, *Social Mode of Restoration Comedy*, p. 65.

And so, when Katherine Philips began to write, she found her system of Platonic Friendship all ready for her (for Platonic Friendship is only a mode of Platonic Love), and she turned for guidance to Cartwright, who had been in the days preceding the Civil War one of the most energetic propagators of the new creed. Her relations to her master are as clear in this as in other respects. Her borrowing of names that he had used displays the honor in which she held him. Like all writers of the time, Cartwright affected mellifluous pseudo-classical names for his characters, and some of these Orinda has taken without change. The name Lucasia itself is from his play *The Lady Errant*, which tells how the charming princess of Cyprus, Lucasia, the daughter of Demarchus, is wooed and won by the equally charming and very Platonic Charistus, the Prince of Crete, a name that, it will be remembered, was the pseudonym of John Owen, the first husband of Orinda's own Lucasia. Also, the heroic virgin in *The Siege, or Love's Convert*, whose beauty inflamed, and whose purity subdued, the Thracian Misander, is called Leucasia. A third name Orinda got from *The Royal Slave*, a play whose protagonist is the philosophical and virtuous slave-prince Cratander. But she found more than names in Cartwright; she found a whole science of friendship. The poets, in dealing with Platonic Love, had usually kept the love between the different sexes, love between two persons of the same sex never having attained reality beyond the romances. Nevertheless, that Platonic Friendship was well known is proved by the diatribes that Jeremy Taylor directed against it in his *Discourse on Friendship*.¹ Cartwright, too, made use of it early in one of his plays, *The Lady Errant*, in

1. See p. 74 above.

which Charistus, the Cretan prince who is in love with Lucasia, and Olyndus, a young lord of Cyprus, are bound together by such a friendship. A few quotations from this play will discover how much Katherine owed to Cartwright for her system of Platonic Friendship. Charistus's first speech (Act I, sc. v) gives the high ground of affection between the two men, and shows that thirty years later Katherine had little to add to Charistus's ideal:

O my *Olyndus*, were there not that thing
That we call Friend, Earth would one Desert be,
And Men Alone still, though in Company.

So Cartwright wrote in 1635. This is what Orinda wrote in 1662, words so much an echo to Cartwright's that no greater proof of her discipleship could be desired: "And thus it is that the thing called Friendship, without which the whole Earth would be but a Desert, and Man still alone, tho' in Company, grows sick and languishes, and *Love once sick, how quickly will it die?*"¹ Then Charistus and Olyndus expound in dialogue their principles of friendship. Lucasia, upon hearing that Charistus is come, forbids him her sight. In despair he sends his friend to her, happy in the thought that in Olyndus he himself is going, yet jealous with the fear that Olyndus may receive the affection that is due to him (Act II, sc. vi):

Char. Only forbid me to be happy, only
Forbids me to enjoy my self; What could
She more, were I her Enemy? *Olyndus*
Hast thou at no time told her, that there was
A *Cretan* call'd thee Friend?

Olyn. Why do you ask?

Char. Perhaps Sh'hath found this way to send for thee.

Olyn. Though I have thought it worth the boasting, that
Charistus is my friend, yet by that Word,

1. See p. 152 above.

Sacred to Noble Souls, I never had
So much accesse to tell her any thing,
Much lesse my Friendship.

Char. Thou shalt go *Olyndus*.

Olyn. When my eyes see her, yours do; when I talk,
'Tis you that talk; we are true friends, and one,
Nay that one interchang'd; for I am you.

Char. 'Tis true thou art my friend, so much by friend,
That my selfe am not more my selfe, than thou art:
If thou dost go, I go — But stay — Didst not
Thou say mine eyes were thine? Thou didst: if that
Be so, then thou must love her too, and then —
Olyndus thou must stay.

Olyn. She loves you so,
(As my *Eumela* doth inform me) that
No humane Image can deface the Print
That you have drawn i' th' Tablet of her Soul.

Char. If that she loves me so, why then she must
Love thee so too; for thou and I art one.

Olyn. Why then, Sir, if you go your self, the issue
Will be the same however, so, when she
Loves you Shee'll love me too.

There is no way to side-step the conclusion of such an argument, and so *Olyndus* goes. The event leads to very tragic consequences. Intending kindness to her lover, *Lucasia* offers him encouragement by saying to *Olyndus* that in the absence of *Charistus* she will love him.¹ When

1. The dialogue between *Olyndus* and *Lucasia* (Act III, sc.1) is interesting:

OLYN. May't please your Highness, Madam —
I have a friend so much my self, that I
Cann't say he's absent now, yet he hath sent me
To be here present for him: we enterchange
Bosoms, and Counsels, Thoughts and Souls so much,
That he entreats you to conceive you spake
To him in me; all that you shall deposite
Will be in safe, and faithful Ears; the same
Trust you expect from him, shall keep your words,
And the same Night conceal 'em: 'Tis *Charistus*
The noble *Cretan*.

LUC. When you said your Friend,
The rest was needless, etc.

Olyndus, who is somewhat astonished at the turn affairs have taken, repeats this message, Charistus is torn by a tempest of earthly passions that demolishes completely his Platonic serenity. He draws his rapier, and rushes headlong into fight. Olyndus, to defend himself, draws also. They wound each other, embrace, and prepare for the death that is prevented, of course, by a fortunate discovery. Such was a true Platonic friendship, the kind that existed between Lucasia and Orinda. That it should find serious expression outside of tragi-comedy is almost inconceivable. But what a man could not do without becoming foolish, a woman could with only, at the worst, the risk of being considered silly. And so Orinda took over the tradition of Platonic Friendship, and applied it to women.

If the friendship between Orinda and Lucasia had been of the same quality as well as of the same kind as the friendship between Charistus and Olyndus, the name of Katherine Philips would suggest little but the ridiculous. That it does not now, although it may cause many a good-natured smile, and that it did not to Katherine's own contemporaries, may be taken as proof that there is in her friendships an element that keeps them from being downright silly. That element is probably sincerity. Katherine accepted the form and vocabulary of Platonic Friendship, but she did not trifle with the thing itself. Her friendships were always genuine. She used a set of artificial terms to convey an unaffected emotion in very much the same way that Herrick used Latin conventions in his fine poem to the memory of his dead father. Some of her most sincere, as well as some of her most delightful, poems are the most Platonic: for example, "A retir'd Friendship. To Ardelia"; "To my Excellent Lucasia, on our Friendship"; "To Mrs.

Mary Aubrey"; "To Mrs. M. A. at parting"; "Lucasia, Rosania, and Orinda parting at a Fountain, July, 1663." This quality of true feeling so personal in its application saves Katherine. After we have become used to her jargon, we find a personality clearly before us, and a personality well worth knowing.

And so, Katherine, in the very thing that distinguishes her verse, was a follower of the court poets. She was one of the few writers remaining in England who carried on the Cavalier tradition through the period of the Commonwealth, and handed it over only slightly changed to the court of Charles II. Her place in literature, therefore, is not an entirely unimportant one. It might not be too uncritical to affirm that, if Olyndus and Charistus had not spoken as they did, Celadon and Florimel (or any other of Dryden's clever pairs) would never have appeared upon the stage. The tradition that connects them is continuous; it was never broken like the kingship, nor did it, like the kingship, suffer exile. There was a group in England that never forgot the gallantry and the graciousness of the days before the war; and of this group Katherine was an admired and admiring member.

Although her poems go back in many ways to the Cavalier poets, they show also the changes that were taking place throughout the Interregnum. They belong to a time of transition, and they are therefore of great interest for the way in which they anticipate the difference between the temper of the first half and the second half of the seventeenth century. The poems, in respect to kind, look forward to the Restoration.

They can be classified conveniently as either occasional or non-occasional. The occasional vary greatly in tone

from the lightest that register some trifling incident of friendship to the heroic that celebrate an event of national importance. The non-occasional are mostly songs, didactic poems, and poetical characters. A study of these divisions separately will demonstrate the new tendencies at work in Orinda's poems, and will illustrate the course taken by the later poetry of the Restoration period.

The occasional poems, although they are usually not the best, contributed immensely to Orinda's reputation. They should be considered for that reason with serious attention, yet they should be studied not to discover their limitations and defects (a task by no means difficult) but to bring to light those qualities that could call forth the enthusiastic commendations of such wits as Orrery and Cowley. The occasional poems in the lighter vein offer little trouble. Their very titles — "To Mrs. Mary Carne, when Philaster courted her"; "To Mr. J. B., the noble Cratander, upon a Composition of his which he is not willing to own publicly"; "To Philaster, on his Melancholy for Regina," etc. — are reminiscent of Carew and Suckling and Cartwright, and show Katherine once more a follower of the Cavaliers. They represent a form of composition of which she never tired and for which she ever displayed an enviable dexterity. They are among her most pleasing poems. Other occasional verse, scarcely exalted enough to be heroic, celebrate important events that took place within the circle of her own family, or the families of her friends. She has poems, for instance, on the marriages of her sister, "Mrs. C. P.," Rosania, and Lucasia; eulogies to the memory of Charistus, Sir Walter Lloyd, Mrs. Wogan, "F. P.," "Mrs. E. H.," Mrs. Owen of Orielton, and Mrs. Mary Lloyd; epitaphs for her son, her mother-in-law, her

stepfather, Regina, and John Collier. All the epitaphs, with one exception, that upon Philip Skippon, which belongs more properly to the class of eulogies, are written in the octosyllabic couplet, and are obviously after the manner of Ben Jonson. The best is the one on her son, who was buried in St. Syth's church.¹ The eulogies, which are all in the heroic couplet, are of interest on account of their type. They are built up by an idealized character of the deceased. This method was not original with Katherine, for Cartwright had used it consistently in all his poems addressed to the memory of departed nobles.² Hence, when she adopted it, she was again following in the footsteps of her master. Her use of the character, however, is somewhat different. In sketching in the character of his subject, Cartwright kept it always subordinate to the display of his ingenuity; Katherine, on the other hand, reversed the procedure, and made the character the chief aim of her entire panegyric. The result was pure gain. Such a form of eulogy looks forward to the Restoration, so that again Katherine is seen occupying an important intermediate position. While more ambitious than anything she ever attempted, Dryden's *Eleonora* is an elegy of this kind.

Orinda's occasional verse includes also a few poems in the heroic strain. Since almost all of these are massed together at the beginning of her works (from the 1664 edition on), the casual reader is apt to receive an impression that is not the true one, although it was that desired by the printer at the time of publication. As a matter of fact,

1. See p. 91 above.

2. Although Jonson's unfinished *Venetia* seems to have had such a plan, it was carried out in an entirely different spirit.

Katherine did not write many heroics, and all that she did write except two — “Upon the double Murther of King Charles I” and “On 3. of September, 1651” — belong after 1660, when the rage for heroic panegyric had set in. The term heroic applies only loosely anyway, for there is little difference between some of the more serious and the most heroic pieces, the reason being perhaps that Katherine was in the habit of treating her friends as kings and queens. However, to have a genuine king and a genuine queen for her inspiration did exalt to some extent the tone of her verse, or at least did create the desire to soar into the more rarefied atmosphere of the higher eloquence. But Orinda’s pinions were not of that powerful kind that the Theban eagle bore, and it was only by the utmost exertion that she succeeded in rising at all, and then, alas! only to sink back again, spiritless. The truth seems to be that she did not take naturally to the Oriental art of magnificent praise, or surely she would have found more occasions than two during the course of the Commonwealth to display her powers. In 1660, expediency and the new craze for royalty led her to add her voice to the general chorus; but, even then, she was never at her best. It would be difficult to point out a single poem in all her works that could stand as a praiseworthy example of this kind of writing. Her poems to royalty are the one disturbing feature in the portrait of a gracious and clever woman, not because they are addressed to royalty but because they alone have a tinge of professionalism.

On the whole, the occasional poems do not represent tendencies at work in the poetry of the Commonwealth period that cannot be found earlier; they do show, however, the amazing energy with which the movement in occasional

verse was being carried on during the ten years preceding the great outburst of the sixties.

Although the occasional poems are far in the majority, and no doubt brought Katherine much fame in her own day, those for which now she is usually remembered belong to the other division, the non-occasional. Among these, the most important are the songs. It should perhaps be stated at the outset that many of these songs could be included very properly with the occasional pieces, for some of them celebrate an event, such as the parting between friends; but even the most occasional are in tone so lyrical that they fall away from the poems discussed above, and join naturally the group of songs proper. Certainly the songs should stand in a class by themselves; they are the sole ground for whatever reputation Orinda now enjoys. As in her other poems, so in these she was the inheritor of the Cavalier tradition. She has the grace of phrase, the sense of form, the curious turn of thought, and the intense note of personal feeling, that distinguish the Cavalier lyric. If there is any one thing that points forward to the Restoration, it is a certain conscious working of that common-sense kind of precision that detracts from spontaneity. Nor did Katherine offer innovations in her choice of subjects. She addressed her Ardelia on the peace of friendship, her Lucasia on the mystery of friendship, her Rosania on the pain of friendship — subjects that are closely allied to the Platonic Love poems and occasional songs of the Cavalier poets. Her stanza forms, too, look back rather than forward, her favorite stanzas being the usual quatrain and the six-line stanza (ababcc) of octosyllabic lines. Only in that “brisk” song in *Pompey*, “Since Affairs of the State,” does she attempt a bold anapaestic movement.

Above all, she possesses a certain quality that places her unmistakably in the great lyrical tradition — the swing of her verse. This quality, difficult of explanation but easy of perception, made no doubt a large part of the attraction that Keats found in the lines to Mary Aubrey:

I have examin'd and do find,
Of all that favour me,
There's none I grieve to leave behind
But only, only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting sep'rate thee and I.¹

And it is part of the attraction to be noticed in such lines as these addressed to Lucasia:

I did not live until this time
Crown'd my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but Thee.²

This is a cadence that belonged exclusively to the seventeenth century, a cadence that has since been lost even to the great song-writers of the nineteenth century. Whatever her weaknesses may have been, Katherine was a sure artist in her songs. Her touch on the Caroline lyre was as skilful as her ear was good, so that seldom does her science admit a discord; she had, in short, that instinct for song that is so conspicuous among the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It might be said that in her songs Katherine excelled herself, but it should be added that she could never excel her limitations. Her songs are often admirable and hold rightfully their place in the anthologies, but, at their best, they are not superlative. They are never so good, for instance, as the finest things of

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 74.

2. Page 51.

the Cavalier poets; yet, if the truth be admitted, they are never so bad as the worst. After all is said, Katherine enjoys qualities that allow her an honorable place among minor poets. The reputation that she gained in her own time can be understood easily by a comparison of her work with the work of Davenant and Cowley, the poets whom her judges considered to be the ornaments of the age. Now, however, she cannot expect to live by comparisons. If she deserves any place in literature beyond that of a mere literary curiosity, she deserves it for the real ability that she displayed in the composition of her songs.

A second group among the non-occasional poems is made by the didactic poems, or poems on abstract subjects. Although these, unlike the songs, do not add to Orinda's reputation, they are of historical interest in that they represent the beginnings of that tendency towards didacticism that later was to bring forth "The Hind and the Panther" and the "Essay on Criticism." They are in their nature related closely to the essay. Their titles are an index to their contents — "On Controversies on Religion"; "Friendship"; "A Resvery"; "Submission"; "2 Cor. 5, 19. God was in Christ Reconciling the World to himself"; "The World"; "Happiness."¹ The beginning of "The World" is a good sample of them all; it shows the method that Orinda used and the tone that she wished to attain:

We falsely think it due unto our Friends,
That we should grieve for their untimely ends.
He that surveys the World with serious eyes,
And strips her from her gross and weak disguise,

1. There is another whose title is misleading, "To the truly competent Judge of Honour, Lucasia, upon a scandalous Libel made by J. J." The poem might well have been called "Honour."

Shall find 'tis Injury to mourn their Fate;
He only dies untimely who dies late.
For if 'twere told to Children in the Womb,
To what a Stage of Mischiefs they must come;
Could they foresee with how much toil and sweat
Men count that gilded nothing, being Great;
What pains they take not to be what they seem,
Rating their bliss by others false esteem,
And sacrificing their Content, to be
Guilty of grave and serious Vanity;
How each Condition hath its proper Thorns,
And what one man admits, another scorns;
How frequently their Happiness they miss,
So far even from agreeing what it is,
That the same Person we can hardly find,
Who is an hour together in one mind:
Sure they would beg a Period of their breath,
And what we call their Birth would count their Death.¹

From this quotation, it is evident that Katherine is giving rein to her propensity for moral discourse, which was so prominent in the letters. These poems are in reality essays in verse. It is evident also that she is working towards a norm well defined in her own mind. She writes in heroic couplets. She strives consciously to bring each couplet to a decisive close and to pile one upon another in a strong, accumulative effect. In neither of these attempts, however, does she succeed. Her couplets, though they stop, are apt to break, and her verse tower is but a pitiful thing beside Dryden's. She struggles desperately for aphorism, but in one place only does she attain her end. The line,

He only dies untimely who dies late,

though lacking in eloquence, is not a bad line. And finally, she tries laboriously to express style, style in the neo-classical sense. But again she is wide of the mark. With all

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 111.

their weaknesses these lines are of interest, — at least to the student of typical developments, — for they show in clear relief the tendencies in poetry that did not reach perfection until many years later, and then only in the hands of the master, Dryden.

These verse essays of Orinda were a new form in English literature. When she wrote songs or occasional poems, she was following in the footsteps of those who had preceded her; but, when she wrote didactic poems, she had no good models, for such poems as Sir John Davies's *Nosce Teipsum* were far too formidable and substantial to serve as a precedent for her polite moral disquisitions. What, then, is the explanation for the presence of such a form in the works of Katherine Philips, who had none of the powers of an innovator? The poems are of course related closely to the essay, a fact that no doubt offers a partial solution. Now the essay, which is thought of usually as belonging to the eighteenth century, had already begun on its long career of popularity,¹ and was a form of literature in great favor at the very time that Katherine was writing. It was not a very bold step for an essay writer, as undoubtedly she was, to turn from prose to verse. The growing popularity of the essay, however, is not the only influence that might have acted upon her. She could have found in French literature what she had not found in English, a form of writing that could have served her as a model. The French *élogie*, with some variation, could have become easily her essay in verse. The *élogie*, which usually turned on love, used the Alexandrine, and treated its subject in a generalized manner. By changing the subject and sub-

1. The number of essays written at the time is impressive. See E. N. S. Thompson, *The Seventeenth Century English Essay* (Iowa City, Iowa, 1926; *University of Iowa Humanistic Studies*, vol. III, no. 3).

stituting a tone of polite moralizing for that of *précieuse* gallantry, Katherine could have had the form that she desired. That the French *élégie* may have been her model that poem entitled "A Resvery" discovers. The title itself, even to its curious spelling, is suggestive, and the opening lines, with their generalized description, are so close to the French manner that they read like a translation:

A Chosen Privacy, a cheap Content,
And all the Peace a Friendship ever lent,
A Rock which civil Nature made a Seat,
A Willow that repulses all the heat,
The Beauteous quiet of a Summers day,
A Brook which sobb'd aloud and ran away,
Invited my Repose, and then conspir'd
To entertain my Phancie thus retir'd.¹

In this happy situation, Orinda is led to contemplate the world and its "sullen Follies," which appear to her

But a too-well acted Tragedy.

Here is the manner of the *élégie*. Here is the manner, too, of the famous *Temple de la Mort*, which Poliarchus translated to her great edification and delight. That she was following the French seems all the more certain when a comparison is made between her poems and those of the latter half of the century, which have undergone the refining influence of the classical writers, especially Horace, and have been given a tone of colloquial urbanity and polished grace that Orinda never knew. Her essays in verse are never very good, for such writing requires a sense of style that was beyond her; but they deserve to be noticed as harbingers of the movement that gave English poetry its greatest didactic poems.

1. *Poems* (1678), p. 86.

The third and last group of Katherine's non-occasional verse consists of poetical characters. Like the preceding group, which was associated with the essay, this group is connected also with a form of prose writing equally popular — the character; and like the preceding group, which ushered in a tendency that grew to perfection in later writers, so this group introduces to verse a form of writing that became famous in the hands of her successors. There is a close relation, for example, between Orinda's characters of her *Lucasia* and her *Rosania* and Dryden's famous *Zimri* or Pope's famous *Atticus*.

The prose character has been studied carefully, so that its history and its popularity are well known; but its influence upon poetry has never been estimated. Since all the characters in verse that are worthy of remembrance come after the Restoration, — say in such works as Butler's *Hudibras* or Dryden's satires, — it is the more interesting to find Orinda writing in this form at an early date. One of her very early poems, the one addressed to Francis Finch,¹ is an evident character. She tells what was in her mind, when at the end of the poem she apologizes for her bold attempt in these words:

But why do I to Copy him pretend?
My Rhimes but libel whom they would commend.

Again, in a later poem, "*Rosania shadowed whilst Mrs. Mary Awbrey*,"² she performs what is probably her best character, and again she shows by her title with its word *shadowed* and by her opening lines,

If any could my dear *Rosania* hate,
They only should her Character relate,

1. Page 72. See above, p. 62.

2. Page 48.

that she recognizes her poem to be a well-defined type of writing. She did not write many characters. In addition to those mentioned above, she produced only the poem "Lucasia"¹ and a few others among the elegies, the most notable of which is the "Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio."² The verse character is certainly the offspring of the prose character. But, in spite of the similarity of medium, which is abstract description, there is in other respects a difference. The prose character paints types; the verse character, individuals — a distinction that remains generally true throughout the seventeenth century. The verse character is not a character turned into verse; it is the result of the application of the method of the character to an individual subject.

In the writing of characters, Orinda betrays again her predilection for French literary fashions. It is not to be expected that such an assiduous reader of French romances should remain uninfluenced by the finely drawn characters to be found in them, and Orinda must have known the famous portraits of the *Grand Cyrus*, whose originals could be discovered by a key. As an admirer of French manners, too, she must have been told that, under the sway of the modes that began with the romances themselves and their author Mlle. de Scudéry, the great ladies of the court had taken to writing portraits.³ The idea of the character would have seemed very natural to Orinda. But she wrote at such an early date that she must have worked without any direct models. The French could have helped only in a general way. Mlle. de Scudéry's portraits are in prose, and

1. Page 34.

2. Page 156.

3. The craze is first recorded by the Grande Mademoiselle in 1657. The *Gallerie des Portraits* is even later. Many of Orinda's characters were written before 1657.

so are many of the later ones of the *Gallerie des Portraits*. Besides, the French portraits are more portraits in the true sense of the word; they begin with a personal description of the face and bearing before going into an analysis of the mind. Orinda's, on the other hand, omit all this introduction, and give their full force to the exaltation of the mind and virtues. The result is that her characters lack the realism of the French, and read more like a panegyric than a character. The actual basis of the characters of Rosania and Lucasia seems to have been English; the inspiration that drew them forth might well have been French.

From this inquiry into the different types of writing that Orinda practised, it is not difficult to arrive at a juster estimate of her position in English literature. The question of French influence, which is suggested by the use of pseudonyms and the repetition of the theme of Platonic Friendship, becomes of less moment. That there was a French influence is certain, but that it was not the predominant influence is also certain. The tone of *préciosité* is less *galant* than the French, less public, less a matter of show; and, because it is so, it is more a convention used as a clothing for sincere and ordinary emotions. In resolving this question of French influence, the question of English origins becomes all the more important. Orinda, minor poet as she is, takes her place as a type representing a period of transition, and, as such, she leans upon the past at the same time that she is pointing forward to the future. Her early masters were the Cavalier poets, whose doctrines she accepted without thought of amendment. Wherever she changed them, she did so unconsciously to fit the temper of a changing age. Her greatest claim to attention is that she was among the few who kept alive in the teeth of

Puritan scorn and persecution the old court tradition, and handed it over ready for use to the returning wits of the Restoration. On the actual merits of her writing, little enthusiasm is possible, even to one who has come to know her well. To the student of the drama her translations will always prove interesting, but they probably will never call forth more commendation than that due to a task well done. Her appeal must come from her other works. The spirited portrait that she draws of herself in the *Letters to Poliarchus*, and the few agreeable, if somewhat artificial, songs and poems that represent the luckier moments of a gift by no means contemptible, should always find admirers, even among the more particular of general readers. Her reputation can never again be so great as it once was, but to those who know how to find it there will always remain a charm in

The magic of Orinda's name.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

THE WILL OF JOHN FOWLER CITIZEN AND CLOTHWORKER OF LONDON ¹

DATED SEPTEMBER 13, 1641, PROVED DECEMBER 22, 1642
IN THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY BY HIS
SON AND EXECUTOR JOSUA FOWLER, AND REGISTERED AS
127 CABBELL

I John fowler Citizen & Clothworker of London being in health of body and of perfect remembrance (thanks be given to almighty god for the same) yet nevertheless calling to minde the frailtie of my estate and howe uncertaine the houre thereof is, To the intent that my minde should be the lesse occasioned to thinke on worldly things, when it shall please god to send me sickness the messenger of death to warne me and to make ready to depart out of this miserable world And to the intent to avoide strife and contencōn which might otherwise arise after my decease concerning these goods and chattles whereof it hath pleased god hetherto to give me the use doe make and declare my last will & testament in manner & forme followeing that is to say ffirst & principally I commend my soule unto the almighty god humbly acknowledging my infinite sinnes and wretchednes, and findeing nothing in myself worthy to be presented to his majestie, yet knowing his eternal desire to have sinners repenting of their sinnes & that he spared not his only begotten into the vale of misery there to suffer death for the redeeming of all that put their trust in him, and although my sinnes be as red as scarlet yet his blood is able to wash them as white as snowe Therefore I present the death of his dearly beloved sonne Jesus Christ my Savior and redeemer as a full satisfaction for all my sinnes & offences and by his merits death and resurreccōn do

¹ Taken from a copy made by George F. Matthews of Godalming.

hope and assuredly beleve to receave full and absolute remission pardon and forgiveness of all my sinnes and offences and to be a Coheire of that everlasting kingdome which he hath prepared for his elect before the foundacons of the world were layed And for my body knowing whatsoever becometh thereof in the meane season yet att the last ye same shall rise againe and become incorruptible therefore I commend the same to discrecon of my executors And as touching the disposing be buried where god shall appoint leaveing the ordering of the same to ye discrecon of my executors And as touching the disposing of such worldly goods & substance as god hath lent me I will devise and dispose thereof as followeth ffirst my will and minde is that all such debts as I doe or shall justly owe at the tyme of my decease to any person or persons whatsoever be duly payed within convenient tyme after my decease And that being done, and my funeral charges & expences discharged, all my goods Chattles debts and other personal estate shal be devided into three equall parts according to the laudable Custome of the City of London; one full third part whereof I leave to Katherine my welbeloved wife according to the said Custome; one other full third part thereof I leave to & amongst my sonne Josua and my daughter Katherine & such other children as it shall please god to blesse me withall at the tyme of my decease betwixt them equally to be devided; And the other third part thereof I reserve to performe the several legacies hereafter mencōned And first I give to my servant and cozen John Collyer one hundred pounds Item I do release and forgive my brother Richard ffowler all such debts and sumes of money as he is indebted or doth owe to me Item I give my said brother Richard ffowler one hundred and twenty pounds to be payed him by xii pounds a yeare yearly from & after my decease vizt six pounds at the end of every six moneths from my death till all be payed provided nevertheles yt if my said brother Richard ffowler shall depart this life before he shall have receaved all his said legacie of one hundred and twenty pounds then soe much thereof as shall remayne unpaid at his decease shalbe given and payed unto his 3 daughters which he hath by his now wife equally amongst the same 3 daughters or

the survivors of them to be devided. Item I give unto Mary Scott xx pounds Item I give to my sister Anne Pratt twenty and five pounds to be payed unto her in fower yeares rent after my death, that is to say six pounds & five shillings at the end of every yeare of those foure yeares Item I bequeath to my sister Dorothe Cowper xx pounds Item I bequeath to my servant Henry Reyneir x pounds in money and mourning apparrell Item I give to my late servant Elizabeth Hunter x pounds in money Item I give to my said daughter Katherine ffowler foure hundred pounds in money over and above her orphanage porcōn aforemencōned The rest and residue of all and singular my goods Chattles debts and estate not herein devised or bequeathed I give and bequeath unto my said sonne Josua ffowler And I doe make ordaine & appoint my said sonne Josua ffowler and the aforesaid John Collyer Executors of this my last will & testament And overseers of this my last will & testament I name & appoint my loveing friends Edmond Cason and Job Throckmorton merchants desiring them and either of them to see cause and procure this my last will & testament to be in all things truly performed according to my true intent and meaning herein sett forth and declared And for and in respect of their care and paynes herein to be taken I give unto either of them the said Edmond Cason and Job Throckmorton ten pounds a peece. And I doe revoke and annihilate all former wills & testaments by me made, In witnes whereof I have hereunto putt my hande and seale the day and yeare first above written per me John ffowler These presents being written in fyve sheetes of paper were by the said John ffowler signed sealed published and declared as and for his last will and testament the day and yeare first above written in the presence of per Henry Reynier Ra: Hartbey notary Leonard Bates his servant.

APPENDIX B

THE WILL OF DANIEL OXENBRIDGE, M.D.¹

DATED DECEMBER 21, 1641, PROVED SEPTEMBER 12, 1642
IN THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY BY THE
RELICT CATHERINE, POWER BEING RESERVED FOR MAKING
THE SAME GRANT TO SON DANIEL, AND REGISTERED AS
110 CAMBELL

I Daniel Oxenbridge of London Doctor of Phisicke . . . give and devise unto my sonne Clement Oxenbridg during the terme of his naturall life the anuall sūme of Twenty Pounds of lawfull english money to bee paid unto him at fower feasts or termes in the yeare (that is to say) At the feasts of the Annunciacōn of the Virgine Mary the Nativity of St John Baptist Saint Michael th'archangell and the birth of our Savio^r Christ by equall porcōns And to bee issueing during the joynt lives of my wife and my said sonne out of my Lands and Tenements in the parishes of Saint Stephen Colmanstreete London and Brodericke in the County of Northumberland and either of them And after my wives decease then to bee issueing out of my said Lands and Tenem^{ts} only in the parish of St. Stephen Colmanstreete aforesaid Item I give and devise all my said Lands and Tenem^{ts} in the parish of St. Stephen in Colmanstreete aforesaid (charged as aforesaid) unto Katherine my welbeloved wife during the terme of her naturall life, and after her decease unto my sonne John Oxenbridge and his heirs for ever Item I give and devise all my Lands and Tenem^{ts} at Brodericke aforesaid in the said County of Northumberland (charged as aforesaid) unto my said wife Katherine during the terme of her naturall life And after her decease unto my sonne Daniel Oxenbridge and his heirs for ever To the intent and purpose that if my personall estate will not

¹ From a copy made by George F. Matthews of Godalming. The introduction is omitted.

amount to pay my debts and legacies then hee my said sonne Daniel or his heirs shall sell the Reuercon in fee of the said Lands and Tenem^{ts} at Brodericke after my wives decease, or soe much thereof as will suffice to pay my said Debts and Legacies w^{ch} my said personall estate will not amount to satisfie And then the overplus of the said Lands and Tenem^{ts} after my wives decease to remaine to the use of my said sonne Daniel and his heirs for ever Item I give and devise unto my said sonne John and his heirs for ever All my Lands in the Sommer Islands Item I give unto my said [name omitted in the copy] the Mesuage or Tenem^t wherein I now dwell w^{ch} thappurtennces scituate in St. Sythes Lane in London during so longe time of my Lease and terme therein as shee shall happen to live, Shee my said wife paying the Rent and performing the Covennts reserved and mencōned in my Lease of the said Mesuage w^{ch} shall growe due to bee paid and performed during the time my said wife is to enjoy the same Mesuage And after my wives decease I give all the Remaind^r of my Lease and terme in the said Mesuage wth thappurtennces unto my said sonne Daniel Oxenbridge Item I give and bequeath unto my said sonne Daniel all my part and share in the Tynne ffarm But nevertheles my will and minde is that my said sonne Daniel shall out of the said part in the Tinne ffarme and out of the Remaind^r of the lease of my dwelling house w^{ch} I have given unto him pay and discharge the sume of three hundred pounds for w^{ch} I stand bound unto my sonne in law M^r Edmond Hunt for his wives porcōn Item I give to my daughter Laughorne Ten pounds And to my Grandchild Daniel Laughorne fforty pounds And to all the rest of my sonne and daughter Laughornes children ffive pounds a peece Item I give to my daughter ffowler Tenn pounds and to her daughter Katherine Tenn pounds Item I give to my daughter Cockroft Tenne pounds And to her three children five pounds a peece Item I give unto my said wife during her life time only the rents and profitts of all my Leases not before in this my Will bequeathed And I doe make and ordaine my said loveing wife Katherine and my said sonne Daniel Co-executors of this my last will and Testament And I doe intreat my brother Sir Job Harby and my three sonnes in law William

Laughorne, John fflowler and Caleb Cockroft to be overseers of this my will and to bee assistant unto my Executors in the due performance thereof And I give unto every one of them my said fower Overseers ffive Pounds Item I give unto Robert Bincks Twenty shillings Item I give unto my late old servant Thomas Shawe Twenty shillings Item I give unto widow Clarke Twenty shillings Item I give unto my kinsman Thomas Clarke Twenty shillings Item I give to my cousin Hoares wife Twenty shillings Item I give to my servants Mary Hart and Mary Hart [*sic*] and my man William Twenty shillings a peece Item I give unto my wel-beloved sister the Lady Harby my best Booke in my Study w^{ch} shee shall make choyce of The rest and residue of all my Goods Chattles and debts I give and bequeath unto my two Executors equally between them. In witnes whereof I the said Daniel Oxenbridge have hereunto set my hand and seale the one and twentieth day of December Anno dñi 1641 Daniel Oxenbridge.

Signed sealed published and declared by the testator wthin named to bee his last will and testam^t in the presence of Isaac Jurin Ric: Preice S^r

APPENDIX C

THE WILL OF SIR RICHARD PHILLIPPS, BART.

DATED MARCH 17, 1647/48, PROVED JANUARY 22, 1648/49,
IN THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY BY THE
RELICT DAME KATHERINE PHILLIPPS, AND REGISTERED AS
6 FAIRFAX ¹

In the name of God Amen the seavententh daie of March in the yeare of our Lord God one thousand sixe hundred fortie seaven. . . .

I Richard Phillipps of Pickton in the County of Pembroke Barronett . . . make and ordaine this my Testament conteyninge my last will. . . .

I give devise and bequeath unto Dame Katherine my well-beloved wife towards and in liewe of her Jointure and Dower, and in performance of an agreement made between mee the said Richard Phillipps and Erasmus Phillipps Esquire my sonne and heire apparent of the one partie, and Clement Oxenbridge Esquire, and John Collyer of London Merchant of the other partie bearinge date the one and thirti[e]th daie of December One thousand six hundred fortie six All that Castle or Mannor howse called Picton Castle, together with all the demeanes lands and other landes thereunto belonginge to have and to houlde the said Castle Mannor howse and lands during the space and terme of her naturall life And after the death of the said Dame Katherine I give devise and bequeath the said Castle Mannor howse and lands unto my sonne and heire Erasmus Phillipps and to his heires and assignes for ever Item I give devise and bequeath unto my eldest daughter Anne Phillipps towards her porcōn and preferment the sūme of One thowsand poundes of lawfull money of England to bee unto her paid and satisfied by my said sonne and heire Erasmus Phillipps or his heires or executors within

¹ From a copy made by George F. Matthews of Godalming.

sixe monethes next after my decease, and in default of the payment of the said One thowsand poundes or anie parte thereof unto my said daughter Anne Phillipps within the time aforesaid lymitted for the payment thereof I give devise and bequeath unto my said daughter Anne All that my moyetie or one halfe of all that Mannor or Lordship of Llandowrwr in the Countie of Carmarthen, together with the moyetie or one halfe of all that Mannor howse demeasne lands and other lands in as large and ample manner as I doe holde and enjoye the same and as Sir John Phillipps Barronett deceased helde and enjoyed the same to have and to holdē the said moyetie unto my said daughter Anne and her heires and assignes for ever untill the said sūme of one thowsand poundes bee unto her fully paid and satisfied by the said Erasmus Phillipps or his heires or assignes. Item I give devise and bequeath unto my daughter Elizabeth Phillipps towards her preferrement and porcōn the summe of one thowsand poundes of lawfull money of England to bee unto her paid by my said sonne Erasmus Phillipps or his heires or Executors at such time as she shall accomplish the full age of sixteene yeares or at or upon the daie of her marriage which shall first happen In the meane tyme I do further give devise and bequeath unto my said daughter Elizabeth the summe of sixtie pounds more of lawfull money of England yearely towards her mayntenance and education, to be paid to her the said Elizabeth or the said Dame Katherine her mother to her use by my said sonne Erasmus Phillipps or his heires or Executors [Charged on testator's moyetie of the Mannor of Llandowrwr as in the case of her sister Anne] Item I doe give devise and bequeath unto the said Dame Katherine All the said Messuages Tenements and lands herein-after mentioned, that is to saie, All that Tenement and all that garden and Close of lands being in the Maudlins [?] in the Towne of Pembroke late in the occupacōn of Richard Catchmayde, All that Tenement and land in the Towne of Pembroke sometime in the tenure of Peter Williams, All that Tenement and garden and one acre of land lyinge in the furlonge in the said Towne of Pembroke late in the occupacōn of John Butler or his assignes, All that Tenement and garden and all that little Close

being in the Towne of Pembroke late in the tenure of John Lalees or his assignes All that Tenement and garden in the said Towne of Pembroke late in the tenure of William Glenowe or his assignes All that Tenement and fower acres of land in the said Towne of Pembroke sometimes in the tenure of Owen Ley or his assignes All that one halfe of one Tenement and garden in the said Towne of Pembroke late in the tenure of Hugh Langdon or his assignes All that Burgage and orchard in the said Towne of Pembroke late in the tenure of Richard Grindeham or his assignes All that Close of land neere unto the Towne of Pembroke late in the occupacōn of Morgan Powell or his assignes All that Messuage or Tenement in Lamberston in the said Countie of Pembroke late in the occupacōn of Jane Hill widowe or her assignes All that Messuage and Tenement of lands in Lamberston late in the tenure of James Webb or his assignes All that Messuage and Tenement in Lamberston late in the tenure of William Bedford or his assignes All that Messuage or Tenement in Williamstoun in the said Countie of Pembroke late in the occupacōn of John Milner or his assignes All that Messuage and Tenement of lands being at ffroston in Williams-ton aforesaid late in the tenure of John Begg or his assignes All that Messuage and Tenem^t of lands beinge in the parishe of Llangynyn and St. Cleers in the Countie of Carmarthen which I purchased of the grant of Philip ap Evan Hawy All those Messuages Tenem^{ts} and lands at Cathloade in the parish of Usmes-ton in the said Countie of Pembroke which were purchased from Mistris Martyn to hold to my said wife Dame Katherine and her assignes for the space and terme of sixteene yeares next after my decease, and after the expiration of the said terme of sixteene yeares I give devise and bequeath the said Messuages Tenem^{ts} and lands to my Posthume (if any) and his or her heires and assignes for ever, provided always that if my said wife bee not with childe or bee with childe and the said childe dye before hee accomplish the age of sixteen yeares then I give devise and bequeath the said Messuages Tenem^{ts} and lands to the said Dame Katherine my wife and assignes during the terme of her naturall life and after her death to my said sonne and heire

Erasmus Phillipps and to his heires and assignes for ever Item I doe give devise and bequeath unto my Grandchilde Frauncis Phillipps, the daughter of James Phillipps Esquire all that one Messuage and Tenem^t of lands with the appurtinaunces in the parish of (blank) in the Countie of Carmarthen commonly knowne by the name of Court Mallett now in the tenure and occupacōn of Walter Thomas or his assignes, to her and her assignes for ever untill such tyme as my said sonne Erasmus Phillipps shall paie unto the said Frauncis Phillipps the sūme of One hundred pounds of lawfull money of England And after payment of the said sūme I give devise and bequeath the same unto my said sonne Erasmus Phillipps and his heires and assignes for ever Item I doe give and bequeath the some of fflower poundes to bee devided amongst the poore impotent people of the severall parishes of Usmeston and Slebetch in the said Countie of Pembroke. The rest and residue of all my goods and chattles I doe wholly give and bequeath to my said wife Dame Katherine whom I doe hereby constitute and appointe to bee my full and sole executrix of this my last will and testament And I doe likewise appointe Olyver Saint Jon Esquire William Laugherne of London Merchant Hugh Phillipps and James Phillipps Esquires to bee overseers of this my last will and testament In witnesse whereof I the said testator to this my last will and testament consistinge of nyne sheetes of paper have put my hand and seale the daie and yeare first above written

Published made sealed and delyvered in the presence of James Phillipps, William Michell, Maurice Morgan, Rich: Phillipps.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY

EXCEPT for a few books which have seemed, either from importance or from curiosity, worthy of inclusion, this bibliography is made up entirely from the books mentioned in the text or the footnotes of the preceding work. It is divided into two sections, (I) The Editions of Katherine Philips, and (II) Works Biographical, Genealogical, Critical, etc.

SECTION I. THE EDITIONS OF KATHERINE PHILIPS

Poems and Translations

- Pompey. A Tragedy. Dublin, Printed by John Crooke, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, for Samuel Dancer, next door to the Bear and Ragged-staff in Castle street, 1663.
- Pompey. A Tragedy. Acted with Great Applause. London, Printed for John Crooke, at the sign of the Ship in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1663.
- Poems. By the Incomparable Mrs. K. P. London, Printed by J. G. for Rich. Marriott, at his Shop under S. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, 1664.
- Poems. By the most deservedly Admired Mrs. Katherine Philips, the Matchless Orinda. To which is added, Monsieur Corneille's Pompey and Horace, Tragedies. With several other Translations out of French. London, Printed by J. M. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1667.
- Poems. By the most deservedly Admired Mrs. Katherine Philips, the Matchless Orinda. To which is added, Monsieur Corneille's Pompey and Horace, Tragedies. With several other Translations out of French. London, Printed by J. M. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1669.
- Poems. By the most deservedly Admired Mrs. Katherine Philips, the Matchless Orinda. To which is added, Mon-

sieur Corneille's Pompey and Horace, Tragedies. With several other Translations out of French. London, Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman at the Sign of the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1678.

Poems. By the most deservedly Admired Mrs. Katherine Philips, the Matchless Orinda. To which is added Monsieur Corneille's Tragedies of Pompey and Horace. With several other translations out of French. London, Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next Gray Inn Lane, 1710.

Katherine Philips, the Matchless Orinda. Selected Poems. J. R. Tutin. Cottingham near Hull, 1904 (the Orinda Booklets, no. 1).

Katherine Philips. Selected Poems. J. R. Tutin. Cottingham near Hull, 1905 (the Orinda Booklets, extra series, no. 1).

Poems. With the minor translations and the songs of Pompey. A reprint of the 1678 edition. In Saintsbury, George, ed., *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period*. Oxford, 1905, vol. i, pp. 485-612.

Letters

Familiar Letters. Written by the Right Honourable John, late Earl of Rochester, and several other Persons of Honour and Quality. With letters written by Thomas Otway and Mrs. K. Philips. Published from their Original Copies. With other Modern Letters by Tho. Cheek, Mr. Dennis, and Mr. Brown. London, Printed by W. Onley for Sam. Briscoe, at the Corner of Charles-street, in Russel-street, Covent-garden, 1697.

Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus. London, Printed by W. B. for Bernard Lintott, at the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleet-street, 1705.

Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus. The Second Edition, with Additions. London, Printed for Bernard Lintot, at the Cross-Keys between the Temple-Gates, 1729.

Longe, Julia G., ed., Martha, Lady Gifford. Her Life and Correspondence (1664-1722). A Sequel to the Letters of Dorothy Osbourne. With a preface by Judge Parry. London,

1911. Contains one letter of Katherine Philips to Dorothy Temple.

Apocryphal Work

The Crooked Six-pence. With a Learned Preface found among some Papers bearing the Date of the Same Year in which Paradise Lost was published by the Late Mr. Bentley. London, 1743. This work is by James Bramston.

SECTION II. WORKS BIOGRAPHICAL, GENEALOGICAL,
CRITICAL, ETC.

Anonymous. England's Joy, The Harleian Miscellany; or, A Collection of Scarce, Curious, and Entertaining Pamphlets and Tracts, etc. London, 1744-1746, vol. iii, p. 357.

The Home-life of English Ladies in the XVII Century. By the author of Magdalen Stafford. London, 1860.

Archaeologia Cambrensis; The Journal of the Cambrian Archaeological Association, vol. i, 1846. London, 1846. See Green, Francis.

Aubrey, John. Brief Lives, Chiefly of Contemporaries, set down between the years 1669 and 1696, edited from the author's MSS. by Andrew Clark. Oxford, 1898. 2 vols.

Bagwell, Richard. Ireland under the Stuarts and during the Interregnum. London, 1909-1916. 3 vols.

Baker, C. H. C. Lely and the Stuart Portrait Painters; A Study of English Portraiture before and after Van Dyke. Boston, 1913. 2 vols.

Baker, David Erskine. Biographica Dramatica; or, A Companion to the Playhouse, etc. London, 1764. 2 vols.

Baker, George. The History and Antiquities of the County of Northampton. London, 1822-1841. 2 vols.

Ballard, George. Memoirs of British Ladies, who have been celebrated for their writings or skill in the learned languages, arts and sciences. London, 1775.

Bannerman, W. Bruce, and Bannerman, Major W. Bruce, eds. The Registers of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and of St. Benet Sherehog. London, 1919-1920. 2 vols. (the Publications of the Harleian Society, vols. xlix-l).

- Barclay, John. *Argenis; or, The loves of Poliarchus and Argenis, faithfully translated out of Latine into English*, by Kinesmill Long, Gent. London, 1625.
- Barker, Mrs. Jane. *Poetical Recreations: Consisting of Original Poems, Songs, Odes, etc., with several new Translations*. In two parts. London, 1688.
- Barnes, Ambrose. *Memoirs of the Life of Mr. Ambrose Barnes*, by M. R., edited by W. H. D. Longstaffe. Durham, 1867 (Publications of the Surtees Society, vol. 1).
- Baxter, Richard. *Poetical Fragments . . . written partly for Himself and partly for near Friends in Sickness and other deep Affliction*. London, 1681. In Brydges, Sir Samuel Egerton, *Restituta; or, Titles, Extracts, and Characters of Old Books in English Literature*. London, 1814-1816, vol. iii, p. 185.
- Beaven, M. L. R. *Sir William Temple*. Oxford, 1908.
- Beresford, John. *Gossip in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*. London, 1923.
- Bethune, George Washington, ed. *The British Female Poets; with Biographical and Critical Notices*. Philadelphia, 1848.
- Britton, John. *Memoirs of John Aubrey, embracing his Autobiographical Sketches, a Brief Review of his Personal and Literary Merits, and an Account of his Works, etc.* London, 1845.
- Bromley, Sir George, ed. *A Collection of Original Royal Letters written by King Charles the First and Second, King James the Second, and the King and Queen of Bohemia; together with Original Letters written by Prince Rupert, Charles Louis Count Palatine, the Duchess of Hanover and several other Distinguished Persons from the year 1619 to 1665*. London, 1787.
- Brooke, J. M. S., and Hallen, A. W. C., eds. *The Transcript of the Registers of the United Parishes of S. Mary Woolnoth and S. Mary Woolchurch Haw, in the City of London, from their commencement 1538 to 1760, etc.* London, 1886.
- Brown, John. *The History of Haverfordwest, with that of some Pembrokeshire Parishes, revised and added to by J. W. Phillips and F. J. Warren*. Haverfordwest, 1914.

- Brown, Louise Fargo. *The Political Activities of the Baptists and Fifth Monarchy Men in England during the Interregnum*. Washington, 1912 (Prize Essays of the American Historical Association, 1911).
- Brydges, Sir Samuel Egerton. *Restituta; or, Titles, Extracts, and Characters of Old Books*. London, 1814-1816. See Baxter, Richard.
- Burke, John, and Burke, John Bernard. *Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland*. London, 1847-1849. 3 vols.
- C., J. An Elegie upon the Death of the Most Incomparable Mrs. Katherine Philips [London, 1664]. In Thorn-Drury, George, *A Little Ark containing Sundry Pieces of Seventeenth Century Verse* [London], 1921.
- Calendar of Ancient Records of Dublin, in the Possession of the Municipal Corporation of that City, edited by John Thomas Gilbert. Dublin, 1889-1922.
- Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I, 1625-1638, edited by John Bruce, and 1639-1649, by W. D. Hamilton. London, 1858-1897.
- Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1649-1660, edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. London, 1875-1886.
- Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles II, 1660-1670, edited by Mary Anne Everett Green, and 1671-1680, by F. H. Blackburne Daniel. London, 1860-1915.
- Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland, preserved in the Public Record Office, edited by R. P. Mahaffy. London, 1905-1910.
- Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding, etc., 1643-1660, edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. London, 1889-1892.
- Calprenède, La, Gaultier de Coste, Seigneur de. *Cassandra; the Fam'd Romance. The Whole Work in Five Parts; Written originally in French, and now elegantly rendered into English, by a Person of Quality*. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, William Bentley, and Thomas Heath, 1652. See Cotterell, Sir Charles, *Cassandra*, 1652.

- Cassandra, the Fam'd Romance. The Whole Work in Five Parts; Written originally in French, and now elegantly rendered into English by Charles Cotterell. London, Printed for H. Moseley, 1661. See Cotterell, Sir Charles, *Cassandra*, 1661.
- Hymen's Praeludia; or, Love's Masterpiece; being the Ninth and Tenth Parts of that so much Admir'd Romance, intituled *Cleopatra*. Written Originally in French, and now Rendered into English, By J. D[avies]. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley . . . and John Crook . . . 1659. In *Hymen's Praeludia in Twelve Parts, etc.*, by Robert Love-day. London, 1668. [Harvard Library 38541. 20.]
- Canfield, Dorothea. *Corneille and Racine in England*. New York, 1904. See Fisher, Mrs. Dorothea.
- Carlisle, Nicholas. *A Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, exhibiting the Names of the several Cities, Towns, and Villages, etc.* London, 1810.
- Carr, Cecil Thomas, ed. *Select Charters of Trading Companies, A.D. 1530-1707*. London, 1913 (Publications of the Seldon Society, vol. xxviii).
- Carthew, George Alfred. *The Hundred of Launditch and Deanery of Brisley, in the County of Norfolk, etc.* Norwich, 1877-1879. 3 pts.
- Cartwright, William. *Comedies, Tragi-comedies, with other Poems. The Ayres and Songs set by Henry Lawes, etc.* London, Printed for H. Moseley, 1651.
- The Life and Poems*, edited by R. Callis Goffin. Cambridge, 1918.
- Cass, Frederick Charles. *Monken Hadley*. Westminster, 1880 (London and Middlesex Archaeological Society).
- Chester, Joseph Lemuel, and Armytage, George J., eds. *Allegations for Marriage Licenses issued by the Bishop of London, 1520-1828*. London, 1887. 2 vols. (Publications of the Harleian Society, vols. xxv-xxvi).
- Allegations for Marriage Licenses issued by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, 1558-1699; also for those issued by the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury,*

- 1660-1679. London, 1886 (Publications of the Harleian Society, vol. xxiii).
- Chetwood, William Rufus. *The British Theatre; Containing the Lives of the English Dramatic Poets, with an Account of all their Plays, etc.* Dublin, 1750.
- Child, Frederick Anthony. *The Life and Uncollected Poems of Thomas Flatman.* Thesis, University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1921.
- Clarendon, Edward Hyde, Earl of. *The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars of England begun in the year 1641*, edited by W. Dunn Macray. Oxford, 1888. 6 vols.
- Calendar of the Clarendon State Papers preserved in the Bodleian Library*, edited under the direction of H. O. Coxe. Oxford, 1869-1876. 3 vols.
- Clark, W. S. *The Early Stage History of the First Heroic Play*, *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xlii, p. 381.
- The Earl of Orrery's Play The General*, *Review of English Studies*, vol. ii, pp. 459-460.
- Further Light upon the Heroic Plays of Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery*, *Review of English Studies*, vol. ii, pp. 206-211.
- The Published but Unacted Heroic Plays of Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery*, *Review of English Studies*, vol. ii, pp. 280-283.
- Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, and his Successors in the English Heroic Play. Thesis, Harvard University, 1926. Unpublished.
- Clarke, Sir William. *The Clarke Papers; Selections from the Papers of William Clarke, Secretary to the Council of the Army, 1647-1649, and to General Monck and the Commanders of the Army in Scotland, 1651-1660*, edited by C. H. Firth. London, 1891-1901. 4 vols. (Publications of the Camden Society, New Series, vols. xlix, liv, lxi, and lxii).
- C[okayne], G[eorge] E[dward]. *Complete Baronetage.* Exeter, 1900-1906. 5 vols.
- [Collins, Greenville]. *Great Britain's Coasting Pilot; Being a New and Exact Survey of the Sea-coast of England and Scotland, etc.* London, 1781.

- Cooper, William Durrant. *Notices of Winchelsea in and after the Fifteenth Century*, Sussex Archaeological Collections, vol. viii, pp. 201-234.
- The Oxenbridges of Brede Place, Sussex, and Boston, Massachusetts, Sussex Archaeological Collections, vol. xii, pp. 203-220.
- Corneille, Pierre. *Oeuvres . . . nouv. éd. revue sur les plus anciennes impressions et les autographes et augmentée de morceaux inédits, des variantes, de notices, de notes, etc., par C. Marty-Laveaux*. Paris, 1862-1868. 12 vols.
- Cotterell, Sir Charles. *Cassandra*. London, 1652. See *La Calprenède*, Gaultier de Coste, Seigneur de.
- Cassandra*. London, 1661. See *La Calprenède*, Gaultier de Coste, Seigneur de.
- Cowley, Abraham. *The Complete Works in Verse and Prose, now for the first time collected and edited . . . by Alexander B. Grosart*, 1881 (Chertsey Worthies' Library).
- Crane, Thomas F., ed. *Boileau-Despréaux, Nicholas, Les Heros de Roman*. Boston, 1902.
- Cromwell, Oliver. *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell with Elucidations by Thomas Carlyle, edited by S. C. Lomas, with an introduction by C. H. Firth*. London, 1904. 3 vols.
- Crossly, Aaron. *The Peerage of Ireland; or, An Exact Catalogue of the Present Nobility both Lords Spiritual and Temporal, etc.* Dublin, 1725.
- Davenant, Sir William. *Works, consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which he design'd for the press, etc.* London, Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, 1673.
- Davies, John. *Hymen's Praeludia. The Ninth and Tenth Parts*. London, 1659. See *La Calprenède*, Gaultier de Coste, Seigneur de.
- Denham, Sir John. *Poetical Works, edited with notes and introduction by Theodore Howard Banks*. New Haven, 1928.
- D'Ewes, Sir Simonds. *The Autobiography and Correspondence, during the Reigns of James I and Charles I, edited by James Halliwell*. London, 1845. 2 vols.

- Dibdin, Thomas F. *Bibliomania; or Book Madness: A Bibliographical Romance in Six Parts*. London, 1811.
- Dictionary of National Biography, founded in 1882 by George Smith, edited by Sir Leslie Stephen and Sir Sidney Lee. From the Earliest Times to 1900. London, 1921-1922. 22 vols.
- Dingley, Thomas. *Account of the Official Progress of Henry, the First Duke of Beaufort, through Wales in 1684, etc., with a preface by Richard W. Banks*. London, 1888.
- Dix, E. R. McC. *Catalogue of Early Dublin-printed Books, 1661-1700, etc., with an historical introduction and bibliographical notes by C. Winston Dugan*. Dublin, 1898-1905. 4 vols.
- Donne, John. *Poems*, edited by H. J. C. Grierson. Oxford, 1912. 2 vols.
- Dryden, John. *Essays*, selected and edited by W. P. Ker. Oxford, 1900. 2 vols.
- Works, illustrated with notes, historical, critical and explanatory, and a life of the author by Sir Walter Scott. Rev. and cor. by George Saintsbury. Edinburgh, 1882-1893. 18 vols.
- Dunton, John. *The Dublin Scuffle; Being a Challenge sent to Patrick Campbell, Bookseller in Dublin, etc.* London, 1699.
- Ellis, Sir Henry. *Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, etc.* London, 1843 (Publications of the Camden Society, vol. xxiii).
- Evans, George Eyre. *Aberystwyth and its Court Leet*. Aberystwyth, 1902.
- Evelyn, John. *Diary and Correspondence*, to which is subjoined the Private Correspondence between King Charles I and Sir Edward Nicholas, etc., edited from the original MSS. by William Bray. London, 1862-1863. 4 vols.
- Eyre, George Edward Briscoe, ed. *A Transcript of the Registers of the Worshipful Company of Stationers; from 1640-1708, A.D., etc.* London, 1913-1914. 3 vols.
- Fenton, Richard. *A Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire, with a biography by Farrar Fenton, to which are now added*

- the notes made for a second edition by Richard and John Fenton. Brecknock, 1903.
- Fisher, Mrs. Dorothea Frances (Canfield). *Corneille and Racine in England; a Study of the English Translations of the two Corneilles and Racine, with Especial Reference to their Presentation on the English Stage.* New York, 1904.
- Flatman, Thomas. *Poems and Songs.* London, Printed by S. and B. G. for Benjamin Took, 1674.
- Fletcher, J. B. *Précieuses at the Court of Charles I, Journal of Comparative Literature*, vol. i, pp. 120-153.
- Foss, Edward. *Biographia Juridica; a Biographical Dictionary of the Judges of England from the Conquest to the Present Time.* London, 1870. 9 vols.
- Foster, Joseph. *Alumni Oxonienses; the Members of the University of Oxford, 1500-1714: Their Parentage, Birthplace and Year of Birth, with a Record of their Degrees, etc.* Oxford, 1891-1892. 4 vols.
- Foster, Joshua James. *Samuel Cooper and the English Miniature Painters of the XVII Century, etc.* London, 1914-1916.
- Fuller, Thomas. *The History of the Worthies of England, etc., with explanatory notes and copious indexes by P. Austin Nattall.* London, 1840. 3 vols.
- Gardiner, Samuel Rawson. *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649-1660, etc.* London, 1894-1903. 2 vols.
- Genealogies of the Gentry of Cardiganshire, West Wales Historical Records*, vol. i, pp. 1-56.
- Genest, John. *Some Account of the English Stage, from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830, etc.* Bath, 1832. 10 vols.
- Gifford, Martha, Lady. See Longe, Julia G.
- Gilbert, John Thomas. *A History of the City of Dublin, etc.* Dublin, 1854-1859. 3 vols.
- Gildon, Charles, ed. *Langbaine's Lives of the English Dramatic Poets.* London, 1699. See Langbaine, Gerard.
- Gorton, John. *A Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland, etc.* London, 1833. 3 vols.
- Gosse, Sir Edmund. *From Shakespeare to Pope.* Cambridge,

1885. Reviewed by J. Churton Collins, *English Literature at the Universities*, *Quarterly Review*, vol. clxiii, pp. 289-329.
- The Matchless Orinda, *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. xlv, pp. 407-420.
- Seventeenth Century Studies. London, 1883. Contains a reprint of the preceding article.
- Jeremy Taylor. London, 1903 (*English Men of Letters*).
- Granger, James. *A Biographical History of England from Egbert the Great to the Revolution, etc.*, 5th ed. London, 1824. 6 vols.
- Green, Francis. *Stedman of Strata Florida*, *West Wales Historical Records*, vol. viii, pp. 89-102.
- The Wogans of Boulston, *Archaeologia Cambrensis*, 6th Ser., vol. ii, pp. 241-251.
- The Wogans of Pembrokeshire, *West Wales, Historical Records*, vol. vi, pp. 169-232; vol. vii, pp. 1-16.
- Green, Mary Anne Everett. *Elizabeth, Electress Palatine and Queen of Bohemia*, revised by her niece S. C. Lomas, with a prefatory note by A. W. Ward. London [1909].
- Guazzo, Stephano. *The Civile Conversation of M. Steeven Guazzo*. First Three Books translated by George Pettie anno 1580 and the Fourth by Barth. Young, anno 1586, edited by Sir Ed. Sullivan, Bart. London, 1925 (*Tudor Translations*).
- Guiney, Louise Imogen. *A Little English Gallery*. New York, 1894.
- Hall, Samuel Carter. *Ireland; its Scenery, Character, etc.*, new ed. London [186-?]. 3 vols.
- Hanmer, Calvert. *The Hammers of Marton and Montford, Salop. With Supplementary Chapters on the Hammers of Hanmer, the Hammers of the Fens, Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Speaker, the Calverts of Furneaux Pelham, the Straffordshire Underhills, and the Lanyon Owens of Southsea*. London, 1916.
- Hanmer, John Lord. *A Memorial of the Parish and Family of Hanmer in Flintshire out of the Thirteenth into the Nineteenth Century*. London, 1877.

- Haslewood, Francis. Genealogical Memoranda relating to the Family of Dering of Surrenden-Dering, in the Parish of Pluckley, Kent, from the Records of the College of Arms, with extracts from parish registers, etc., not published, 1876.
- Hasted, Edward. The History and Topographical Survey of the County of Kent, containing the Antient and Present State of it, Civil and Ecclesiastical, etc., 2d ed. Canterbury, 1797-1801. 12 vols.
- Hatton Correspondence. Correspondence of the Family of Hatton, A.D. 1601-1704, edited by Edward Maunde Thompson. Westminster, 1878. 2 vols. (Publications of the Camden Society, New Series, vols. xxii-xxiii).
- Historical Manuscripts Commission. Report on the Manuscripts of the Marquess of Downshire, preserved at Easthamstead Park, Berks, vol. i. London, 1924.
- Calendar of the Manuscripts of the Marquess of Ormonde, preserved in Kilkenny Castle, vols. i-viii. London, 1902-1920.
- Report on the Manuscripts of the Marquis of Ormonde, preserved at the Castle, Kilkenny. London, 1895-1899. 2 vols.
- Hitchcock, Robert. An Historical View of the Irish Stage, from the Earliest Period down to the Close of the Season 1788, etc. Dublin, 1788-1794. 2 vols.
- Howell, James. Familiar Letters, with an introduction by A. Repplier. Boston and New York, 1907. 4 vols.
- Howitt, William. Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets, 2d ed. London, 1847. 2 vols.
- Hughes, S. C. The Pre-victorian Drama in Dublin. Dublin, 1904.
- Hunt, Leigh. Men, Women, and Books; A Selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs from his Uncollected Prose Writings. London, 1847.
- Inderwick, Frederick A. The Interregnum (A.D. 1648-1660); Studies of the Commonwealth, Legislative, Social and Legal. London, 1891.
- Intelligencer, The. Published for the Satisfaction and Informa-

- tion of the People [edited by Sir Roger L'Estrange]. London, 1663-1665.
- Jacob, Giles. *The Poetical Register; or, The Lives and Characters of the English Dramatic Poets, with an Account of their Writings.* London, 1723.
- Johnson, Samuel. *Lives of the English Poets*, edited by George Birbeck Hill. Oxford, 1905. 3 vols.
- Jonson, Ben. *Works*, with critical and explanatory notes and a memoir by William Gifford, edited by Lieut.-Col. Francis Cunningham. London, 1897. 3 vols.
- Joyce, Patrick Weston. *The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places.* London, 1910-1913. 3 vols.
- Jusserand, J. J. *A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles the Second.* New York, 1892.
- The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare.* London, 1899.
- Keats, John. *Letters to his Family and Friends*, edited by Sidney Colvin. London, 1921.
- Kitchen, George. *Sir Roger L'Estrange; a Contribution to the History of the Press in the Seventeenth Century.* London, 1913.
- Langbaine, Gerard. *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets; or, Some Observations and Remarks on the Lives and Writings of all those that have published either Comedies, Tragedies, etc.* Oxford, 1691.
- The Lives and Characters of the English Dramatic Poets, etc.* First begun by Mr. Langbaine, improv'd and continued down to this time by a Careful Hand [Charles Gildon]. London, 1699.
- Larking, Lambert Blackwell, ed. *Proceedings, Principally in the County of Kent, in connection with the Parliaments called in 1640, and especially with the Committee of Religion appointed in that year, edited from the collections of Sir Edward Dering, Bart., 1627-1664, with a preface by John Barnes.* Westminster, 1862 (Publications of the Camden Society, vol. lxxx).
- Laud, William. *The Second Volume of the Remains of William Laud.* Written by Himself, collected by Henry Wharton,

- and published by Edmund Wharton, his father. London, 1700.
- Lawes, Henry. *Select Muscicall Ayres and Dialogues, in Three Bookes*. First Book, containes Ayres for a Voyce alone to the Theorbo, or Basse Violl. Second Book, containes Choice Dialogues for Two Voyces to the Theorbo or Basse Violl. Third Book, containes short Ayres or Songs for Three Voyces, so composed, as they may either be sung by a Voyce alone, to an instrument, or by two or three Voyces. Composed by . . . severall Excellent Masters in Musick, etc. London, Printed by T. H. for John Playford, 1653.
- The Second Book of Ayres and Dialogues, for One, Two, and Three Voyces. London, Printed by T. H. for John Playford, 1655.
- Lawrence, William John. *The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies*. 2d Series. Philadelphia, 1913.
- Lipscomb, George. *The History and Antiquities of the County of Buckingham*. London, 1847. 4 vols.
- Lodge, John. *The Peerage of Ireland*, revised, enlarged and continued to the present time by Mervyn Archdall. Dublin, 1789.
- Longe, Julia G., ed. *Martha, Lady Gifford, Her Life and Correspondence (1664-1722); a Sequel to the Letters of Dorothy Osbourne, with a preface by Judge Parry*. London, 1911.
- Ludlow, Edmund. *Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow, Lieutenant-General in the Army of the Commonwealth of England, 1625-1672*, edited by C. H. Firth. Oxford, 1894. 2 vols.
- Lynch, Kathleen M. *The Social Mode of Restoration Comedy*. New York and London, 1926 (University of Michigan Publications, Language and Literature, vol. iii).
- Marvell, Andrew. *The Complete Works in Verse and Prose, with a Translation of the Greek and Latin Poetry*, edited by Alexander B. Grosart. London, 1872-1875 (Fuller's Worthies' Library). 4 vols.
- Mather, Cotton. *Magnalia Christi Americana; or, The Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its First Planting,*

- in the Year 1620, unto the Year of Our Lord 1698, etc., with an introduction and occasional notes by Thomas Robbins. Hartford, 1853. 2 vols.
- Matthews, John, and Matthews, George F., eds. Abstracts of Probate Acts in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. Issued to subscribers from 93 to 94 Chancery Lane. London, 1902-1927 (Year Books of Probates from 1630).
- Meyrick, Samuel Rush. The History and Antiquities of the County of Cardigan, collected from the few remaining documents, which have escaped the destructive ravages of time, as well as from actual observation, etc. Brecon, 1907.
- Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica. Quarterly Series edited by J. J. Howard. London, 1868 [1866]-1876; Monthly Series. London, 1868.
- Modern Language Notes, vol. i, 1886. Baltimore, 1886. See Clark, W. S.
- Modern Language Review; a Quarterly Journal devoted to the Study of Medieval and Modern Literature and Philology, vol. i, 1905. Cambridge, 1905. See Sellers, H.
- Montpensier, Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, Duchesse de, La Galerie des Portraits de Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Recueil des Portraits et Éloges en Vers et en Prose des Seigneurs et Dames les plus illustres de France la plupart composée par eux-mêmes. Nouvelle éd. avec des notes par Edouard de Barthélemy. Paris, 1860.
- Morgan, Charlotte E. The Rise of the Novel of Manners. New York, 1911.
- Mulert, Alfred. Pierre Corneille auf der Englischen Bühne und in der Englischen Übersetzungsliteratur des XVIIen Jahrhunderts. Erlangen und Leipzig, 1900 (Münchener Beiträge zur Romanischen und Englischen Philologie, 18).
- Mulgrave, John Sheffield, Earl of. The Temple of Death, a Poem by the Marquis of Normanby; a Translation out of French by Philippe Habert. With an Ode in Memory of Her Late Majesty Queen Mary, by a Person of Quality. London, 1709.
- Munk, William. The Roll of the Royal College of Physicians of

- London: Comprising Biographical Sketches of all the Eminent Physicians . . . from the foundation of the College in 1518 to its removal in 1825, etc., 2d ed. London, 1878.
- Neale, Daniel. *The History of the Puritans or Protestant Non-conformists*, new edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged by Joshua Toulmin. Portsmouth, N. H., 1816-1817. 5 vols.
- Nicholas Papers. *Correspondence of Sir Edward Nicholas, etc.*, edited by George F. Warner, London, 1886-1920. 4 vols. (Publications of the Camden Society, New Series, vols. xl, l, lvii, and 3d Series, vol. xxxi).
- Nicholas, Thomas. *Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales, etc.* London, 1872. 2 vols.
- Nichols, John, ed. *A Select Collection of Poems, with notes, biographical and historical.* London, 1780-1782. 8 vols.
- Nicoll, Allardyce. *A History of Restoration Drama, 1660-1700.* Cambridge, 1923.
- Noble, Mark. *The Lives of the English Regicides, and Other Commissioners of the Pretended High Court of Justice, appointed to sit judgment upon their Sovereign King Charles the First.* London, 1798. 2 vols.
- Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell.* Birmingham, 1784. 2 vols.
- Notes and Queries: A Medium of Intercommunication for Literary Men, General Readers, etc.*, vol. i, 1850. London, 1850-.
- Ogilby, John. *The Entertainment of His Most Excellent Majesty Charles II in his Passage through the City of London to his Coronation, etc.* [London], Printed for R. Mariot, 1662.
- Orrery, Roger Boyle, Earl of. *The Dramatic Works. To which is added a Comedy, As You Find It, by the Honourable Charles Boyle, Esq., afterwards Earl of Orrery.* London, 1739. 2 vols.
- Owen, Henry. *Old Pembroke Families in the Ancient County Palatine of Pembroke.* London, 1902.
- Oxenbridge, John. *New-England Freemen Warned and Warmed; to be Free indeed having an Eye to God in their*

- Elections. A Sermon before the Court of Election at Boston, the last day of May, 1671. Boston, 1673.
- Pack, Major Richardson. *Miscellanies in Verse and Prose*, 2d ed. London, Printed for E. Curll, 1719.
- Parliament. *Journals of the House of Commons, 1547-1832. Journals of the House of Lords.*
- Members of Parliament. [Return of the Name of Every Member of the Lower House of Parliament of England, Scotland and Ireland, with the Name of Constituency represented and Date of Return, from 1213 to 1874, London], 1878. 2 pts.
- Peacock, Edward, ed. *The Army Lists of the Roundheads and Cavaliers, containing the Names of the Officers in the Royal and Parliamentary Armies of 1642.* London, 1863.
- Pepys, Samuel. *Diary, completely transcribed by the late Rev. Mynors Bright from the shorthand manuscript in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge. With Lord Braybrooke's Notes, edited with additions by H. B. Wheatley.* London, 1893-1899. 9 vols.
- Phillips, James. *The History of Pembrokeshire.* London, 1909.
- Phillips, John Roland. *Memoirs of the Civil War in Wales and the Marches, 1642-1649.* London, 1874. 2 vols.
- Memoirs of the Ancient Family of Owen of Orielton, co. Pembroke.* London, 1886.
- Phillipps, Sir Thomas. *Pedigree of Phillipps of Picton Castle, co. Pembroke, and its Branches of Phillipps of Abertowin, Rushmore, etc.* London and Brydgewater [183-].
- Picot, Émile. *Bibliographie Cornélienne, ou description raisonnée de toutes les éditions des oeuvres de Pierre Corneille, des imitations ou traductions, etc.* Paris, 1876.
- Playford, John, pub. *Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues to sing to the Theorobo-lute, or Bass-viol; Being Most of the Newest Ayres, and Songs, sung at the Court and the Public Theatres.* London, 1675.
- Plomer, H. R. *A Dictionary of the Booksellers and Printers who were at work in England, Scotland and Ireland from 1641 to 1667.* London, Printed for the Bibliographical Society, 1909.

- [Pocock, Robert]. Memorials of the Family of Tufton, Earls of Thanet, etc. Gravesend, 1800.
- Poulson, George. Beverlac; or, The Antiquities and History of the Town of Beverley, in the County of York, etc. London, 1829.
- Powell, Vavasor. The Life and Death of Vavasor Powell, etc., with some Elegies and Epitaphs by his Friends. By Edward Bagshaw. [London?], 1671.
- Prendergast, J. P. Ireland from the Restoration to the Revolution, 1660-1690. London, 1887.
- The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland, 3d ed. Dublin, 1922.
- Pritchard, Emily M. Cardigan Priory in the Olden Days. London, 1904. Reviewed by Edward Owen, *Archaeologia Cambrensis*, 6th Series, vol. v, pp. 322-328.
- Proctor, Bryan Waller. Effigies Poeticae; or, The Portraits of the British Poets, illustrated by notes biographical, critical, and poetical. London, 1824.
- Pruyn, J. V. L. Weddings at St. Mary le Strand. London, from 1606 to 1625, *The Genealogist*, New Series, vol. v, p. 113.
- Quarles, Thomas. The History and Antiquities of Foulsham in Norfolk. Norwich, 1842.
- Raymond, John. Itinerary containing a Voyage made through Italy in the Years 1646, and 1647, etc. London, 1648.
- Records. The Parish Registers of the Church of St. Mary, Cardigan. Not published.
- The Record Book of the Town of Cardigan. Not published.
- The Record Book of the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers, 41 Mincing Lane. London. Not published.
- Review of English Studies; a Quarterly Journal of English Literature and English Language, edited by R. B. McKerrow, vol. i, 1925. London, 1925-.
- Reynolds, Myra. The Learned Lady in England, 1650-1760. Boston and New York, 1920 (*The Vassar Semi-Centennial Series*).
- Robinson, William. The History and Antiquities of the Parish of Hackney, in the County of Middlesex. London, 1842-1843. 2 vols.

- Roscommon, Wentworth Dillon, Earl of. *Poetical Works*, with a life of the author, etc. Edinburgh, 1780.
- Rowe, Mrs. Elizabeth (Singer). *Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse*, etc. To which are added Poems on Several Occasions by Thomas Rowe. London, 1739. 2 vols.
- Sellers, H. *Samuel Daniel: Additions to the Text*, *Modern Language Review*, vol. xi, p. 31.
- Smith, John Chaloner. *British Mezzotinto Portraits; Being a Descriptive Catalogue of these Engravings from the Introduction of the Art to the Early Part of the Present Century*, etc. London, 1883. 4 pts. in 5 vols.
- Stow, John. *A Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*, etc., corrected, improved, and very much enlarged . . . by John Strype, etc. London, 1720.
- Strickland, Agnes. *Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest*, etc. London, 1852. 8 vols.
- Strype, John. *History of the Life and Acts of Edmund Grindal, Abp. of York and Canterbury successively*. Oxford, 1821.
- Stuart, Elizabeth. *Briefe der Elisabeth Stuart, Königin von Böhmen, an ihren Sohn, der Kurfürsten Carl Ludwig von der Pfalz, 1650-1662, etc.*, hrsg. von Anna Wendland. Tübingen, 1902 (*Bibliothek des litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart*, ccxxviii).
- Suckling, Sir John. *Fragmenta Aurea. A Collection of all the Incomparable Pieces written by Sir John Suckling*. London, 1648. [Harvard Library 14455.25.5B.] It contains an autograph of Katherine Philips.
- Suckling, Sir John. *Works in Prose and Verse*, edited by H. Hamilton Thompson. London, 1910.
- Sussex Archaeological Collections illustrating the History and Antiquities of the County, vol. i, 1853. London, 1853. See Cooper, William Durrant.
- Suze, La. Henriette de Coligny, Comtesse de. *Recueil de Pièces Galantes, en Prose et en Vers, de la Comtesse de la Suze et de Monsieur Pelisson, augmenté de plusieurs pièces de divers auteurs*. Paris, 1684. 4 vols.
- Taylor, Jeremy. *The Whole Works, with a life of the Author*, etc., by Reginald Heber. London, 1828. 15 vols.

- Temple, Dorothy (Osbourne), Lady. Letters from Dorothy Osbourne to Sir William Temple, 1652-1654, edited by Edward Abbot Parry. London and Manchester, 1903.
- Temple, Sir William. Works. London, 1814. 4 vols.
- Thompson, E. N. S. Literary By-paths of the Renaissance. New Haven, 1924.
- The Seventeenth-Century English Essay. Iowa City, Iowa, 1926 (University of Iowa. Humanistic Studies, vol. iii, no. 3).
- Thorn-Drury, George. A Little Ark containing Sundry Pieces of Seventeenth Century Verse. [London], 1921. See C., J.
- Thurloe, John. A Collection of the State Papers of John Thurloe, Containing Authentic Memorials of the English Affairs from the Year 1638 to the Restoration of King Charles II, etc. By Thomas Birch. London, 1742. 7 vols.
- Tinker, Chauncey B. The Salon and English Letters; Chapters on the Interrelations of Literature and Society in the Age of Johnson. New York, 1915.
- Tuke, Sir Samuel. The Adventures of Five Hours; A Tragic-comedy as it is acted at His Royal Highness the Duke of York's Theatre. The Third Impression, London, 1671.
- Upham, Alfred Horatio. The French Influence in English Literature from the Accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration. New York, 1908 (Columbia University Studies in Comparative Literature).
- Vanderzee, George, ed. Nonarum Inquisitiones in Curia Scaccarii temp. Regis Edwardi III. [London], 1807.
- Vaughan, Henry. Poems, edited by E. K. Chambers, with an introduction by H. C. Beeching. London and New York, 1896. 2 vols. (The Muses' Library).
- Works, edited by L. C. Martin. Oxford, 1914. 2 vols.
- Venn, John, and Venn, J. A., eds. Alumni Cantabrigienses; a Biographical List of all known Students, Graduates and Holders of Office at the University from the Earliest Times to 1900. Cambridge, 1922-1927. 4 vols.
- Walker, Clement. The Compleat History of Independency. Upon the Parliament begun 1640, etc. London, 1661.

- Waller, Edmund. Poems, edited by George Thorn-Drury. London, 1893 (The Muses' Library).
- Walpole, Horace. A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, with Lists of their Works, etc. 2d ed. London, 1759. 2 vols.
- West Wales Historical Records. The Annual Magazine of the Historical Society of West Wales, etc., vol. i, 1910-1911. Carmarthen, 1912-. See Green, Francis.
- Williams, Jane. Literary Women of England, etc. London, 1861.
- Williams, William Retlaw. The Parliamentary History of the Principality of Wales, from the Earliest Times to the Present day, 1541-1895, etc. Brecknock, 1895.
- Willis, Browne. Notitia Parliamentaria; or, An History of the Counties, Cities, and Buroughs of England and Wales. London, 1730. 3 vols.
- Wood, Anthony à. *Anthenae Oxonienses*. An Exact History of all the Writers and Bishops who have had their Education in the University of Oxford. To which are added the Fasti or Annals of the said University. A new ed., with additions, and a continuation by Philip Bliss. London, 1813-1820. 4 vols.

INDEX

INDEX

- A., H., 235
 Abbit, Mr., 14
 Aberystwyth, 24
 Achilles, 172
 Achoreus, 193, 201
 Act of Indemnity, 106, 107, 111
 Acton, 97, 123
 "A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia and Rosania," 57
 "A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucasia and Orinda," 55
 Adventurers in Ireland, 9
Adventures of Five Hours, 161
 Algier, 178
Almahide, 145
 Anglesey, Earl of, 159
 Anne, Duchess of York, 100, 101, 133, 139, 140, 172, 176f., 190f., 196
 Antenor: see Philips, James
 Ardelia, 44, 46, 57, 263, 268
A Relation of the Defeating of Card. Mazarin and Ol. Cromwell's Design to have taken Ostend, 122
 "A Resvery," 270, 273
 "A retir'd Friendship. To Ardelia," 45, 263
Argenis, 111
 "Arion on a Dolphin to his Majesty at his passage into England," 96
 Armourer, Sir Nicholas, 157, 159, 210
 Artaban, 171, 176, 179
 "Ascend a Throne, great Queen," 187
 "A Triton to Lucasia going to Sea," 137
 Aubrey, Sir John, 46
 Aubrey, John, 5, 11, 13, 19, 25, 105, 249, 250
 Aubrey, Mary, 4, 5, 20, 44, 46f., 52, 55, 57, 69, 79, 133, 134, 137, 179, 205, 206, 214, 215, 216, 219, 243, 249, 253, 265, 268, 269, 274
 Aylesbury, William, 121
 Bagshaw, Edward, 132, 159
 Ball, John, 20
 Barclay, John, 111
 Barlow, Dorothy, 33
 Barlow, John, 33
 Barnes, Ambrose, 16
 Baxter, Richard, 249
 Beaufort, Duke of, 92
 Becket, Isaac, 249
 Bedford, Countess of, 3
 Behn, Aphra, 249
 Bell-man, 159
 Berenice, 241f.
 Berkely, Sir William, 259
 Birkenhead, John, 44, 59, 60, 65f., 79
 Blackett, Mrs., 19, 25, 249
 Blood, Thomas, 160
 Bonarelli, Guido Ubaldo, conte, 142
 Boyle, Anne, 44, 162, 219, 243
 Boyle, Elizabeth, 44, 162, 164, 219, 243
 Bramston, James, 236
 Brennoralt, 136
 Brice, Sir Richard, 27
 Brodrick, Sir Alan, 157, 158
 Buckhurst, Lord, 196
 Buonarotti, Michel Angelo, the younger, 142
 Butler, Hugh, 106
 Butler, Jane, 16
 Butler, Mary, 16
 Butler, Samuel, 274
 Butler, Thomas, 14
 Byron, Lord, 80
 Byron, Robert, 126

- C., J., 248
 Caesar, 186, 188, 199, 204, 220
 Calanthe, 123f., 136, 156
 Calprenède, La, Seigneur de, 121, 143
 Carbery, Countess of, 73, 74
 Cardigan, 24, 139, 212
 Cardigan Priory, 24, 36, 91, 129, 215, 239, 241
 Carew, Thomas, 259, 265
 Carlell, Lodovick, 259
 Carlisle, Countess of, 3
 Carne, Sir Edward, 22
 Cartwright, William, 59, 61, 62, 66, 68, 71, 72, 79, 253f., 265, 266
 Cason, Edmond, 11
Cassandra, 121, 128
 Castel Rodrigo, Francisco de Moura y Cortereal, Marquis of, 120
 Castiglione, Baldassare, 123, 142
 Castlemain, Countess of, 229
Cataline, 230
 Catherine of Braganza, 137, 140, 221, 224, 227, 228, 236
 Cavendish, Lady Mary, 44, 244
 Cavendish, William, 244
 Celimena: see Boyle, Elizabeth
 Charistus, 260f.: see Owen, John
 Charles I, 8, 9, 81, 83, 100, 102, 112, 121, 122, 126, 255
 Charles II, 5, 80, 94, 95, 96, 97, 100, 102, 103, 113, 116, 121, 122, 192, 221, 224, 225, 227, 228, 264
 Charles Louis, Elector-Palatine, 95, 113f.
 Chaucer, Geoffrey, 182
 Clarendon, Edward Hyde, Earl of, 114
 Clarges, Sir Thomas, 220, 224
 Cleopatra, 187, 188, 193, 198, 203, 204
Cleopatre, 143
 Cleveland, John, 254, 257
 Cockcroft, Caleb, 16
 Cockcroft, Elizabeth: see Oxenbridge, Elizabeth
 Coleman, John, 60
 Collier, John, 11, 17, 18, 45, 266
 Collier, Regina, 44f., 57, 83, 266
 Collier, Regina, the younger, 45
 Collins, William, 182
 Comes, Maria, 29
 Comminges, Comte de, 118
 Committee on Elections, 107
 "Content, To my dearest Lucasia," 56
 Cooper, Samuel, 109
 Cork, Elizabeth Boyle, Countess of, 162, 195, 214, 215, 237, 238, 240
 Cork, Richard Boyle, first Earl of, 166, 243
 Cork, Richard Boyle, second Earl of, 162, 166
 Corneille, Pierre, 145, 154, 167, 180, 189, 197, 199, 200, 203, 204, 228, 229, 231, 247
 Cornelia, 187, 189, 190, 201
 Coronation, 102f.
 Cotesi, 142, 143
 Cotterell, Sir Charles, 5, 44, 72, 94, 103, 111f., 123f., 139f., 148, 150, 151, 152, 161, 164, 167, 168, 170, 171, 174, 175f., 181f., 191f., 198, 205f., 210, 213, 214f., 223, 224, 225, 227, 228, 231f., 242, 245, 250, 273
 Cotterell, Charles Lodowick, 117, 120
 Cotterell, Clement, 119
 Cotterell, Sir Clement, 112
 Cotterell, Mary, 125
 Cotton, Charles, 195, 229
 Coventry, Henry, 158
 Cowley, Abraham, 235, 236, 242f., 248, 254, 265, 270
 Cowper, Dorothy, 11
 Cratander, 260: see Birkenhead, John
 Cromwell, Henry, 85, 127
 Cromwell, Oliver, 10, 15, 26, 29, 30, 85, 86, 104, 105, 127, 167, 253
 Crooke, John, 193f.
Crooked Six-pence, 236
 Crown lands, 105
 Cumberland, Henry Clifford, Earl of, 162
 Davenant, Sir William, 155, 205, 220, 224, 254, 258, 259, 270

- Davenport, John, 14
 Davies, John, 143
 Davies, Sir John, 272
 Davila, 112, 121
 Declaration of Breda, 97, 104
 Denham, Sir John, 174, 195, 229, 253
 Dering, Lady: see Harvey, Mary
 Dering, Sir Edward, 44, 59, 60, 65, 67f., 156, 157, 158, 175, 183, 188
 Dering, Sir Edward, the antiquary, 67
 Devonshire, Earl of, 244
Discourse on Friendship, 74f.
 Dobson, William, 123
 Doctor, The, 150
 Donne, John, 3, 43, 54, 254
 Dryden, Elizabeth, 21
 Dryden, Sir Erasmus, 21
 Dryden, John, 3, 21, 60, 82, 94, 197, 252, 253, 255, 256, 257, 264, 266, 271, 272, 274
 Dungannon, Lady: see Owen, Anne
 Dungannon, Viscount: see Trevor, Marcus
- Earle, John, 114
 Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, 95, 99, 100, 113f., 121, 122, 139, 140, 141
 Elizabeth, Queen of England, 12
 Epictetus, 153
 "Epitaph on her son H. P. at St. Syth's Church," 90
 "Epitaph on my Honoured Mother-in-Law Mrs. Phillips of Portheynon in Cardigan-shire," 17, 23, 32
 "Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio," 30, 275
 "Essay on Criticism," 270
 Eton, 14, 29
 Evelyn, John, 49, 73, 102, 229, 230, 242, 249
 Evelyn, Mrs., 230
- Fairfax, Thomas, Third Baron, 127
 Faithorne, William, 249
- Fanshawe, Sir Richard, 165
 Fifth Monarchy movement, 82
 Filmore, Sir Edward, 196
 Finch, Elizabeth, 61, 69
 Finch, Francis, 44, 59, 60, 61f., 86, 257, 274
 Finch, Heneage, Earl of Nottingham, 61, 69
 Finch, Sir Heneage, 61, 68
 Finch, Sir Moyle, 61
 Finet, Sir John, 118
 Flatman, Thomas, 236, 248
 Fletcher, John, 155, 184
 Fowler, John, 6f., 13, 16, 18, 19, 45, 157
 Fowler, Joshua, 7, 10, 11, 19
 Fowler, Katherine, 19: see Philips, Katherine
 Fowler, Mrs., 19: see Oxenbridge, Katherine, and Phillipps, Katherine
 Fowler, Richard, 11
 Freeman, Rolf, 49
 French influence, 147, 272, 275f.
 Friendship, 35, 41, 54f., 63, 148
 "Friendship," 270
 "Friendship in Embleme, or the Seal. To my Dearest Lucasia," 41
 "Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucasia," 54, 60
 "From Lasting and Unclouded Day," 187
- Gerard, Col. John, 21, 92, 106, 107
 Gerbier, Sir Balthazar, 112, 118
 Gifford, Martha, Lady, 220
 Glapthorne, Henry, 259
 "Go, soft desires," 147
 Godolphin, Sidney, 196
 "God was in Christ Reconciling the World to Himself," 270
 Grande Mademoiselle, The, 275
 Gregory, Philip, 18
 Guarini, Battista, 142
 Guazzo, Stefano, 143, 245
 Gwynn, Nell, 230
 Gypsies, 187

- H., Mrs. E., 265
 Habert, Phillippe, 198
 Habington, William, 259
 Hampden, John, 29
 Hanmer, Sir Thomas, 129, 134
 Hanmer, Sir Thomas, The Speaker, 129
 "Happiness," 270
 Harby, Thomas, 13
 Harvey, Daniel, 20
 Harvey, Daniel (the younger), 69
 Harvey, Elizabeth, 69
 Harvey, Mary, 20, 60, 69
 Harvey, William, 69
 Heneage, Sir Thomas, 61
 Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, 101
 Henrietta Maria, 100, 101, 102, 122, 255, 258
 Henry VIII, 220
 Henry, Duke of Gloucester, 97, 99, 102, 115, 116, 117, 122
Heraclius, 220, 221, 224
 Herbert of Chisbury, Lord, 74, 259
 Herrick, Robert, 60
 Herringman, Henry, 191, 193, 194, 195
 "Hind and the Panther," 270
 Honor, 63, 86, 270
 Honywood, Sir Robert, 114
Horace, 195, 228f., 273
 Howell, Charles, 92
 Howell, James, 258
 Howell, Thomas, 92
Hudibras, 161
 Hunt, Dorcas: see Oxenbridge, Dorcas
 Hunt, Edmund, 15
 Hunter, Elizabeth, 11, 19
 Imitations of Thomas à Kempis, 145
 "In Memory of F. P., who died at Acton the 24 of May, 1660," 98
 "In Memory of that excellent Person Mrs. Mary Lloyd of Bodidrist," 36
 "In Memory of the most justly Honoured, Mrs. Owen of Orielson," 36
Intelligencer, 234
 "Invitation to the Country," 48
 James I, 8, 112, 118, 122
 James II: see James, Duke of York
 James, Duke of York, 97, 100, 101, 121, 218
 Jeffries, Col. John, 222, 234
 Jones, John, 84f., 93
 Jonson, Ben, 60, 91, 266
 Juba, 198
 Keats, John, 48, 269
 Kempis, Thomas à, 145
 Kew, 242
 Killigrew, Anne, 3
 Killigrew, Thomas, 259
 King, Edward, 257
 Knight, Mary, 60, 181
 Knole, 249
 Lacy, John, 230, 231
 Lalage, 165
 Landshipping, 35, 132, 140, 212, 238, 239
 Laud, Archbishop, 13, 65
 Laugharne, Col. John, 21, 92
 Laugharne, John, of St. Bride's, 92
 Laugharne, Lettice, 36
 Laugharne, Mary: see Oxenbridge, Mary
 Laugharne, Rowland, 36
 Laugharne, William, 15, 16
 Lawes, Henry, 57, 59, 60, 61, 65, 66, 74, 79
 Lawes, William, 181
 L'Estrange, Roger, 132
 Le Grand, 184, 187
Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus, 68, 69, 94, 277
 Leucasia, 260
 Lewis, James, 22
 Lewis, John, 34
 Lewis, Katherine: see Owen, Katherine
 Lintot, Bernard, 94
 Lloyd, Evan, 34
 Lloyd, Sir Evan, 128
 Lloyd, Sir Francis, 107, 209, 210

- Lloyd, John, 128
 Lloyd, Mrs. Mary, 36, 265
 Lloyd, Trevor, 128, 129, 132
 Lloyd, Sir Walter, 84, 265
 Louis XIV, 118
 Lovelace, Richard, 259
 Lucasia, 111, 260, 261f.: see Owen, Anne
 "Lucasia," 53, 275
 "Lucasia and Orinda parting with Pastora and Phillis at Ipswich," 55
 "Lucasia, Rosania, and Orinda parting at a Fountain," 58, 264
- Marriot, Richard, 234
 Marvell, Andrew, 14
 Mary, Princess of Orange, 95, 100, 101, 102
 Mayne, Jasper, 259
 Memnon: see Trevor, Marcus
 Milton, John, 14, 29, 74, 254
 Monck, George, first Duke of Albemarle, 97, 127, 224
 Montagu, Admiral: see Sandwich, Earl of
 Montagu, Edward, 162
 Montagu, Edward, first Lord, 49
 Montague, Edward, second Lord, 69
 Montagu, Elizabeth, 49
 Montague, William, 49f., 69
 Montague, William (the younger), 49
 Morley, George, 114
 "Mr. Francis Finch, the Excellent Palaemon," 62
 Mulgrave, John Sheffield, Earl of, 198
- Naseby*, 95
 Newcastle, Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of, 226
 Nicholas, Sir Edward, 116
- Ogilby, John, 155, 161, 188, 230
 Olyndus, 261f.
 Ombre, 160
 "On Controversies in Religion," 80, 270
- O'neale, Mr., 217, 218
 O'Neal, Owen Roe, 127
 "On Rosania's Apostacy, and Lucasia's Friendship," 51
 "On the death of my Lord Rich," 243
 "On the Death of the Illustrious Duke of Gloucester," 99
 "On the Death of the truly Honourable Sir Walter Lloid, Knight," 84
 "On the Fair Weather just at the Coronation," 103
 "On the 1. of January 1657," 5
 "On the 3. of September, 1651," 80, 254, 267
 Orinda: see Philips, Katherine
 "Orinda to Lucasia parting October, 1661," 109
 "Orinda upon little Hector Philips," 89
 Ormonde, Duchess of, 172, 184, 187
 Ormonde, James Butler, Duke of, 68, 126, 155, 160, 184, 185, 186, 244
 Orrery, Roger Boyle, Earl of, 164, 166f., 174, 176, 183f., 219, 231, 235, 265
Othello, 156, 184
 Owen, Anne, 4, 33f., 40f., 46, 47, 52f., 66, 79, 86f., 107, 109f., 125f., 135f., 148, 149f., 157, 164, 179, 189, 205, 206, 211, 219, 242, 243, 244, 248, 253, 260, 265, 268, 269, 274
 Owen, Arthur, 107
 Owen, Mrs. Dorothy, of Oriulton, 36, 83, 265
 Owen, Frances, 34
 Owen, Sir Hugh, 34, 35
 Owen, John, 34, 36, 260, 265
 Owen, John (the elder), 36
 Owen, Katherine, 34, 128
 Oxenbridge, Adam, 12
 Oxenbridge, Clement, 13, 15, 17
 Oxenbridge, Daniel, 6, 13, 15
 Oxenbridge, Daniel (the younger), 13, 14f.
 Oxenbridge, Dorcas, 13, 15

- Oxenbridge, Elizabeth, 13, 15, 16: see
St. John, Elizabeth
- Oxenbridge, Frances, 14
- Oxenbridge, Sir Goddard, 12
- Oxenbridge, Jane, 14
- Oxenbridge, John, 12, 13f., 15, 16, 26,
29
- Oxenbridge, John, B. D., 12, 13
- Oxenbridge, Katherine, 7, 13, 16f.: see
Fowler, Mrs., and Phillipps, Dame
Katherine
- Oxenbridge, Mrs. Katherine, 13
- Oxenbridge, Mary, 13, 15
- Oxenbridge, Susanna, 14
- Oxenbridge, Theodora, 14
- P., Mrs. C., 265
- P., F., 265
- Palaemon: see Finch, Francis, and
Taylor, Jeremy
- Parliament, 9, 15, 105, 106, 221
- Parr, Queen Katherine, 12
- Parting, 55
- "Parting with a Friend," 57
- "Parting with Lucasia, A Song," 55
- Pastora, 57
- Pastor Fido*, 165
- Pepys, Samuel, 49, 50, 68, 94, 95, 96,
102, 103, 230, 231
- Perrot, Sir John, 36
- Persons of Honour, 171, 196f., 203,
205, 219, 224
- Petrarch, 258
- Pett, Sir Peter, 157, 159, 160, 184, 187
- Philaster, 45, 83, 156, 170, 173, 181,
182, 183, 184, 188, 232, 234
- Philip of Orleans, 101
- Philips, Anne (*née* Lewis), 22
- Philips, Anne (*née* Wogan), 22
- Philips, Einon, 22
- Philips, Frances, 23, 97
- Philips, George, 22
- Philips, Hector, 23, 27, 29, 123, 191,
214, 215, 218, 219, 237, 238, 241, 246
- Philips, Hector (son of Katherine
Philips), 89f.
- Philips, Hector (the elder), 16, 22
- Philips, James, 5, 16, 17, 21, 22f., 26f.,
29, 44, 47, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 99,
104f., 111, 120, 124, 132, 135, 136,
140, 148, 157, 205, 206f., 211, 213f.,
222, 237, 238, 239, 240.
- Philips, John, 236
- Philips, Katherine, 3, 4; birth, 5; in-
heritance, 10f., 15; childhood, 19f.;
marriage, 17, 23, 24f.; religion, 25f.;
connections in London, 28f.; rela-
tions with Wogans, 32f.; relations
with Owens, 33f.; voyage from
Tenby, 37; The Society of Friend-
ship, 39f.; friendship with Regina
Collier, 45f.; friendship with Mary
Aubrey, 46f.; friendship with Anne
Owen, 52f.; relations with William
Cartwright, 59; relations with Hen-
ry Lawes, 60; relations with Fran-
cis Finch, 62f.; relations with Sir
Edward Dering, 68f.; relations with
Henry Vaughan, 71f.; relations
with Jeremy Taylor, 73f.; her po-
sition between Cavaliers and Puri-
tans, 79f.; trouble with Puritans,
84f.; poems to James Philips, 87f.;
poems on death of son, 89f.; the
Restoration, 93f.; death of step-
daughter, 98; the coronation, 102f.;
troubles at the Restoration, 104f.;
poem to James Philips, 108; rela-
tions, with Sir Charles Cotterell
111f., 120; affair of Calanthe, 123f.,
128; marriage of Anne Owen, 133f.;
accompanies Anne Owen to Ireland,
135f.; poems to royalty, 139f.;
study of French, 141, 143f.; study
of Italian, 141f.; translation from
Italian, 143; appreciation of the
Countess de la Suze, 144; transla-
tion from French, 145f.; French in-
fluence, 147; in Ireland, 149f.; esti-
mate of Marcus Trevor, 150; in
Dublin, 150f.; as essayist, 151f.; re-
ception in Dublin, 154f.; business

- in Ireland, 157f.; Blood's plot, 160; the "jolly" ballad, 160; some poems published, 161; Irish friends, 162f.; relations with Orrery, 166f.; qualifications as a translator, 170; changes for *Pompey*, 172f.; observations on language, 174; dedication of *Pompey*, 176f.; songs for *Pompey*, 180f.; presentation of *Pompey*, 183f.; reception of *Pompey*, 188f.; printing of *Pompey*, 190f.; criticisms on the Persons of Honour, 197f.; idea of translation, 199f.; critical estimate of *Pompey*, 200f.; Sir Charles Cotterell elected for Cardigan, 206f.; business in Ireland concluded, 210f.; in Cardigan, 212f.; plans for trip to London, 214f.; complaints on the post, 217f.; letter to Dorothy Temple, 219f.; rivalry with Edmund Waller, 225f.; *Horace*, 228f.; poems published, 232f.; in London, 241f.; relations with Berenice, 241f.; relations with Abraham Cowley, 242f.; death, 247f.; portraits, 249; character, 250; discussion of her poetry, 252f.; debt to Cartwright, 256f.; Platonic Love tradition, 260f.; occasional poems, 265f.; songs, 268f.; didactic poems, 270f.; poetical characters, 274f.
- Philips, Katherine (daughter of Katherine Philips), 91
- Philips, Mrs., of Porth Eimon, 17, 22, 23, 32, 83
- Phillipps, Owen, 22
- Phillipps, Anne, 21
- Phillipps, Elizabeth, 18
- Phillipps, Erasmus, 17, 21, 32
- Phillipps, Frances, 21, 22, 23
- Phillipps, Sir John, 21, 34
- Phillipps, Katherine, 18
- Phillipps, Dame Katherine, 17, 18, 29. See Fowler, Mrs., and Oxenbridge, Katherine
- Phillipps, Sir Richard, 16, 17, 18, 20f., 22, 23, 32, 34, 98
- Phillipps, Sir Thomas, 22
- Phillis, 57
- Philoclea, 44, 45, 46, 57
- "Philoclea's Parting," 45
- Philo-Philippa, 188f., 236
- Photinus, 172, 187, 201
- Picton Castle, 21
- Pigsarred, 136, 140
- Platonic Love, 257f., 260
- Platonics, 76, 258
- Playford, John, 183
- Playhouse to be Let*, 205
- Poems by Several Persons of Quality and Refined Wits*, 161
- Poliarchus: see Cotterell, Sir Charles
- Polycrite: see Cavendish, Lady Mary
- Pompée*: see *Pompey*
- Pompey*, 68, 154, 161, 162, 166, 167f., 176f., 180f., 183f., 188f., 194f., 200f., 219, 221, 223, 224, 226, 227, 228, 230f., 235
- Pompey* (character in *Pompey*), 186, 189, 198
- Pompey* (translated by the Persons of Honour), 171, 177, 196, 197f., 203, 205, 219, 224
- Pope, Alexander, 204, 274
- Powell, Lewis, 33
- Powell, Vavasor, 81f.
- Pratt, Anne, 11
- Precieuses, 144
- Presbyterians, 158
- Pritchard, Mr., 25
- "Proud Monuments of Royal Dust," 187
- Ptolemy, 172, 186, 187, 201
- Puleston, Roger, 37
- Quarles, Francis, 13
- R., M., 16, 25
- Rambouillet, Hôtel de, 255, 258
- Raymond, John, 65
- Regina: see Collier, Regina

- Reynier, Henry, 11, 19
 Reynolds, John Hamilton, 48
 Rich, Charles, 243
 Richardson, Samuel, 130
 Rochford, Lord, 67
 Rosania: see Aubrey, Mary
 "Rosania's Private Marriage," 50
 "Rosania shadowed whilst Mrs. Mary Aubrey," 47, 274
 "Rosania to Lucasia in her Letters," 57
 Roscommon, Frances Dillon, Countess of, 162, 205
 Roscommon, Wentworth Dillon, Earl of, 164, 165, 183, 185, 231, 235
 Rostrevor, 77, 149, 155
 Roundheads, 83
Royal Charles, 95
 Rupert, Prince, 100
- Saburra, 141
 Sacharissa, 66, 221, 227. See Sidney, Dorothea
 St. Amant, 145f.
 St. John, Elizabeth, 26, 79. See Oxenbridge, Elizabeth
 St. John, Oliver, 16, 29, 30, 79, 167
 St. Valentine, 238
 Saintsbury, George, 58
 Salmon, Mrs., 20, 69
 Sandwich, Edward Montagu, Earl of, 50, 94, 95, 119
 Sappho, 189
 Scipio, 198
 Scott, Mary, 11
 Scudéry, Mlle. de, 145, 275
 Sedley, Sir Charles, 196
 "See How Victorious Caesar's Pride," 187
 Seneca, 153
 Shakespeare, William, 129, 156, 180, 184
 Sheldon, Gilbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, 246, 248
 Sidney, Dorothea, 66
 Silvander: see Dering, Sir Edward
- "Since Affairs of the State," 187, 268
 Skippon, Elizabeth, 79: see Phillippis, Dame Katherine
 Skippon, Philip, 18, 29f., 79, 167, 266
 Small-pox, 98, 99, 101, 117, 247
 Society of Friendship, 39f., 58, 70, 78, 244
Solitude of St. Amant, 145f.
 Sophia, Electress of Hanover, 117
 Strafford, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of, 29
 "Submission," 270
 Suckling, Sir John, 255, 259, 265
 Suze, Comtesse de la, 132, 144, 147
 Sydenham, Elizabeth, 16: see St. John, Elizabeth
 Sydenham, Sir Humphrey, 16
- Taaffe, Viscount, 116
 Tasso, Torquato, 142, 143
 Taylor, Jeremy, 64, 71, 79, 88, 92, 242, 260
 Temple, Dorothy, 219f., 222, 223, 225, 227, 232, 233
 Temple, Sir William, 219, 248
Temple of Death, 197, 198, 273
 Thacher, Peter, 14
 Thanet, Nicholas Tufton, Earl of, 162, 243
 "The Enquiry," 56
 "The Sea Voyage from Tenby to Bristol," 37, 141
The Spiritual Year, or a Devout Contemplation, 122
 "The World," 270
 Theatre Royal in Smock Alley, 155f., 184, 185
 Theobald, Steven, 15
 Thomas Court, 184
 Throckmorton, Job, 11
 Thurloe, John, 85
 "To Antenor, on a Paper of mine which J. J. threatens to publish," 84
 "To his Grace Gilbert, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury," 246

- "To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on his Poems," 72
 "To Mr. J. B., the noble Cratander, upon a Composition," 66, 265
 "To Mr. Sam. Cooper, having taken Lucasia's Picture," 109
 "To Mrs. Mary Awbrey," 47, 264
 "To Mrs. M. A. at parting," 48, 264
 "To Mrs. M. A. upon Absence," 49
 "To Mrs. Mary Carne, when Philaster courted her," 265
 "To Mrs. Wogan, my Honoured Friend, on the Death of her Husband," 33
 "To my dear Sister Mrs. C.P., on her marriage," 18
 "To my dearest Antenor, on his Parting," 88
 "To my dearest Friend Mrs. A. Owen, upon her greatest loss," 36
 "To my dearest Friend, upon her shunning Grandeur," 129
 "To my Lady Anne Boyle," 163
 "To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle, Singing," 182
 "To my Lady M. Cavendish, chusing the Name of Polycrite," 244
 "To my Excellent Lucasia, on our Friendship," 53, 263
 "To my Lord and Lady Dungannon, on their Marriage," 135
 "To my Lord Duke of Ormond, upon the late Plot," 161
 "To my Lucasia," 54
 "To my Lucasia, in defence of declared Friendship," 56
 "To Philaster, on his Melancholy," 265
 "To Regina Collier, on her cruelty to Philaster," 83
 "To Rosania, now Mrs. Montague, being with her," 49, 50
 "To Sir Edward Dering (the Noble Silvander) on his Dream and Navy," 69
 "To the Countess of Thanet, upon her marriage," 243
 "To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her receiving the Name of Lucasia, and Adoption into our Society," 34, 254
 "To the Lady E. Boyle," 163
 "To the Memory of the most Ingenious and Vertuous Gentleman, Mr. Will Cartwright," 59
 "To the Noble Palaemon, on his incomparable Discourse of Friendship," 64, 77
 "To the Queen of Inconstancy, Regina Collier, in Antwerp," 46
 "To the Queen's Majesty on her arrival at Portsmouth," 140
 "To the Queen's Majesty, on her late Sickness," 224
 "To the Queen-Mother's Majesty, Jan. 1, 1660/1," 101
 "To the Right Honourable Alice Countess of Carbury, at her coming into Wales," 74
 "To the truly competent Judge of Honour, Lucasia, upon a scandalous Libel made by J. J.," 84, 270
 "To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen, on my first Approaches," 34, 40, 53, 254
 Tonson, Jacob, 195, 229
 Trevor, Catherine, 37
 Trevor, Sir Edward, 126
 Trevor, Frances, 126
 Trevor, Marcus, 77, 126f., 133f., 150, 155, 157, 164
 Trevor, Sir Richard, 37
 Trevor, Rose, 126
 Tuke, Sir Samuel, 161
 Tyrell, James, 230, 236, 248
 Tyrwhitt, Lady, 12
 "Upon the Double Murther of King Charles I.," 81, 267
 "Upon the Graving of her Name upon a Tree in Barn-Elms Walks," 242

- "Upon the Princess Royal, her Return
 into England," 100
 Usher, Archbishop, 126

 Valeria: see Boyle, Anne
 Vandergucht, Michael, 249
 Vane, Sir Henry, 28
 Vaughan, Henry, 59, 60, 71f., 79, 242,
 254
 Vaughan, Sir Joseph, 127
 Vaughan, Mr., 209
 von Selz, Ludwig, 117

 Waller, Edmund, 3, 60, 80, 94, 171,
 177, 180, 183, 196, 198, 221, 225,
 226, 227, 253, 254, 255, 259
 Warwick, Charles Rich, Earl of, 243
 Warwick, Mary Rich, Countess of, 243
 Wedderburn, Dr. John, 76
 West, Edward, 125
 Whitechurch, Sir Marmaduke, 126

 Whitehall, 97
 William of Orange, 100, 120
 Wilson, John, 60
 "Wiston Vault," 35
Wit Without Money," 155, 184
 Wogan, Anne, 33
 Wogan, Anne (granddaughter of
 Katherine Philips), 92
 Wogan, Cecil, 22
 Wogan, Compton, 33
 Wogan, Elizabeth, 33
 Wogan, Mrs. Elizabeth, 33
 Wogan, Frances, 33
 Wogan, John, 22
 Wogan, Lewis, 91, 92
 Wogan, Martha, 33
 Wogan, Mary, 33
 Wogan, Rowland, 33
 Wogan, Thomas, 29, 33
 Wogan, Sir William, 22
 Wood, Anthony à, 25, 61, 62, 64, 65, 92
 Woodward, Hezekiah, 14

